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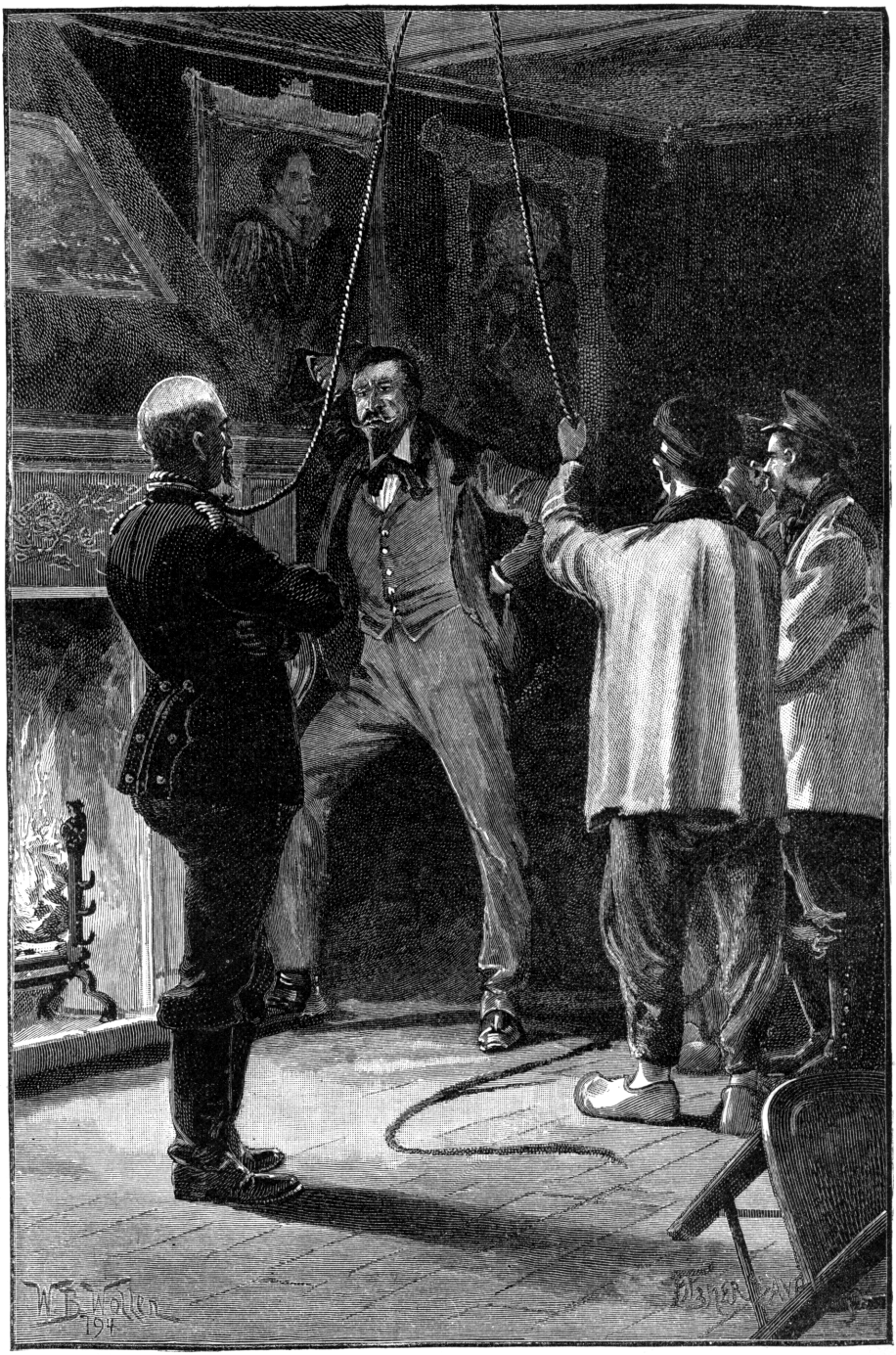


"THE CORD WAS SLIPPED OVER HIS HEAD."

(*See page* 10.)

The Lord of Château Noir.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IT was in the days when the German armies had broken their way across France, and when the shattered forces of the young Republic had been swept aside to the north of the Aisne and to the south of the Loire. Three broad streams of armed men had rolled slowly but irresistibly from the Rhine, now meandering to the north, now to the south, dividing, coalescing, but all uniting to form one great lake round Paris. And from this lake there welled out smaller streams, one to the north, one southward to Orleans, and a third westward to Normandy. Many a German trooper saw the sea for the first time when he rode his horse girth-deep into the waves at Dieppe.

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Frenchmen when they saw this weal of dishonour slashed across the fair face of their country. They had fought and they had been overborne. That swarming cavalry, those countless footmen, the masterful guns —they had tried and tried to make head against them. In battalions their invaders were not to be beaten. But man to man, or ten to ten, they were their equals. A brave Frenchman might still make a single German rue the day that he had left his own bank of the Rhine. Thus, unchronicled amid the battles and the sieges, there broke out another war, a war of individuals, with foul murder upon the one side and brutal reprisal on the other.

Colonel von Gramm, of the 24th Posen Infantry, had suffered severely during this new development. He commanded in the little Norman town of Les Andelys, and his outposts stretched amid the hamlets and farm-houses of the district round. No French force was within fifty miles of him, and yet morning after morning he had to listen to a black report of sentries found dead at their posts, or of foraging parties which had never returned. Then the Colonel would go forth in his wrath, and farm-steadings would blaze and villages tremble, but next morning there was still that same dismal tale to be told. Do what he might, he could not shake off his invisible enemies. And yet, it should not have been so hard, for from certain signs in common, in the plan and in the deed, it was certain that all these outrages came from a single source.

Colonel von Gramm had tried violence and it had failed. Gold might be more successful. He published it abroad over the country side that five hundred francs would be paid for information. There was no response. Then eight hundred. The peasants were incorruptible. Then, goaded on by a murdered corporal, he rose to a thousand, and so bought the soul of François Rejane, farm labourer, whose Norman avarice was a stronger passion than his French hatred.

"You say that you know who did these crimes?" asked the Prussian Colonel, eyeing with loathing the blue-bloused, rat-faced creature before him.

"Yes, Colonel."

"And it was——?"

"Those thousand francs, Colonel——"

"Not a sou until your story has been tested. Come! Who is it who has murdered my men?"

"It is Count Eustace of Château Noir."

"You lie," cried the Colonel, angrily. "A gentleman and a nobleman could not have done such crimes."

The peasant shrugged his shoulders.

"It is evident to me that you do not know the Count. It is this way, Colonel. What I tell you is the truth, and I am not afraid that you should test it. The Count of Château Noir is a hard man: even at the best time he was a hard man. But of late he has been terrible. It was his son's death, you know. His son was under Douay, and he was taken, and then in escaping from Germany he met his death. It was the Count's only child, and indeed we all think that it has driven him mad. With his peasants he follows the German armies. I do not know how many he has killed, but it

"YOU SAY YOU KNOW WHO DID THESE CRIMES?"

is he who cuts the cross upon the foreheads, for it is the badge of his house."

It was true. The murdered sentries had each had a saltire cross slashed across their brows, as by a hunting-knife. The Colonel bent his stiff back and ran his forefinger over the map which lay upon the table.

"The Château Noir is not more than four leagues," he said.

"Three and a kilomètre, Colonel."

"You know the place?"

"I used to work there."

Colonel von Gramm rang the bell.

"Give this man food and detain him," said he to the sergeant.

"Why detain me, Colonel? I can tell you no more."

"We shall need you as guide."

"As guide! But the Count? If I were to fall into his hands? Ah, Colonel——"

The Prussian commander waved him away.

"Send Captain Baumgarten to me at once," said he.

The officer who answered the summons was a man of middle age, heavy-jawed, blue-eyed, with a curving yellow moustache, and a brick-red face which turned to an ivory white where his helmet had sheltered it. He was bald, with a shining, tightly stretched scalp, at the back of which, as in a mirror, it was a favourite mess-joke of the subalterns to trim their moustaches. As a soldier he was slow, but reliable and brave. The Colonel could trust him where a more dashing officer might be in danger.

"You will proceed to Château Noir to-night, Captain," said he. "A guide has been provided. You will arrest the Count and bring him back. If there is an attempt at rescue, shoot him at once."

"How many men shall I take, Colonel?"

"Well, we are surrounded by spies, and

our only chance is to pounce upon him before he knows that we are on the way. A large force will attract attention. On the other hand, you must not risk being cut off."

"I might march north, Colonel, as if to join General Goeben. Then I could turn down this road which I see upon your map, and get to Château Noir before they could hear of us. In that case, with twenty men——"

"Very good, Captain. I hope to see you with your prisoner to-morrow morning."

It was a cold December night when Captain Baumgarten marched out of Les Andelys with his twenty Poseners and took the main road to the north-west. Two miles out he turned suddenly down a narrow, deeply-rutted track, and made swiftly for his man. A thin, cold rain was falling, swishing among the tall poplar trees and rustling in the fields on either side. The Captain walked first with Moser, a veteran sergeant, beside him. The sergeant's wrist was fastened to that of the French peasant, and it had been whispered in his ear that in case of an ambush the first bullet fired would be through his head. Behind them the twenty infantry men plodded along through the darkness with their faces sunk to the rain, and their boots squeaking in the soft, wet clay. They knew where they were going and why, and the thought upheld them, for they were bitter at the loss of their comrades. It was a cavalry job, they knew, but the cavalry were all on with the advance, and, besides, it was more fitting that the regiment should avenge its own dead men.

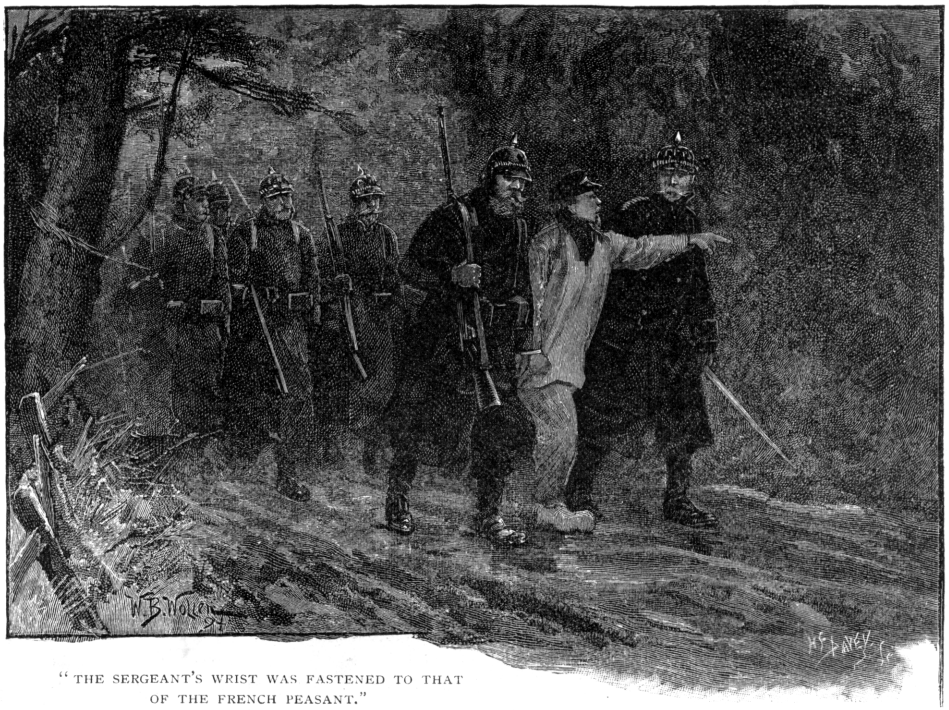
"CAPTAIN BAUMGARTEN."

It was nearly eight when they left Les Andelys. At half-past eleven their guide stopped at a place where two high pillars crowned with some heraldic stone-work flanked a huge iron gate. The wall in which it had been the opening had crumbled away, but the great gate still towered above the brambles and weeds which had overgrown its base. The Prussians made their way round it, and advanced stealthily, under the shadow of a tunnel of oak branches, up the long avenue, which was still cumbered by the leaves of last autumn. At the top they halted and reconnoitred.

The black château lay in front of them. The moon had shone out between two rain-clouds, and threw the old house into silver and shadow. It was shaped like an L, with a low arched door in front, and lines of small windows like the open ports of a man-of-war. Above was a dark roof breaking at the corners into little round overhanging turrets, the whole lying silent in the moonshine, with a drift of ragged clouds blackening the heavens behind it. A single light gleamed in one of the lower windows.

The Captain whispered his orders to his men. Some were to creep to the front door, some to the back. Some were to watch the east, and some the west. He and the sergeant stole on tiptoe to the lighted window.

It was a small room into which they looked, very meanly furnished. An elderly man in the dress of a menial was reading a tattered paper by the light of a guttering candle. He leaned back in his wooden chair with his feet upon a box, while a bottle of white



"THE SERGEANT'S WRIST WAS FASTENED TO THAT OF THE FRENCH PEASANT."

wine stood with a half-filled tumbler upon a stool beside him. The sergeant thrust his needle-gun through the glass, and the man sprang to his feet, with a shriek.

"Silence, for your life! The house is surrounded and you cannot escape. Come round and open the door, or we will show you no mercy when we come in."

"For God's sake, don't shoot! I will open it! I will open it!" He rushed from the room with his paper still crumpled up in his hand. An instant later, with a groaning of old locks and a rasping of bars, the low door swung open, and the Prussians poured into the stone-flagged passage.

"Where is Count Eustace de Château Noir?"

"My master! He is out, sir."

"Out at this time of night? Your life for a lie!"

"It is true, sir. He is out!"

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"Doing what?"

"I cannot tell. No, it is no use your cocking your pistol, sir. You may kill me, but you cannot make me tell you that which I do not know."

"Is he often out at this hour?"

"Frequently."

"And when does he come home?"

"Before daybreak."

Captain Baumgarten rasped out a German oath. He had had his journey for nothing, then. The man's answers were only too likely to be true. It was what he might have expected. But at least he would search the house and make sure. Leaving a picket at the front door and another at the back, the sergeant and he drove the trembling butler in front of them—his shaking candle sending strange, flickering shadows over the old tapestries and the low, oak-raftered ceilings. They searched the whole house, from the huge, stone-flagged kitchen below to the dining-hall on the second floor with its gallery for musicians, and its panelling black with age, but nowhere was there a living creature. Up above in an attic they found Marie, the elderly wife of the butler, but the owner kept no other servants, and of his own presence there was no trace.

It was long, however, before Captain Baumgarten had satisfied himself upon the point. It was a difficult house to search. Thin stairs, which only one man could ascend at a time, connected lines of tortuous corridors. The walls were so thick that each room was cut off from its neighbour. Huge fireplaces yawned in each, while the

windows were six feet deep in the wall. Captain Baumgarten stamped with his feet, and tore down curtains, and struck with the pommel of his sword. If there were secret hiding-places, he was not fortunate enough to find them.

"I have an idea," said he, at last, speaking in German to the sergeant. "You will place a guard over this fellow, and make sure that he communicates with no one."

"Yes, Captain."

"And you will place four men in ambush at the front and at the back. It is likely enough that about daybreak our bird may come back to the nest."

"And the others, Captain?"

"Let them have their suppers in the kitchen. This fellow will serve you with meat and wine. It is a wild night, and we shall be better here than on the country road."

"And yourself, Captain?"

"I will take my supper up here in the dining-hall. The logs are laid and we can light the fire. You will call me if there is any alarm. What can you give me for supper—you?"

"Alas, monsieur, there was a time when I might have answered 'What you wish!' but now it is all that we can do to find a bottle of new claret and a cold pullet."

"That will do very well. Let a guard go about with him, sergeant, and let him feel the end of a bayonet if he plays us any tricks."

Captain Baumgarten was an old campaigner. In the Eastern provinces, and before that in Bohemia, he had learned the art of quartering himself upon the enemy. While the butler brought his supper he occupied himself in making his preparations for a comfortable night. He lit the candelabrum of ten candles upon the centre table. The fire was already burning up, crackling merrily, and sending spurts of blue, pungent smoke into the room. The Captain walked to the window and looked out. The moon had gone in again, and it was raining heavily. He could hear the deep sough of the wind and see the dark loom of the trees, all swaying in the one direction. It was a sight which gave a zest to his comfortable quarters, and to the cold fowl and the bottle of wine which the butler had brought up for him. He was tired and hungry after his long tramp, so he threw his sword, his helmet, and his revolver belt down upon a chair, and fell to eagerly upon his supper. Then, with his glass of wine before him and his cigar between his lips, he tilted his chair back and looked about him.

He sat within a small circle of brilliant light which gleamed upon his silver shoulder-straps, and threw out his terra-cotta face, his heavy eyebrows, and his yellow moustache. But outside that circle things were vague and shadowy in the old dining-hall. Two sides were oak-panelled and two were hung with faded tapestry, across which huntsmen and dogs and stags were still dimly streaming. Above the fireplace were rows of heraldic shields with the blazonings of the family and of its alliances, the fatal saltire cross breaking out on each of them.

Four paintings of old seigneurs of Château Noir faced the fireplace, all men with hawk noses and bold, high features, so like each other that only the dress could distinguish the Crusader from the Cavalier of the Fronde. Captain Baumgarten, heavy with his repast, lay back in his chair looking up at them through the clouds of his tobacco smoke, and pondering over the strange chance which had sent him, a man from the Baltic coast, to eat his supper in the ancestral hall of these proud Norman chieftains. But the fire was hot, and the Captain's eyes were heavy. His chin sank slowly upon his chest, and the ten candles gleamed upon the broad white scalp.

Suddenly a slight noise brought him to his feet. For an instant it seemed to his dazed senses that one of the pictures opposite had walked from its frame. There, beside the table, and almost within arm's length of him, was standing a huge man, silent, motionless, with no sign of life save his fierce, glinting eyes. He was black-haired, olive-skinned, with a pointed tuft of black beard, and a great, fierce nose, towards which all his features seemed to run. His cheeks were wrinkled like a last year's apple, but his sweep of shoulder, and bony, corded hands, told of a strength which was unsapped by age. His arms were folded across his arching chest, and his mouth was set in a fixed smile.

"Pray do not trouble yourself to look for your weapons," he said, as the Prussian cast a swift glance at the empty chair in which they had been laid. "You have been, if you will allow me to say so, a little indiscreet to make yourself so much at home in a house every wall of which is honeycombed with secret passages. You will be amused to hear that forty men were watching you at your supper. Ah! what then?"

Captain Baumgarten had taken a step forward with clenched fists. The French-

man held up the revolver which he grasped in his right hand, while with the left he hurled the German back into his chair.

"Pray keep your seat," said he. "You have no cause to trouble about your men.

"PRAY KEEP YOUR SEAT."

They have already been provided for. It is astonishing with these stone floors how little one can hear what goes on beneath. You have been relieved of your command, and have now only to think of yourself. May I ask what your name is?"

"I am Captain Baumgarten, of the 24th Posen Regiment."

"Your French is excellent, though you incline, like most of your countrymen, to turn the 'p' into a 'b.' I have been amused to hear them cry 'avez bitié sur moi!' You know, doubtless, who it is who addresses you."

"The Count of Château Noir."

"Precisely. It would have been a misfortune if you had visited my château and I had been unable to have a word with you. I have had to do with many German soldiers, but never with an officer before. I have much to talk to you about."

Captain Baumgarten sat still in his chair. Brave as he was, there was something in this man's manner which made his skin creep with apprehension. His eyes glanced to right and to left, but his weapons were gone, and in a struggle he saw that he was but a child to this gigantic adversary. The Count had picked up the claret bottle, and held it to the light.

"Tut! tut!" said he. "And was this the best that Pierre could do for you? I am ashamed to look you in the face, Captain Baumgarten. We must improve upon this."

He blew a call upon a whistle, which hung from his shooting jacket. The old manservant was in the room in an instant.

"Chambertin from bin 15!" he cried, and a minute later a grey bottle streaked with cobwebs was carried in as a nurse bears an infant. The Count filled two glasses to the brim.

"Drink!" said he. "It is the very best in my cellars, and not to be matched between Rouen and Paris. Drink, sir, and be happy! There are cold joints below. There are two lobsters fresh from Honfleur. Will you not venture upon a second and more savoury supper?"

The German officer shook his head. He drained the glass, however, and his host filled it once more, pressing him to give an order for this or that dainty.

"There is nothing in my house which is not at your disposal. You have but to say the word. Well, then, you will allow me to tell you a story while you drink your wine. I have so longed to tell it to some German officer. It is about my son, my only child, Eustace, who was taken and died in escaping. It is a curious little story, and I think that I can promise you that you will never forget it.

"You must know, then, that my boy was in the artillery, a fine young fellow, Captain Baumgarten, and the pride of his mother. She died within a week of the news of his death reaching us. It was brought by a brother officer who was at his side throughout, and who escaped while my lad died. I want to tell you all that he told me.

"Eustace was taken at Weissenburg on

the 4th of August. The prisoners were broken up into parties, and sent back into Germany by different routes. Eustace was taken upon the 5th to a village called Lauterburg, where he met with kindness from the German officer in command. This good Colonel had the hungry lad to supper, offered him the best he had, opened a bottle of good wine, as I have tried to do for you, and gave him a cigar from his own case. Might I entreat you to take one from mine?"

The German again shook his head. His horror of his companion had increased as he sat watching the lips that smiled, and the eyes that glared.

"The Colonel, as I say, was good to my boy. But, unluckily, the prisoners were moved next day across the Rhine to Ettlingen. They were not equally fortunate there. The officer who guarded them was a ruffian and a villain, Captain Baumgarten. He took a pleasure in humiliating and ill-treating the brave men who had fallen into his power. That night, upon my son answering fiercely back to some taunt of his, he struck him in the eye, like this!"

The crash of the blow rang through the hall. The German's face fell forward, his hand up, and blood oozing through his fingers. The Count settled down in his chair once more.

"My boy was disfigured by the blow, and this villain made his appearance the object of his jeers. By the way, you look a little comical yourself at the present moment, Captain, and your Colonel would certainly say that you had been getting into mischief. To continue, however, my boy's youth and his destitution—for his pockets were empty—moved the pity of a kind-hearted major, and he advanced him ten Napoleons from his own pocket without security of any kind. Into your hands, Captain Baumgarten, I return these ten gold pieces, since I cannot learn the name of the lender. I am grateful from my heart for this kindness shown to my boy.

"The vile tyrant who commanded the escort accompanied the prisoners to Durlach, and from there to Carlsruhe. He heaped every outrage upon my lad, because the spirit of the Châteaux Noirs would not stoop to turn away his wrath by a feigned submission. Aye, this cowardly villain, whose heart's blood shall still clot upon this hand, dared to strike my son with his open hand, to kick him, to tear hairs from his moustache—to use him thus—and thus—and thus!"

The German writhed and struggled.

"THUS—AND THUS!"

He was helpless in the hands of this huge giant whose blows were raining upon him. When at last, blinded and half-senseless, he staggered to his feet, it was only to be hurled back again into the great oaken chair. He sobbed in his impotent anger and shame.

"My boy was frequently moved to tears by the humiliation of his position," continued the Count. "You will understand me when I say that it is a bitter thing to be helpless in the hands of an insolent and remorseless

enemy. On arriving at Carlsruhe, however, his face, which had been wounded by the brutality of his guard, was bound up by a young Bavarian subaltern who was touched by his appearance. I regret to see that your eye is bleeding so. Will you permit me to bind it with my silk handkerchief?"

He leaned forward, but the German dashed his hand aside.

"I am in your power, you monster!" he cried; "I can endure your brutalities, but not your hypocrisy."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "I am taking things in their order, just as they occurred," said he. "I was under vow to tell it to the first German officer with whom I could talk *tête-à-tête*. Let me see, I had got as far as the young Bavarian at Carlsruhe. I regret extremely that you will not permit me to use such slight skill in surgery as I possess. At Carlsruhe, my lad was shut up in the old caserne, where he remained for a fortnight. The worst pang of his captivity was that some unmannerly curs in the garrison would taunt him with his position as he sat by his window in the evening. That reminds me, Captain, that you are not quite situated upon a bed of roses yourself, are you, now? You came to trap a wolf, my man, and now the beast has you down with his fangs in your throat. A family man, too, I should judge, by that well-filled tunic. Well, a widow the more will make little matter, and they do not usually remain widows long. Get back into the chair, you dog!

"Well, to continue my story—at the end of a fortnight my son and his friend escaped. I need not trouble you with the dangers which they ran, or with the privations which they endured. Suffice it that to disguise themselves they had to take the clothes of two peasants, whom they waylaid in a wood. Hiding by day and travelling by night, they had got as far into France as Remilly, and were within a mile—a single mile, Captain—of crossing the German lines when a patrol of Uhlans came right upon them. Ah, it was hard, was it not, when they had come so far and were so near to safety?"

The Count blew a double call upon his whistle, and three hard-faced peasants entered the room.

"These must represent my Uhlans," said he. "Well, then, the Captain in command, finding that these men were French soldiers in civilian dress within the German lines, proceeded to hang them without trial or ceremony. I think, Jean, that the centre beam is the strongest."

The unfortunate soldier was dragged from his chair to where a noosed rope had been flung over one of the huge oaken rafters which spanned the room. The cord was slipped over his head, and he felt its harsh grip round his throat. The three peasants seized the other end, and looked to the Count for his orders. The officer, pale, but firm, folded his arms and stared defiantly at the man who tortured him.

"You are now face to face with death, and I perceive from your lips that you are praying. My son was also face to face with death, and he prayed, also. It happened that a general officer came up, and he heard the lad praying for his mother, and it moved him so—he being himself a father—that he ordered his Uhlans away and he remained with his aide-de-camp only, beside the condemned men. And when he heard all the lad had to tell, that he was the only child of an old family, and that his mother was in failing health, he threw off the rope as I throw off this, and he kissed him on either cheek, as I kiss you, and he bade him go, as I bid you go, and may every kind wish of that noble General, though it could not stave off the fever which slew my son, descend now upon your head."

And so it was that Captain Baumgarten, disfigured, blinded, and bleeding, staggered out into the wind and the rain of that wild December dawn.

Marksmanship.

By Gilbert Guerdon.

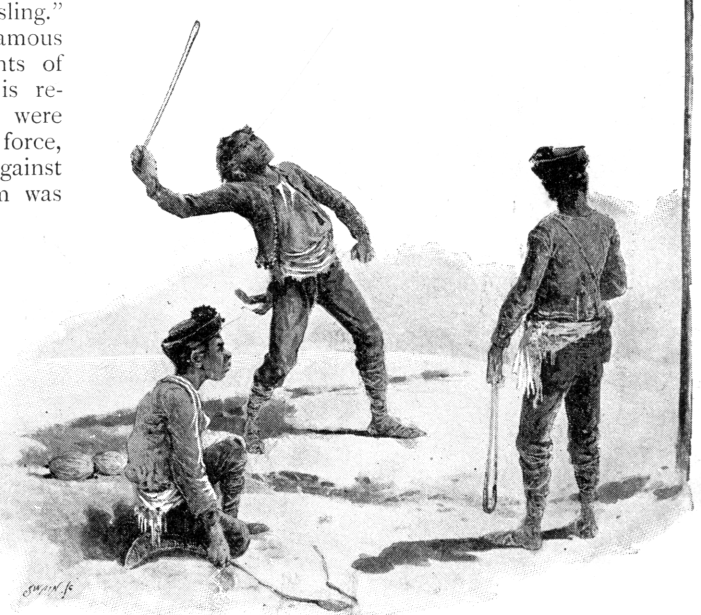
OF all our outdoor pastimes, shooting has always been a first favourite. Old and young alike are happy as long as they have something to aim at—something to hit. Let it be pigeons at Hurlingham, bull's-eyes at Bisley, cockshies for cocoa-nuts on the common, or puff-and-dart in the play-room—each in its way has its peculiar charm.

The art of aiming and hitting, sometimes called marksmanship, is natural to mankind, and is "as old as the hills." That was "a decided hit" of the stripling David when he "chose five smooth stones out of the brook," and with one of them, deftly flung from a sling, laid low the giant Philistine, Goliath of Gath. Stone-throwing has been practised by striplings ever since. Though a very primitive weapon of attack, the sling was used by soldiers for many centuries.

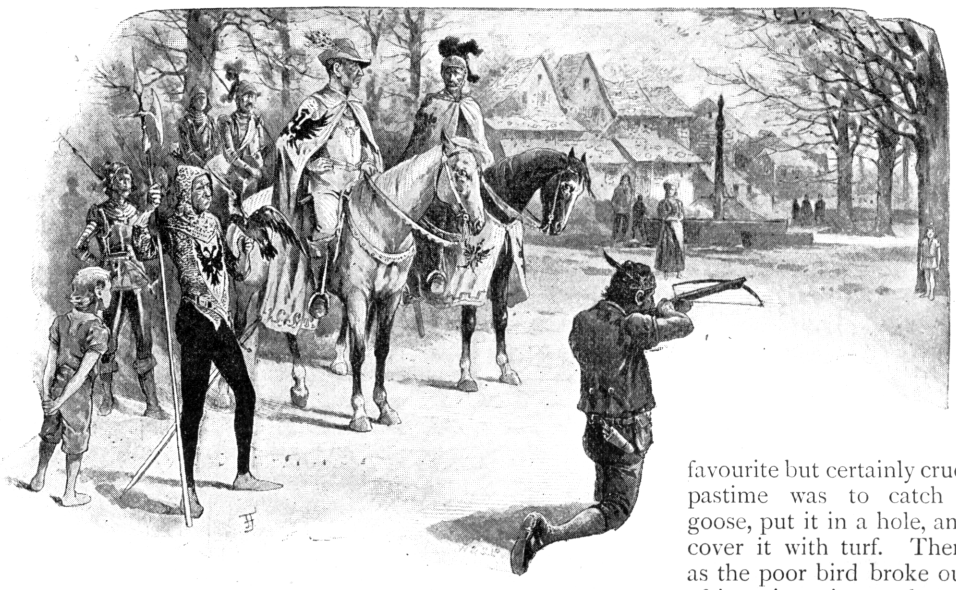
Virgil, as versified by Dryden, tells us that "The Tuscan king laid by the lance and took him to the sling."

Amongst the most famous slingers were the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, and it is recorded of them that they were able to sling stones with such force, that no armour was proof against the blows, while their aim was unerring. They usually carried three slings, one tied round the head, another fastened to the girdle, and the third twisted round the right wrist. These world-renowned warriors were ambidextrous, and were quite as skilful with the left hand as they were with the right. This dexterity, or rather ambidexterity, was acquired by every-day practice, even from early childhood; for, while quite youngsters, they had to sling down their daily bread from the tops of high poles, where their parents put it, and the children only got what they brought down by their accurate slinging.

Archery succeeded slinging, and every young Englishman in the days of Edward III. was the owner of a bow of his own height. Usually it was made of yew. The string was of gut, horse-hair, hemp or silk, and, occasionally, of women's hair plaited or spun. The arrow was exactly half the length of the bow. It was dressed with three



SLINGING FOR A DINNER.



THE FEAT OF WILLIAM TELL.

feathers, two of which were plucked from a gander and the other from a goose. Practice at the butts was constant, and it was considered disgraceful to shoot at less than 220yds. When perfection at that distance had been attained, practice at the popinjay was permitted. A favourite but certainly cruel pastime was to catch a goose, put it in a hole, and cover it with turf. Then, as the poor bird broke out of its prison, it was shot at till killed.

The longest bow and arrow shoot on record was made by a Lancashire toxopholite, and he in three flights covered a mile, being about 587 yards for each arrow.

Edward III. was an ardent archer, and enjoyed attending the shooting matches.

INDIAN ARCHERS.

It was at a meeting of this kind near Nottingham that three famous archers shot before the King. The marks were two hazel rods set up at twenty-score paces. At the first flight—

> Cloudesley with
> a bearing arrow
> Clave the wand
> in two.

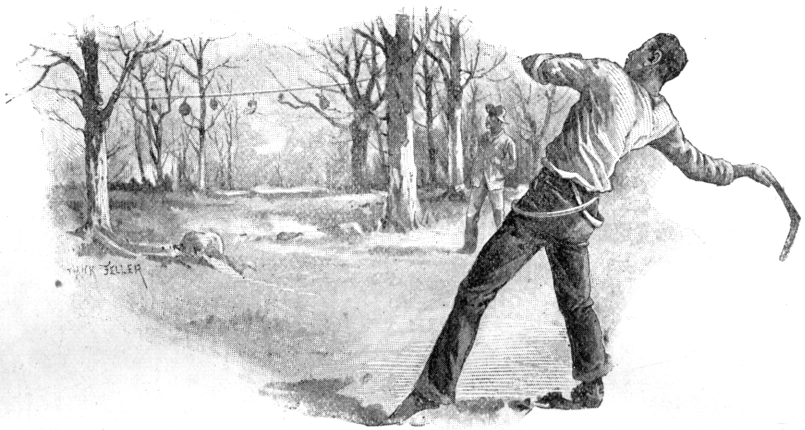
The champion archer then called his little boy and tied him to a stake, and placing an apple on his head, turned his face away and bade him stand steady. The confident father then stepped out six-score paces from the stake, and bidding the amazed spectators be silent he drew his bow, and as the old ballad says :—

> Then Cloudesley cleft the apple in two,
> As many a man might see.
> "The gods forbid it," said the King,
> "That you should shoot at me."

This pleasant little tale reads very like the familiar Swiss legend of William Tell, but both the English and the Swiss versions were current about the same time, and probably both originated in the still older Scandinavian fable of the matchless marksman.

NEGRO STICK-THROWER.

Archery, though now only practised as a pastime in civilized countries, is still in active use amongst the savage tribes of Africa and India. A favourite amusement with them is to shoot at a target while galloping past it, and the more skilful of them will put three out of four shots in the bull's-eye.



AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG.

Albert Smith amusingly described the boomerang as "the Australian crooked lath with the out-of-the-way name, that has the singular property when you throw it from you of returning and knocking the thrower's eyes out." This, of course, only referred to the boomerang when used as a toy at an evening party ; but serious injury can be done with it when used as a weapon of offence. It can be thrown with surprising accuracy, and is used for killing both ground game and birds. About half a century ago it afforded amusement to the students at Oxford and Cambridge.

In some respects akin to the use of the boomerang is the stick-throwing of an African negro. In the early days of the Wimbledon Rifle Meetings, Sambo used to astonish the marksmen by propelling perpendicularly into the air sticks about as long as an ordinary arrow, and making them drop within a marked-out space. When there was no danger of hitting anyone, he would aim at a target as if with a bow and arrow, and Sambo very seldom missed his mark. Latterly he may have been seen in the City throwing his sticks over the telegraph wires, whenever there was a chance of doing so out of sight of a policeman.

"Buffalo Bill," in his "Wild

"BUFFALO BILL" SHOOTING AT GLASS BALLS.

West" Show, made us familiar with horseback shooting, but he used a gun and fired at glass balls or oranges which were thrown up by a young lady, also on horseback. Colonel Cody has had many imitators apparently quite as skilful, but there is a good deal of trickery in some of these performances. Of course, if bullets are used, the feat of breaking ten out of a dozen balls would be really wonderful; but if cartridges made up to look like bullets, but which are really filled with small shot, are used, there is nothing very marvellous in the performance.

When Dr. Carver, the once renowned American sharpshooter, was in England some years ago, he attracted a good deal of attention by the astonishing way in which he broke a hundred little glass globes in as many shots, but when the Doctor tried his hand against the crack shots at a Wimbledon Prize Meeting, he was simply nowhere.

If a proof were wanted of the popularity of indoor marksmanship, it would be easily found by looking over the programmes of the various music-halls from all parts of the kingdom. We should be sure to find "Professor" Snapshot, or some of his numerous rivals, announced with a grand flourish.

SHOOTING THE ASH OFF A CIGAR.

One of our artist's sketches portrays a typical "Professor" with his handy-man, the latter perched on a high stool smoking a cigar, and evidently greatly gratified that the ash has once again been shot off without greater injury than a little dust in his eyes. It is a delightful luxury "for the likes of him to have to smoke a good cigar," and one which burns to a substantial ash. When you see such a performance you will not fail to observe how carefully the man smokes, watching the ash with anxious eye after every puff, knowing, as he does, that the longer the incinerated end becomes the more there will be to aim at, and less likelihood of damage to his nose.

The man is a study. Offer him a cigar on condition that he smokes it to be shot at, and he will say, to a certainty: "No, thankee; I prefer the Professor's." Don't ask him to drink with you till after the performance, but then, if he is in a yarning humour, you may spend a merry half-hour with him. Get him to tell you of his many hair-breadth escapes. He will, with a little encouragement, also immensely amuse you by relating his experiences in trying to get an understudy.

It will be readily understood that a deputy for such a post is not to be picked up "any when and anywhere."

When a likely party has been persuaded to get on the perch, smoking the fragrant weed, the "Professor" has to demonstrate to the embryo understudy that he really runs no risk—not the slightest. Most of the tyros, it appears, are so timid that Professor Snapshot has had to get a dummy figure put on the perch in the practice room, with an imitation cigar in its mouth with a detachable ash 1½in. long. At this mark the Professor fires, lying on his back on a table, and with such invariable success that the understudy gains confidence, and at last summons up resolution to change places with the dummy.

One of the most amusing understudies was a nigger called "Darky." He revelled in the cigars, but was apt to get sleepy. One night when he had to do deputy he shut his eyes as usual, and actually went to sleep on the stool. The explosion of the gun and the knocking away his cigar woke him with a start, and he fell forward on to the stage as if diving, and remained standing on his head with his legs resting against the stool. This startling and novel feature of the performance produced rounds of applause. It was "a decided hit," and vociferously encored. Nothing would, however, induce "Darky" to repeat the trick—not even a promise of a whole box of choice cigars. He declared that he had been killed once, and that was quite enough for him.

The Professor's practice room is usually underground, in some cellars or vaults, which apparently have belonged to a wine merchant, but are at present "to let." There is still a strong smell of wine about the place, and stalactites of cobwebs cover the arched roof and the dark walls. Ensconced in a safe corner, out of the way of stray shots, however erratic, but sufficiently near to see and hear, let us await the arrival of Professor Snapshot and his troupe.

He comes with Miss Lottie Duckfoot and her deputy, and the handy-man. Some assistants

MISS LOTTIE DUCKFOOT SHOOTING AT A CIRCLING BALL.

arrange the shooting paraphernalia as it will be on the music-hall stage. Lottie, dressed

HEELS OVER HEAD.

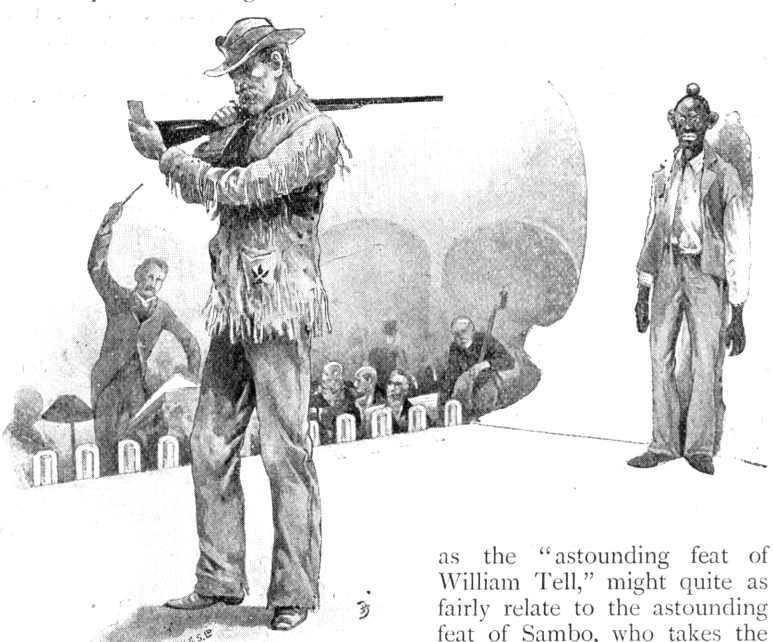
à la vivandière, begins by practising at the bobbing balls; numerous stray shots rattling on the empty bottles in the surrounding bins telling truly enough that small shot and not bullets have been used.

A discussion ensues as to whether the public prefer "tights" to petticoats for the female performers. Lottie declares that "she abominates tights. They don't become her, and she won't show in them." The handy-man whispers to us that she did once appear in tights, when someone called out, "Bravo, shaky-shanks!" and she can't forget it.

But the chubby understudy is now practising in all the attractive charms of flesh-coloured tights. Lottie snarlingly suggests that there is "always something loose about tights"; whereupon the Professor has to intervene, and threatens to cancel Lottie's engagement, telling her that she is a regular dog in the manger, as she won't wear tights herself and won't let her deputy.

"Heels over head" is then practised, followed by some novelties, which may or may not be put on the stage, including the startling exploit of shooting with both eyes shut. This was so suggestive of the rest of the shooting being done by trickery, that the Professor's manager said it would open the eyes of the public too much and spoil the whole business. We have not seen it tried yet.

What in the music-hall bills is described as the "astounding feat of William Tell," might quite as fairly relate to the astounding feat of Sambo, who takes the part of the boy with the apple



SHOOTING OVER SHOULDER WITH LOOKING-GLASS.

THE CHINESE KNIFE TRICK.

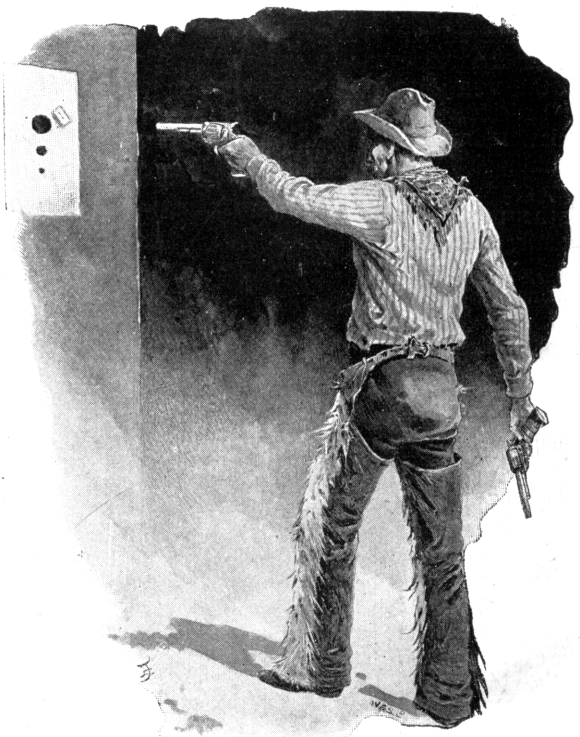
on his head in this scene of William Tell *redivivus*. H.-M.—that is, the handy-man—says that it is absolutely necessary to have someone who is firm on his feet for this job, and he declares that Sambo's foot is real good measure; thirteen inches, at least.

The advantage of a good footing is further exemplified in a performance at another music-hall, where the Professor has the rifle over his shoulder and takes aim from a bit of looking-glass, which he holds at the butt-end of the gun. He can just see the foresight of his gun and the orange on the negro's head, and when the two are in alignment he fires, and generally succeeds in hitting the orange.

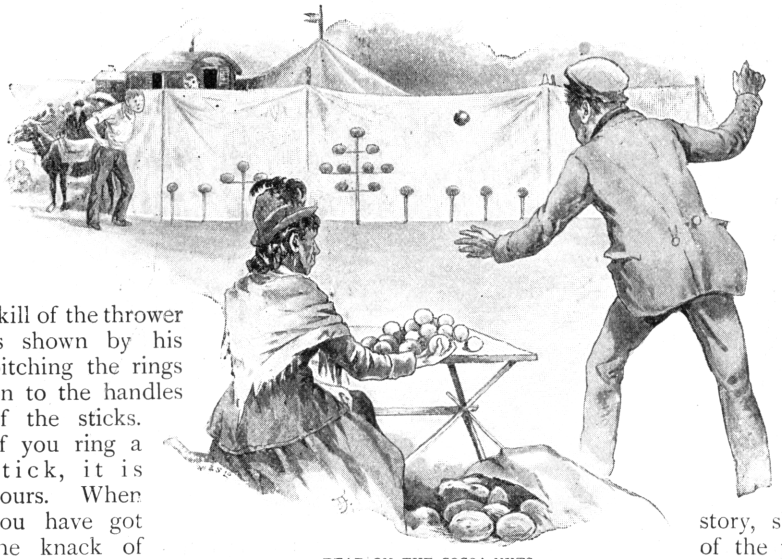
Before we finish with the music-halls, let us take a peep at "Professor" Chin-Chow-How, the far-famed Chinese juggler. He aims with murderous-looking knives at a boy who stands against a wooden target, into which the knives are cleverly stuck all round, but without touching the half-scared boy.

One of the latest additions to the already profuse programme is the Ambidextrous Pistoler, who, shooting first with one hand and then with the other, will put a dozen bullets successively into a visiting card at a distance of about ten yards.

We may now take a little outdoor exercise, and soon find ourselves in a crowd at a street corner looking at a game which appears to be miniature quoits. Lit by a flaming naphtha lamp, there is a stall, which looks like an overgrown umbrella-stand, full of walking-sticks of all kinds. At these a man is throwing wooden rings about as large as those used for cornice-poles. These are supplied by the proprietor of the stall at six a penny. The



THE AMBIDEXTROUS PISTOLER.



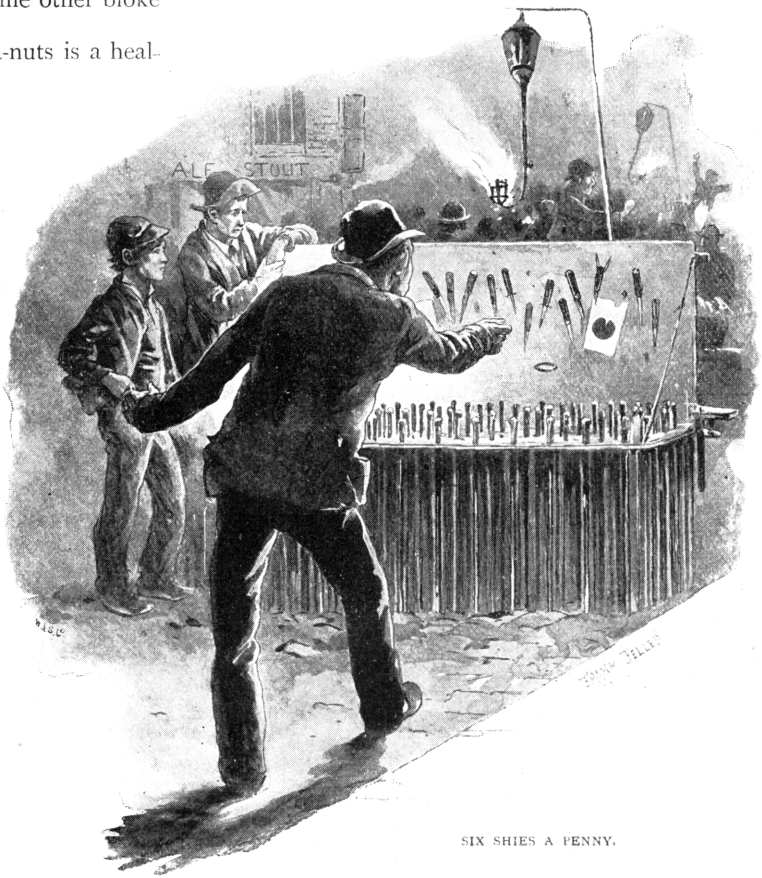
DEAD ON THE COCOA-NUTS.

skill of the thrower is shown by his pitching the rings on to the handles of the sticks. If you ring a stick, it is yours. When you have got the knack of aiming accurately, you can get one ring on out of three, and then the proprietor usually suggests that you should "Give some other bloke a turn."

Cockshies at cocoa-nuts is a healthier amusement, because it must take place in an open space, and if on the sands at the sea-side, it is healthful and invigorating. The odds are in favour of the nuts, but recently a gentleman, who was showing his boy how to aim at them, took a nut with every ball, till the owner, looking very glum, said, "You don't want to bust up a poor man, do you?" The winner only took one nut, though he had won eighteen, and he was at once proclaimed "a real gemman; one of the right sort."

Of pea-shooters and catapults the less said the better, unless it be by way of depreciation. By their admirers they may be looked upon as merely harmless toys, but on the other hand, they may be used in many dangerous ways, and are therefore very properly proscribed by the police regulations.

An amusing post-prandial story, showing the utility of the pea-shooter, comes to us from America. A very prosy parson had a cute young friend, to whom he had been deploring his inability



SIX SHIES A PENNY.

to keep his congregation awake during his Sunday sermons. "If I could only keep my flock awake, my addresses would do them a world of good."

"Well," replied Mr. Cute, "I'll bet you five dollars I'll keep them awake next Sunday."

"How?" inquired the parson.

"Never mind how. You let me have a seat in the gallery behind you, and leave the rest to me."

Sunday came, and Mr. Cute with his pea-shooter was in the gallery. The parson was proceeding with his sermon in his usual sleepy style, and soon one of the congregation began to settle down in the pew corner for a snooze. But at the first nod he started up, rubbed his nose, and stared round. Each would-be dozer seemed to be similarly affected, till at last the parson turned and upbraided Mr. Cute on his want of decorum.

"Never mind," said he, in a loud whisper; "you go on with your sermon: I'll keep the flock awake."

The congregation were wakeful enough now, and the parson finished his discourse by telling his flock that :—

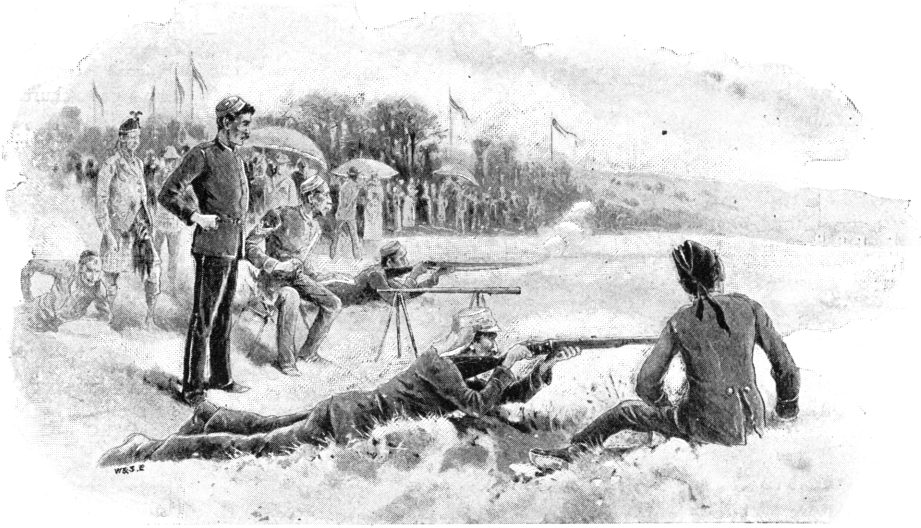
Some go to church for a walk ;
Some go there to laugh and talk ;
Some go there their time to spend,
Whilst others go to meet a friend.
Some go there to wink and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

PEA-SHOOTING.

Amongst the oddest of odd shots was undoubtedly the man who amused Henry VIII. by making some marvellous scores with a bow and arrow while standing on one leg, the other being stretched across his breast. He was henceforth known as "Foot-in-Bosom." But this odd posture has been quite eclipsed in modern times by the renowned marksman, Farquharson, who some years ago, at a Wimbledon Meeting, startled the shooting world by firing his rifle while lying on his back. He made such marvellous scores, and won so many prizes, that the novel position was not only practised by most marksmen, but now the posture is actually taught as part of the musketry instruction in the regular army. In all-comers' contests where "any position" is permitted, competitors often assume it with marked success.

THE BACK POSITION.

The prone position, being the steadiest, is generally chosen for sighting rifles, and the pool ranges at Bisley are always fully occupied for this purpose. It often requires several shots to find the bull ; but as the entries are only limited by the length of the

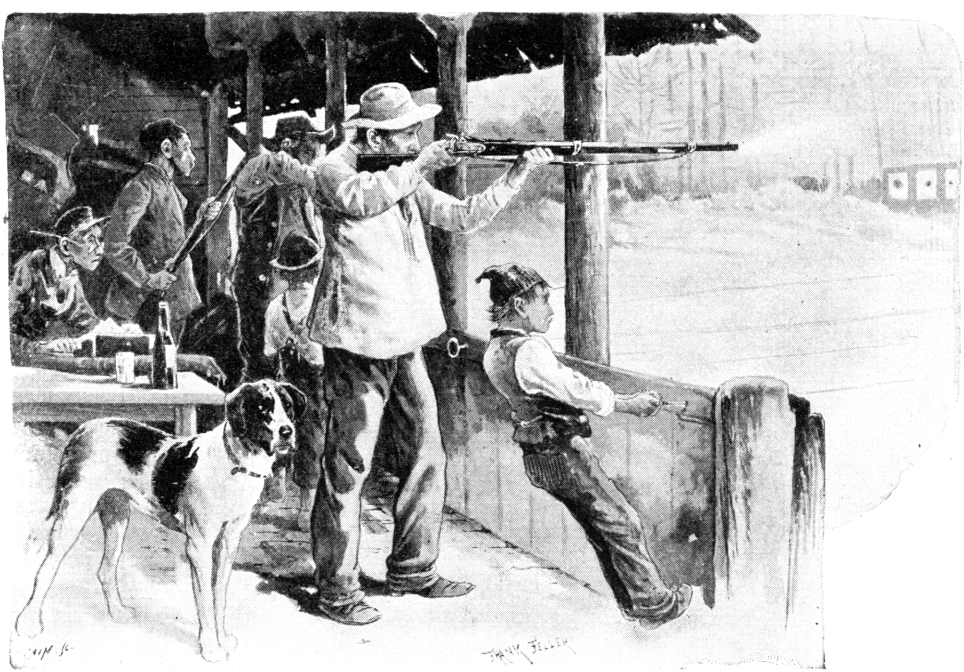


BISLEY POOL SHOOTING.

marksman's purse, he keeps on paying his shilling till he gets the correct elevation and finds the allowance to be made for that *bête noir* of the rifleman—a "fish-tail" wind.

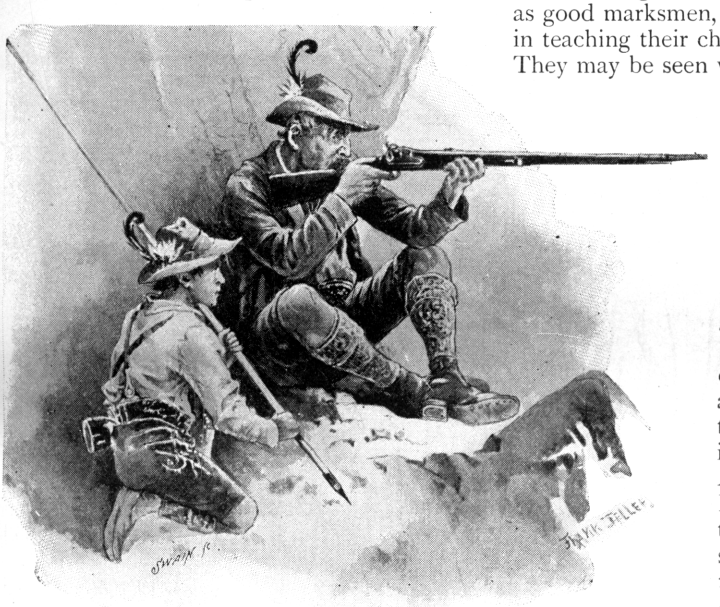
The value of the bull's-eyes made at pool varies with the weather, being perhaps 5s. in fine weather and as many pounds in bad. The whole of the entries, less 25 per cent. deducted by the National Rifle Association, is divided amongst the makers of bull's-eyes, and paid in cash the next morning.

Half a century ago the Swiss had the reputation of being the most famous shots in the world, and it was not surprising that they should have been tempted by the splendid shooting prizes offered at the first Wimbledon Meeting to turn up in large numbers. That notable meeting of July, 1860, attracted marks-



SWISS SHOOTING FOR PRIZES.

men from all parts of the world, but only four or five of the Swiss were able to hold their own against our Volunteers, though they were then but novices at rifle shooting. The Switzers took a few prizes at the shorter ranges, but were completely beaten at the longer distances.



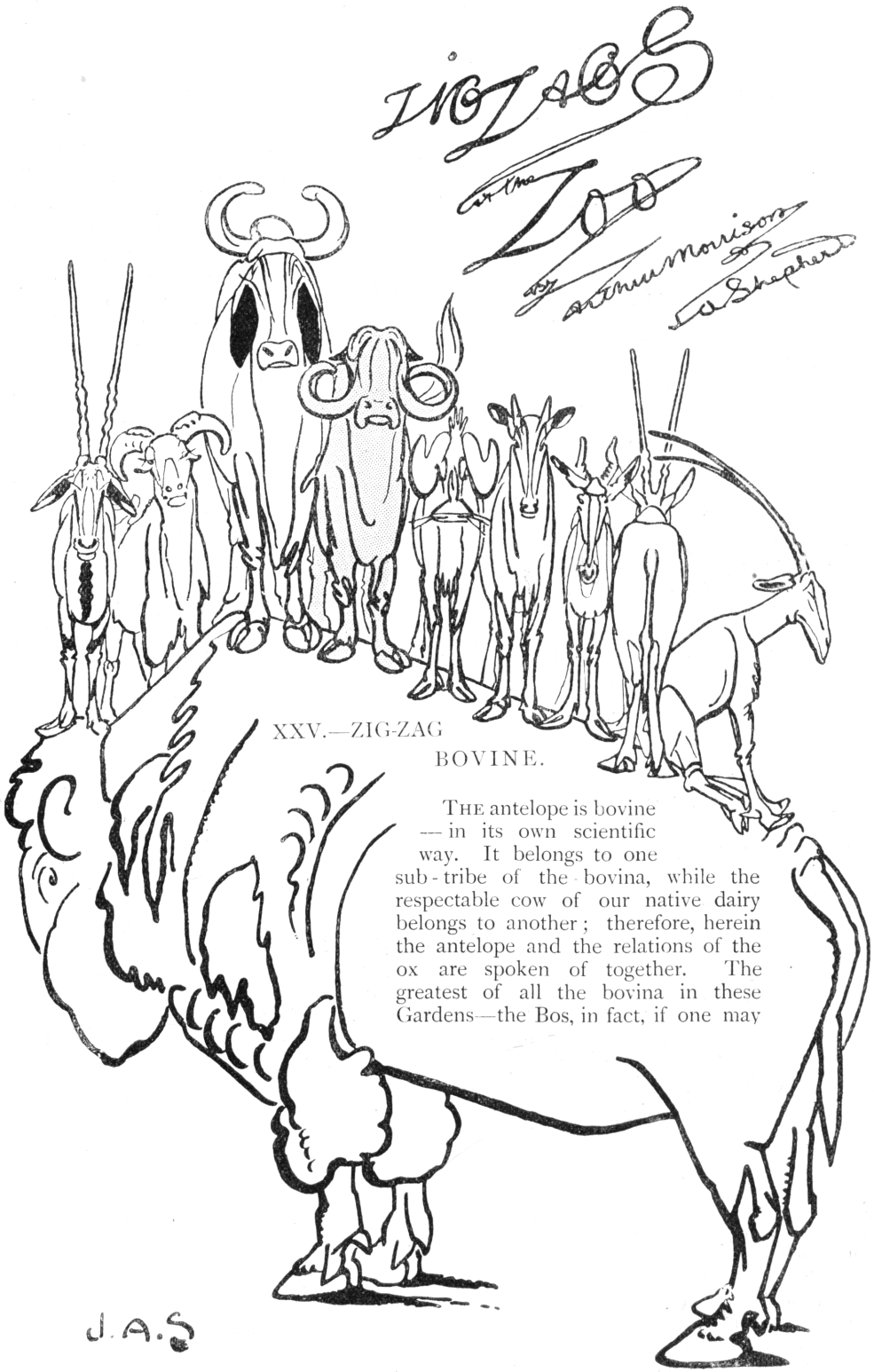
TYROLESE MARKSMAN.

Nevertheless, the Swiss are still famous shots and love rifle shooting, and on Sundays, in the summer-time they may be seen in every village shooting for prizes, and the valleys re-echo with the ping of the rifle bullet on the old-fashioned iron targets, which they still prefer to the canvas substitutes which we use.

Their neighbours the Tyrolese are almost as good marksmen, and take as great a pride in teaching their children the art of shooting. They may be seen winter and summer in the mountains snugly perched on some crag of porphyry or dolomite, attended by a youngster who watches with eager earnestness and evident delight the result of his father's effort to knock over a capering wild goat half a mile away.

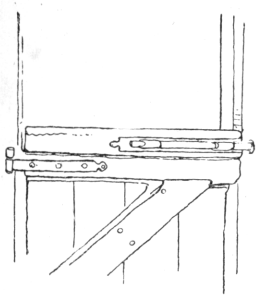
There is only one other foreign sharpshooter about whom we propose to say a word, and that is the Boer of South Africa. Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill told us only too well of their skill as sharpshooters, and though they are now principally occupied in agricultural pursuits, they generally ride from farm to farm armed with a good rifle, and carrying a well-filled bandoleer, ready to bring down any big game they may come across. May they always confine their sharpshooting skill to like purposes.

BOER SPORTSMAN.



XXV.—ZIG-ZAG BOVINE.

THE antelope is bovine—in its own scientific way. It belongs to one sub-tribe of the bovina, while the respectable cow of our native dairy belongs to another; therefore, herein the antelope and the relations of the ox are spoken of together. The greatest of all the bovina in these Gardens—the Bos, in fact, if one may



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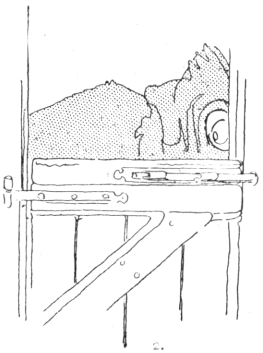

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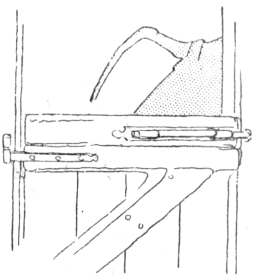

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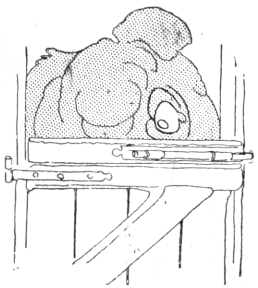

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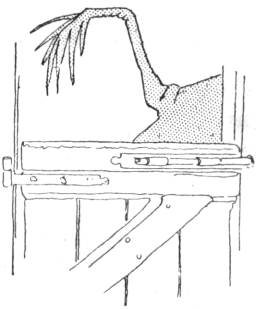

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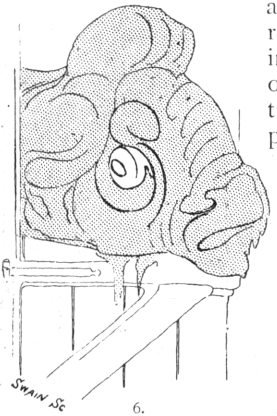

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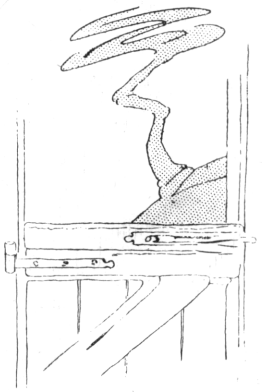

7.

make a Yankee-Latin pun—is Jack, the American bison. There is a deal of beef behind Jack's skin, and dear beef, for there will never again be seen such another bison as Jack, and he is worth a deal of money. The bison which once paved the prairies with many miles of beef is now all but extinct—soon will be.

Jack is not as friendly as he might be. I cannot claim to have slapped Jack on the back, as I have slapped many creatures that may seem wilder than any mere cattle. As a matter of sober truth, Jack is about the most dangerous brute in the place. In the course of the preparation of this paper he has been found a disconcerting animal to sketch — if the attempt be made from the door of his residence, while he takes his walks abroad in his front garden. For he has strong opinions in the matter of trespass, and turns them over in his mind as he stalks past, afterwards communicating them to the trespasser by sundry glares of the eye, brandishings of the tail, sudden approaches of the spacious countenance, and threatening snorings; so that often the trespasser is fain to fall in with Jack's opinions suddenly, and get out without wasting time on ceremony or picking things up.

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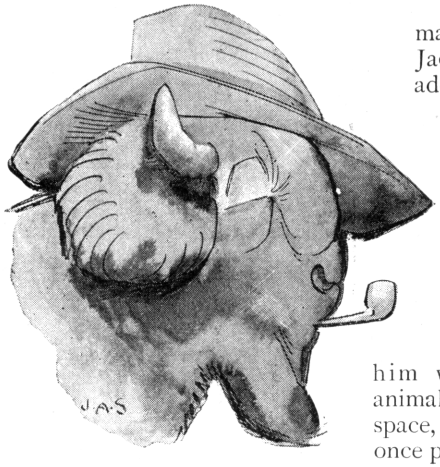


A SHAM BOHEMIAN.

Jack is not amiable, even to relations. It is all a matter of space. Among his other strong opinions Jack has one, especially strong, on the question of adequate breathing and exercise area for a healthy bull. Anything smaller than the space here at his disposal he regards as unhealthy for more than one animal, and is apt to maintain his opinion by indisputable demonstration. Place him with another animal in a restricted space, and you will at once perceive that the arrangement is extremely unhealthy — for the other animal. Jack puts down his head, and in a very little while his companion will probably be found dead from overcrowding. The most fatal sort of overcrowding I know of is Jack's. His front garden is of a size that satisfies his notions, and he willingly allows the presence of Nell, his spouse, and a calf; but if either of these ventured into his private sanctum behind, she would be overcrowded to a pulp in five minutes.

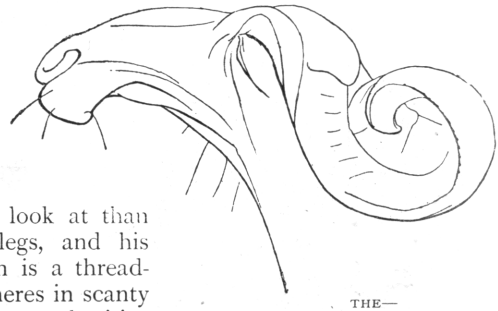
CLERKLY ATTENTION.

Jack's outline—if you forget the tail—is grand, but his constant attitude of readiness to deal with a question of overcrowding gives him an air of clerkly and impartial attention, ignominiously suggestive of the Civil Service. His shaggy head, though, inclines him more to the aspect of the sham Bohemian. Still, however his appearance may strike the individual fancy, there is no doubt possible of the fact that he is for ever absorbed in profound meditation. Mere questions of air-space and overcrowding, I am convinced, affect him with only a passing interest. In general he is pathetically brooding, with bowed head, over his nearly approaching extinction. Not that

A SERIOUS PERSON.

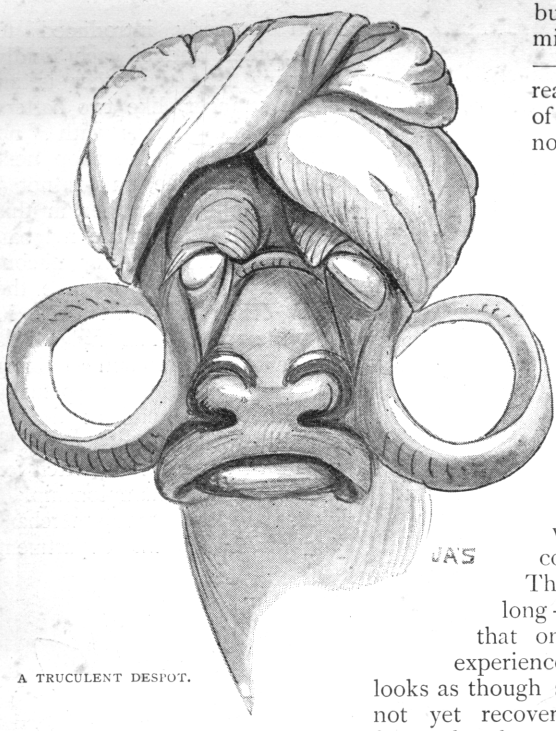
DOOMED.

extinction is an unpleasant fate—for is it not a rare and envied dignity? But he laments that he will drag into nothingness with him the last fragments of the old joke about the Indian resolved on skinning the bison to make his wigwam, and the bison making the Indian's wig warm without waiting to be skinned.

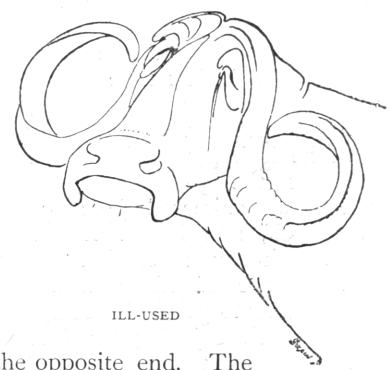


THE—

Jack's fore-end is by far more imposing to look at than the rest of him. He has neat, well-bred legs, and his steely muscles fill his skin well; but that skin is a thread-bare piece of upholstery, and the nap only adheres in scanty patches. I would respectfully suggest to the authorities that a new skin for Jack (of good quality and permanent nap) be included in the next estimate for repairs. If, at the same time, the question of a new tail were considered, something would have been paid of the large debt of gratitude owing to the ox tribe for the many things—shoe-leather, horn coat-buttons, some part of what we buy for milk, ox-tail soup, beef-tea, and bull's-eyes—that it gives to suffering humanity. Jack really does want a new tail. He grew out of the present small fitting long ago, and now it presents a ludicrous want of balance with the opposite end. The commonest pump is better off.

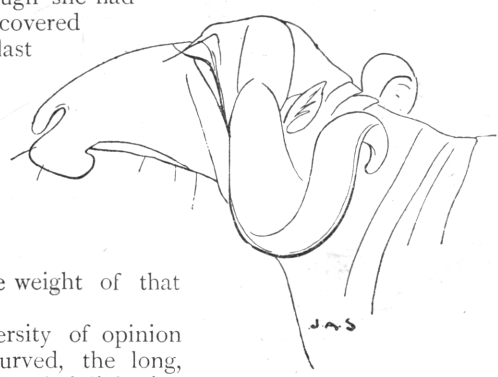


A TRUCULENT DESPOT.



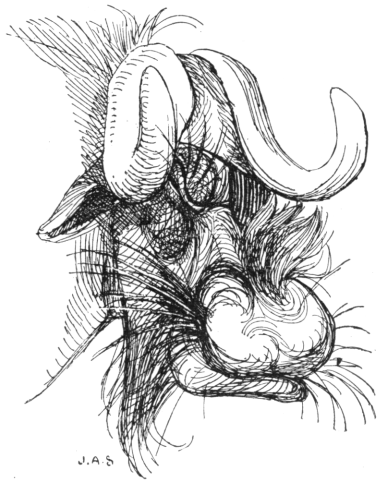
ILL-USED

The Indian buffalo, close by, is such a long-suffering and melancholy-looking cow that one immediately infers bad matrimonial experiences. She looks as though she had not yet recovered from the last connubial thrashing. Fortunately her husband is somewhere far away in Asia—and a truculent despot he probably is. For tearfully and mournfully as his ill-used spouse regards you, it would be inadvisable to tempt her too far in the matter of overcrowding. It is a sad and a pathetic face, but I shouldn't like it to hit me full-butt in the stomach with all the weight of that wealth of Bengalee cow-beef behind it.



WIFE.

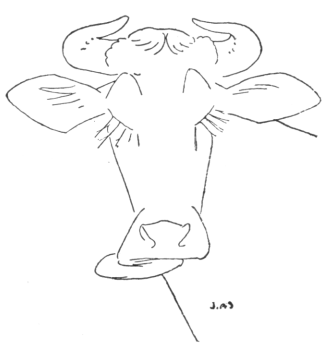
Over in the antelope-house there is a diversity of opinion in the matter of horns. The straight, the curved, the long, the short, the regular, the barley-sugar, and the fork-lightning



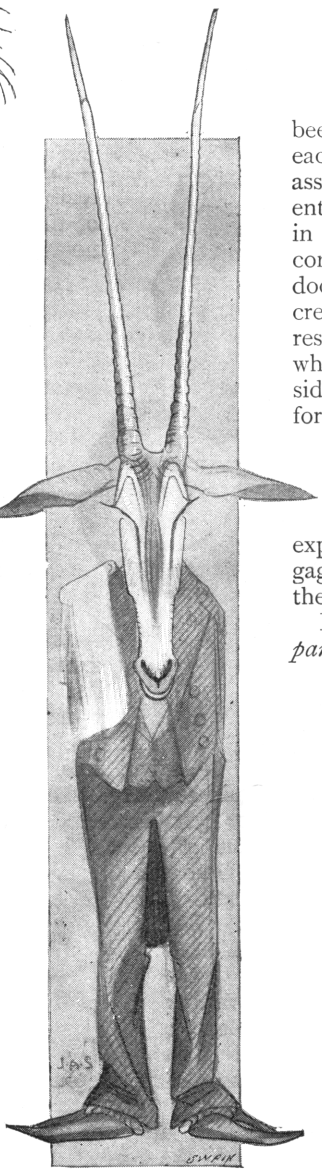
ANIMATED JOKES—THE GNU HUMOUR.

pattern—all have their wearers. And every antelope is very serious—no antelope ever saw a joke. They meditate and take life with the melancholy characteristic of the solitary waiter who is left here at the refreshment-rooms all the winter, to make strange visitors wonder what he is being punished for. All but the gnus. The gnu is an animated joke in himself, and is apt to be struck by a sudden remembrance of his own absurdity, and to go tearing round his paddock enjoying the fun. The gnu seems to have been built by way of using up odd scraps of material after the completion of the bull, the horse, and the donkey; and his fore-end and hind-end have an eternal air of never having been properly introduced to each other, and of each loudly asserting that the other is an entire stranger, like two hatters in adjoining shops with "no connection with the shop next door." Still, the gnu is not a creature of even temper, in this respect resembling the nylghai, whose repartee to any ill-considered joke is apt to take the form of an awkward drive in the ribs. The nylghai is a well-groomed looking fellow, who perpetually chews the cud at double express speed, as though engaged in a perpetual match for the ruminating championship.

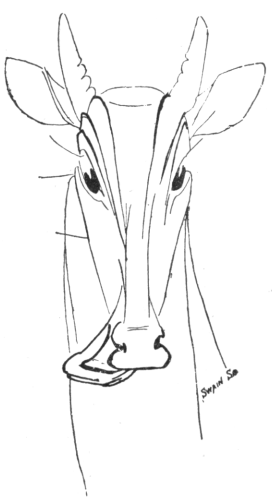
But the low-comedy merchant *par excellence* of this department



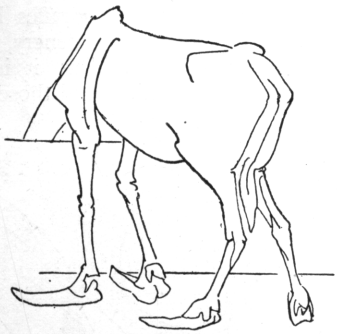
A MERE PLATER.



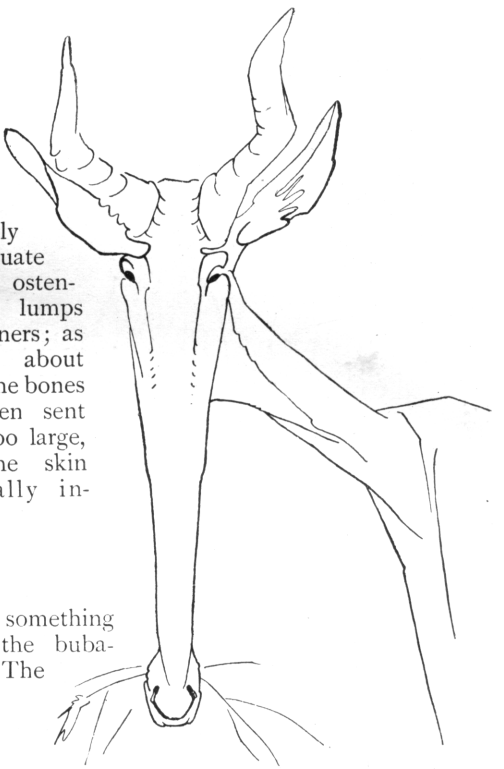
MELANCHOLY.



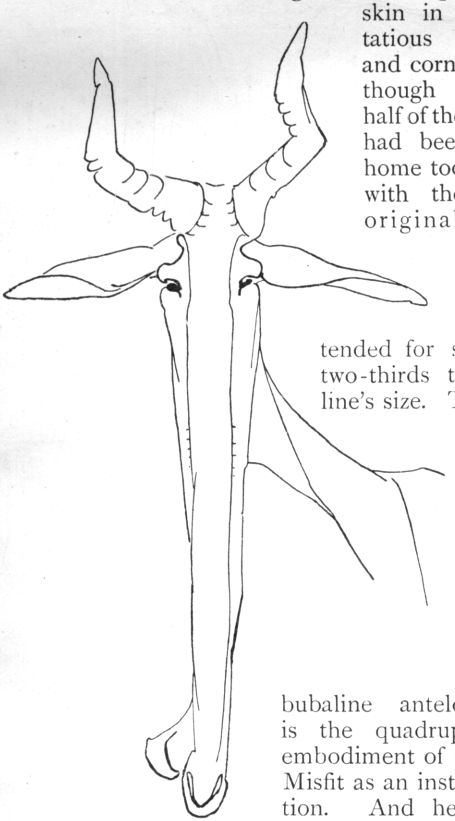
THE CUD CHAMPION.

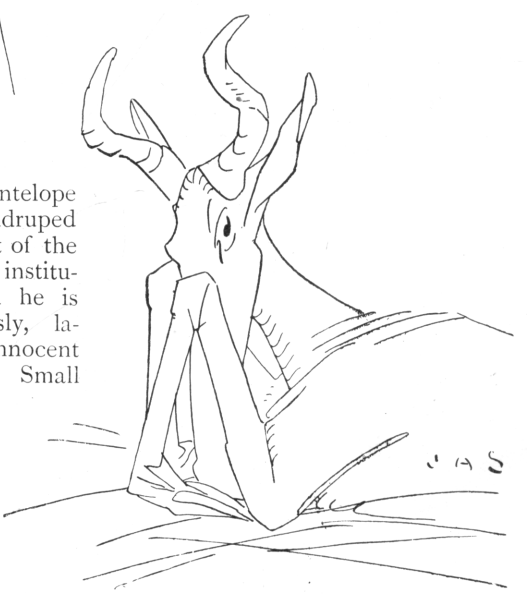


is the bubaline antelope. His hoofs spread out before his shins like the long boots of the dancing nigger, his horns are of the loudest thunder-and-lightning pattern, his ears are of the wildest donkey-design, his head is that of a cheap tack-hammer, and his nose—



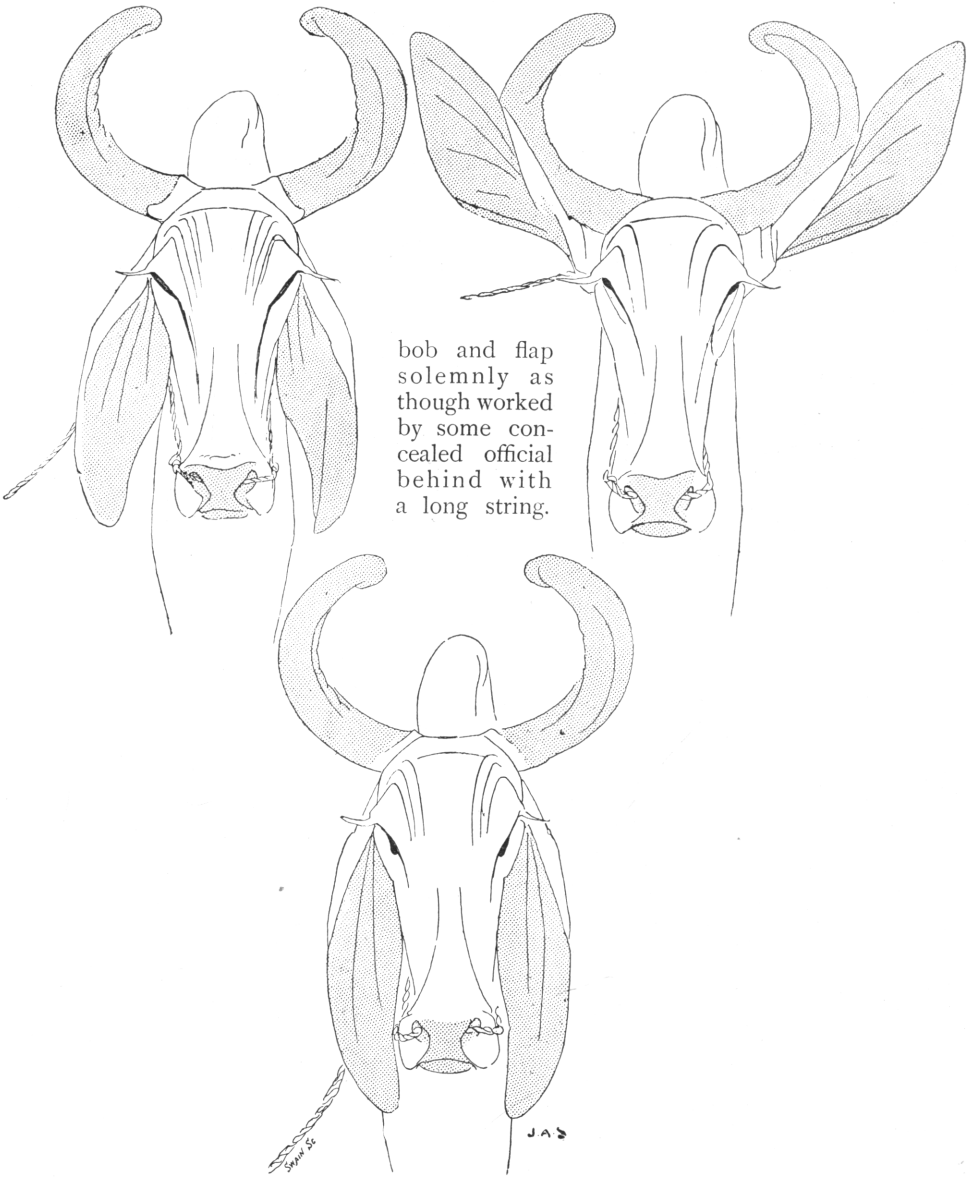
but, there; there is no describing that nose—it puts the ant-eater to shame. His bodily framework asserts itself through the inadequate skin in ostentatious lumps and corners; as though about half of the bones had been sent home too large, with the skin originally intended for something two-thirds the bubaline's size. The





bubaline antelope is the quadruped embodiment of the Misfit as an institution. And he is so hopelessly, lamentably innocent and unconscious of his eccentricities! Small boys stand before his den and scream with laughter; the bubaline looks at them with a mild and grieved surprise. He has heard hundreds of visitors laugh like that, and could never understand why it was done. What can it be? Any animal with a sense of humour

would at least cover up that nose. Over in the house where once the giraffes lived, solemnly ruminate the stately zebus. The zebu is a grand piece of scenery, and looks as though it might carry with it some excellent cuts of beef. But it is not active, and only its ears betray the fact that the whole thing is not stuffed. And those ears



bob and flap solemnly as though worked by some concealed official behind with a long string.

By Beckles Willson.

If ever, gentlest reader, you should chance to visit the fair at Starn—the Show Fair, it is called in the Canadian province—you may come upon a blooming young woman in a flower booth. She will, doubtless, be standing among roses and ferns, mignonettes and tulip bulbs, and her wealth of shining black hair, you may even perceive, smoothed over her brown temples, falls in a long braid down her back. It was not always worn thus; for, many years ago, it had an odd habit of shooting upwards over her forehead. This was when Annette Pompin was a child, and earned for her a certain sobriquet. Quaint old Bedard, the schoolmaster at Bonneval, saw it. He immediately christened the child Mademoiselle Pompadour.

Annette's father was the miller of Bonneval. He lived with his wife and two children in a cottage adjoining the mill, which in those days was four miles from the village.

One day—it was early in autumn—Pompin took the money which he had got from the season's grist of the farmers and, tying it up in a linen bag, handed it to his wife, saying:—

"Here, Therèse, you know best where to hide this."

Madame Pompin was a hard-featured, close-fisted creature, who, in this respect, thoroughly justified the confidence her husband reposed in her. She well knew how to take good care of all the cash that touched her bony fingers. So Mme. Pompin took the money and thrust the linen bag into an old white stocking. After that she carried it down into the cellar and placed it behind one of the loose stones in the cellar wall. No one would think of looking for it there.

Late one night, some weeks after this had occurred, there was a hearty knock on the door of the Pompins. The family had retired, but the miller's wife at once stuck her head out of the window, and called out:—

"Halloa, you! what do you want?"

It was just like Mme. Pompin, who was never frightened. Mme. Pompin was never even nervous. But the person—whoever it

"HERE, THERÈSE. HIDÈ THIS."

was — hidden under the portico, only answered by a knock louder than before.

Then Pompin himself got out of bed, seized a candle, lit it, and went down and unbolted the door. Four men brushing past him stalked into the house.

Now, Pompin was a good-natured, decent sort of soul—he might have made a capital schoolmaster—but, at this sight, his knees clapped promptly together like castanets.

"Come, Miller Pompin," cried loudly one of the four, slapping him on the shoulder, "don't let's have any monkeying with the buzz-saw. No tomfoolery, Pompin. Where's the cash kept?"

It was not a cold night, but Pompin shivered in his shirt. He was on the point of catching his breath to reply when his better half appeared. She had thrown on a shawl and a skirt of étoffe, and now stalked into the room with blazing eyes.

"Shut up, Pompin!" she began.

"SHUT UP!"

Pompin had not spoken. Nevertheless, he felt relieved.

"Well, gentlemen, speak—what is it you want?"

Mme. Pompin addressed this question resolutely to the four robbers.

"Hem—it's this way," said the leader. "You have a little matter of four hundred dollars in the house. We are poor—we need it. It may be more, and it may be less. If it's more, we're not the men to stick at a few dollars. You shall have the benefit. If it is less, we shall take away a night-cap or a cheese or two to make up. We will give you five minutes to hand it over—otherwise—we shall take it by force!"

Mme. Pompin refused to be frightened. She only sneered politely. She laughed a dry little laugh only, responding in an icy tone:—

"You have committed a mistake. There is no money for you in this house. So you had better go!"

"Ha, ha! Go, is it?" growled one of the men, rudely catching her round the arm. "Not without the money, beldame!"

Mme. Pompin's eyes glittered cruelly. She drew herself up with wounded dignity. How dearly she would have loved to tear the infamous *grédin's* eyeballs out. Beldame, indeed! Instead, however, of attempting anything so foolish, she merely said:—

"Do not talk so loud, m'sieur. You will wake the children."

At this injunction the ruffians lost what good grace they had, for they shouted with laughter. Two of them seized Pompin and his wife and tied them, seated in two chairs, with ropes which they had brought. This rendered it extremely impracticable for the couple to stir hand or foot. The others, who had meanwhile gone above to reconnoitre, returned just as their companions had completed their task with the ropes.

"There's nobody upstairs but the two brats," they reported. The words were hardly spoken when the voices of Annette and André were heard on the stairs. Little André was bawling at the top of his lungs. He had taken the masked robber for the dreaded *Loup-garou* (Bogie-man). Annette, too, was frightened, but she did not scream; she was far too frightened for that.

Instinct led these children to their mother. She was sitting bolt upright, very white and glittering and still—like ice. The hysterical efforts of her offspring to wind themselves into her shawl and skirt were suddenly interrupted. The man who alone stood guard with a loaded revolver over the Pompins rudely tore them from their scant refuge.

"SHE WAS SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT."

"Come away, you little beggars. Go back to bed, both of you! Don't you see your mother doesn't want you?"

Whereupon both the children set up such a terrific babel that one of the robbers came hastily forward to quell it. He was less hard-hearted than the rest.

"Let the kids be, Tim," he said, savagely. Then, addressing the father, he continued, with an oath: "Look you, Pompin, we're doing our best to help you. We can ransack this house from top to bottom in less than two hours. If we don't find what we're after, then we'll furnish a pair of corpses towards a funeral, that's all."

"Aye," said the man with the revolver, who stood guard, "if we go away empty-handed, ye'll stay empty-headed. Ha, ha! Remember that, Miller Pompin!"

The miller shivered. He knew his wife would die—or, rather, which was not quite the same thing, see him die—before she would

tell where the money was hid. But Annette and André were still clamorously weeping.

"Curse you both! Can't you do something to keep these brats of yours quiet?"

Mme. Pompin was reasonable. She was appealed to by the robber. She opened her mouth at last.

"Pompin, amuse them," she muttered between her thin lips.

"Come here, *mes p'tites*," said their father, soothingly. "Don't cry, André. Dry your eyes, Annette, there's a good dear. Fetch your slate, and papa will draw you pictures."

The miller had considerable rude talent for drawing. As may be imagined, it was a source of rare delight to both children, but especially Annette, when their father could spare the time to make pictures of elephants and donkeys, and *bossus* and hook-nosed giants, and all the other worthies of Canadian folk-lore for their edification. In the midst of her present terror the idea had not lost all its charm for Annette, for she stopped sobbing at once.

"HE WROTE IN CAPITAL LETTERS."

"André," she ejaculated to the bawling infant, "papa's going to draw us pictures—look, pretty pictures!"

André's eyes stopped flowing on the spot, while Annette ran for the wonderful slate. As she removed it from the table the ruffian gave a grunt of satisfaction. It was his method of thanking Mme. Pompin.

The miller was enabled just to move his arms below the elbow. Annette and he held the slate in turns while he drew a row of grotesque outline figures by the candle-light. Then he stopped drawing figures, and wrote, or rather printed, in capital letters, this:—

"My darling Annette must not be frightened. She must be brave. Pretend papa is still drawing. Then go into the kitchen for a drink of water. Do not come back. You must run all the way to the village. Tell the priest robbers are going to kill your mamma and papa. Run as fast as you can. Be sure and ——"

As the robber made a movement forward Pompin was obliged to rub out what he had written. He had kept his little finger moistened for that purpose. But it was a false alarm.

"Be sure and wrap up in my coat, but do not stop for anything else. God bless thee, my child."

Pompin replaced these sentences with a very droll sketch of a Starn pig on horseback.

The little heart of Mademoiselle Pompadour beat fast and furiously for a moment. Then she made her mind up. André had gone to slumber on his father's shoulder.

"Please, Mr. Robber, may me and my little brother go to sleep in the kitchen?" she faltered.

The ruffian gave his assent heartily. Mme. Pompin said nothing; but Annette could not find the coat.

The tiny feet of Mademoiselle Pompadour flew over the ground. Never in her games with André had they run so fast. What made it hard was her feet being bare and the stones in the roadway sharp and plentiful.

She ran on and on for over a mile without even stopping. The way was very lonely, and the tall pines frightened her—they were so dark and forbidding. When she rested the night air was cold, and she thought she heard the cry of a wolf.

At the outskirts of the village lay the churchyard. It occurred to Annette to make a short cut over the churchyard wall, for she was very brave now, and the road did not run straight. But in getting over she fell,

and the shrill, piercing cry of the child rang out in the darkness.

"Who's there?" cried a voice.

The bell of the ancient seigneury of Bonneval was ringing the hour of midnight. Père Joseph was hastening to attend a midnight mass, for which he was some moments late.

"It's me!" called Annette, when the bell had ceased ringing.

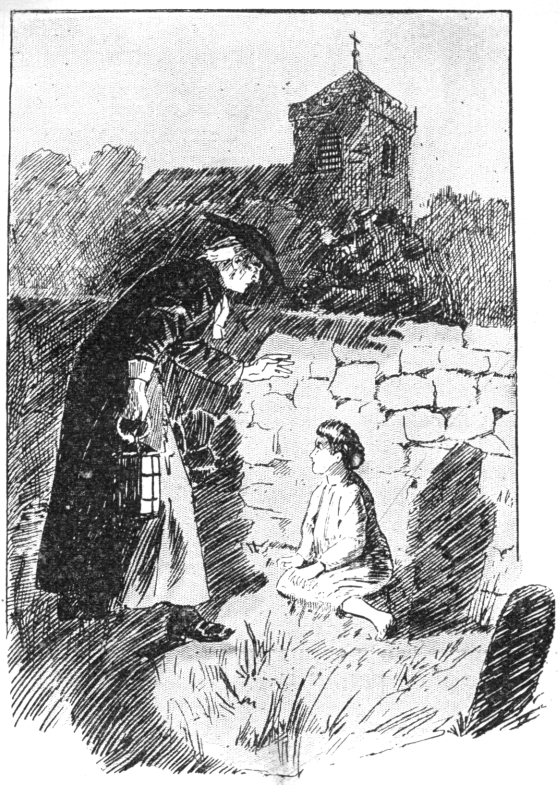
Père Joseph crossed over the wall, and the light from his lantern fell on the white, panting, upturned face of the child.

"Little Mademoiselle Pompadour!" he cried, in astonishment. He was a worthy priest. One does not see little girls lying in their night-gowns in the wet grass every night.

She had broken her ankle and could not move, but in spite of the pain she told her tale.

It turned out an easy capture for the little armed band of villagers, headed by the *forgeron*, who found the bandits in the cellar, and so shut them up as mice are shut up in a trap, until the morrow, when they were let out singly by the sheriff, each very thirsty and very hungry.

But the strange part of the story is how the perilous proximity to her secret affected Mme. Pompin. The *forgeron* unbound her with his own hands, and the little gaping crowd of villagers marvelled that she never stirred muscle. She had always a weak heart, and her face remained livid as she sat bolt upright, clutching the sides of her chair.



From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORD ROSEBERY'S MISFORTUNE.

WHILST everybody, with the perhaps solitary exception of Mr. Labouchere, admits Lord Rosebery's qualifications for the Premiership, there is one aspect unfavourable to his claim which, as far as I have noted, has not been commented upon. The personal appearance of the new Premier does not adapt itself for familiar and friendly representation in the pages of *Punch*. Already Sir John Tenniel has had occasion to try his practised hand, and the result has been a melancholy failure. The stout, elderly-young man entering the lists in the double cartoon which welcomed the appearance on the scene of the new Premier was like, and yet hopelessly unlike, the statesman who has fallen into the line of succession of his favourite Minister, Pitt; not without reasonable expectation of emulating his fame. This is not Sir John Tenniel's shortcoming, as witness the spirited and picturesque appearance in the same block of Sir William Harcourt, squiring the new knight. Nor is it Lord Rosebery's fault. To quote the impressive phrase which occurs in the policies of marine insurance, it is "the act of God."

LORD ROSEBERY.

There are some men whom the cleverest and most *habile* artist cannot present with that likeness yet touch of exaggeration essential to success in caricature. An example is to be found in the case of Mr. John Morley. It would be hard, looking at his keen, intellectual face, to say why he is the despair of the caricaturist. That such is the case will appear from any paper, whether weekly or daily, devoted to this class of art. This inscrutable and inexplicable peculiarity is undoubtedly a misfortune for the public man whom it besets. As a rule, it will be found that all the men who have filled a prominent place in English political life during the last half century have been endowed with a personal appearance that has made it possible for Tenniel, or some of his colleagues on *Punch*, to create a counterfeit presentment which has struck the public fancy, and has made the statesman familiar in every household throughout the English-speaking world.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

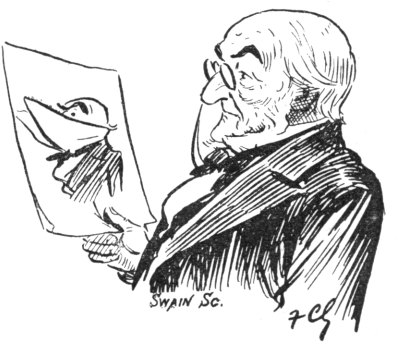
It is by no means necessary, may indeed be fatal to immediate and full success, that the likeness should be of photographic fidelity. There is, for example, Harry Furniss's *Punch* portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill. At its inception Lord Randolph was invariably presented as a person considerably below the average height, he, as a matter of fact, being fully up to it. The ideal was created at a time when, leader of the numerically infinitesimal Fourth Party, he was emerging on the political horizon, and was nightly doing battle in the Parliamentary lists against the gigantic personality of Mr. Gladstone. When Lord Randolph first began to stump

"WAS I REALLY LIKE THAT?"

the country at political meetings he was conscious of a feeling almost approaching distrust of his identity. The British public had been educated to expect to see a little man, and when Lord Randolph, with his at least five-foot-eight of height, stepped on the platform, the audience were genuinely surprised.

MR. G.'s COLLARS.

The same tradition has, through the same agency, attached to Mr. Gladstone's collars. These are actually of fuller, looser make than has been the fashion of late years. I have an etching from Watts's portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted some forty years ago. It bears, by the way, a striking resemblance to the eldest son of the house, William Henry, who died some years ago. Whilst he was yet with us in the House of Commons, sitting for, I think, a Worcestershire constituency, one was often struck by a look in his face that seemed to recall a something out of which his father had grown. I had not at the time seen this portrait of Watts's. Looking at the etching, the resemblance between W. H. Gladstone at forty-five and his father at the same age is very striking.



"THEY'RE NOT REALLY SO LARGE."

In this portrait the now famous Gladstone collars show with even fuller folds than have gladdened the eyes of the present generation. What has happened has simply been that the fundamental Conservative phase of Mr. Gladstone's character, in this connection untrammelled by the interests of the classes, has prevailed. When he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies and, later, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, gentlemen wore collars of a certain cut, comfortable and commodious, and he wears them to this day.

I have heard that Mr. Gladstone at one time grew a little weary of the iteration of the gigantic collars. A communication was made by one of the family to a member of the *Punch* staff. Mr. Gladstone, it was pointed out, was a constant student of the journal, the issue of whose first number he remembered. He had figured in its pages in all guises, represented under all circumstances, and knew no occasion upon which he was not able to join in the genial merriment of the public. But hadn't there been enough about the fabulous collars?

The hint was taken as kindly as it was conveyed. Harry Furniss drew a picture in which the big collars were presented undergoing the process of burial. But before long they were out again, flapping their folds in the political breeze.

Mr. Gladstone, first in most things, fulfilled in largest degree the by no means immaterial qualification of a public man that his personal appearance should be capable of striking reproduction in the pages of *Punch*. His mobile face, his nervous figure, his unique personality throb through the pages of that periodical for more than a quarter of a century. The late Lord Derby, Lord Brougham, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and at this day, happily for *Punch* and the public, Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt, have each and all, in distinct manner, this indefinable quality. As yet Mr. Arthur Balfour has not taken on with conspicuous success. But he will do, will come out all right as fuller opportunities for study are provided.

MR. BRIGHT AND PAM.

To his last appearance in the pages of *Punch*, John Bright was represented as wearing an eyeglass. To the readers of *Punch* the Tribune would not have been recognisable without an eyeglass. To his personal friends he would not have been recognisable with one, since he was never seen in its company. I once asked Tenniel why he always fixed him with the eyeglass. He said he did not know. It was there when he succeeded to the position of cartoonist, and he went on drawing it.

"If," he added, "Mr. Bright does not wear an eyeglass, it is very wrong of him. He ought to do so."

A similar mannerism was affected in all the cartoons in which Lord Palmerston figured. Ever he was presented with a bit of straw between his teeth. This probably had its origin in the jaunty Premier's love of horse racing. At some time in mid-century, Leech or Doyle, full of stable associations, placed the straw in Pam's mouth, and there ever after it remained.

BROUGHAM'S BREECHES.

Lord Brougham's trousers of Brobdingnagian check pattern supply another instance of the success with which *Punch* has arbitrarily associated a fable with the personal

appearance of a public man. Possibly at one period of his turbulent career Lord Brougham may have worn small-clothes of loud check pattern. But trousers of such design as Dicky Doyle clothed the Lord Chancellor's nether limbs withal were never seen on sea or land. Apart from this fanciful touch, Brougham's face was a priceless endowment to the caricaturist. A photograph of it in profile would have been sufficient to illumine a satiric page. In the pages of *Punch* it lives through many years, sublimely grotesque with the slightest, subtlest touch of the caricaturist's pencil.

AN ORNAMENT OF DEBATE.

Mr. Field, the member for the St. Patrick's Division of Dublin, has long endeared himself to the House of Commons by his picturesque dress and his fine oratorical style. As I showed last month, he shines most brilliantly in his process of interrogating and cross-examining Ministers. He has a genuine thirst for information, almost as consuming as that which possesses Mr. Weir. That he can sustain an effort beyond that necessary for fragmentary questioning was demonstrated on the occasion when Mr. John Morley introduced his Irish Evicted Tenants Bill. Long looked forward to with keen interest by the Irish members, their reception of it was watched with some anxiety from the Treasury Bench. Mr. Field presented himself as the spokesman of the little Parnellite faction, and summed up the characteristics of the Bill in a sentence. "As Scripture says," he remarked, inflating his chest, and rearranging his glossy curls behind his ear—"As Scripture says, 'it is all sound and fury signifying nothing.'"

MR. FIELD.

This has not been beaten this Session, even by Dr. Macgregor, who, quoting the familiar remark, "When doctors differ, who shall decide?" recommended it to the attendance of the House as the utterance of Sydney Smith.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, M.P.

Sir Boyle Roche never sat in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. He was member for Tralee in the Irish Parliament, representing it from 1775 till its dissolution. There was a Sir David Roche, Bart., in the House of Commons up to so recent a period as 1865. But he sprang from another stock. Sir Boyle's family belonged to Fermoy, and as far as the baronetcy is concerned is now extinct. Happily the picturesque confusion of terms, the practice of which makes Sir Boyle's name live in history, still survives in the House of Commons. There are two of Sir Boyle Roche's bulls which still linger in the records of the Irish Parliament. "Mr. Speaker," he said, on one occasion, lamenting the distressfulness of Ireland, even then noteworthy, "single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater." On another occasion he uttered the patriotic remark: "Sir, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortune."

BULLS OF MODERN BREED.

Mr. Shaw, for some time leader of the Home Rule Party, in succession to Mr. Butt and in advance of Mr. Parnell, was not a man who might be expected to approach Sir Boyle Roche in his peculiar felicity of language. Yet there was one sentence of his, of which I have preserved a note, that is reminiscent of the Tralee baronet's style. At one time during the earliest Home Rule campaign Mr. Shaw addressed a meeting at Cork, held on a Sunday. "They tell us," he said, "that we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet if the ox or the ass fall into the pit on a Sabbath day we are enjoined to take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it, and we are come here to-day to try if we can lift them out."

When Mr. Shaw came back to Westminster many efforts were made to get him to say of the farmer and the landlord which was the ox and which the ass. But he could never be induced to be communicative on the subject.

In a Budget discussion during the Parliament of 1880–5, Mr. O'Connor Power remarked: "Since the Government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns."

The late A. M. Sullivan, a foremost figure in the same Parliament, assured me that when he was beginning his practice in Ireland he was present at a case where a small farmer brought an action against a neighbour for alleged malversation of three bullocks. His counsel, a well-known and popular member of the circuit, concluded his speech by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

ENGLISH BULLS.

But Irish members have by no means the monopoly of this particular turn of unconscious humour. In this very Session Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, speaking in the debate on the Scotch Grand Committee, which he desired to show was designed as a forward movement of the Home Rule Party, said: "They are getting in the thin end of the wedge by a sort of side wind."

A similar confusion of idea was more epigrammatically expressed by another member whose name I forget at the moment, who warmly protested against the House of Commons permitting members to "open the door to the thin end of the wedge." It is quite a common thing for nervous members of all nationalities to conclude their speech with the remark: "And now, Mr. Speaker, I will sit down by saying."

The ready orator always finds it dangerous to handle familiar tools and well-known pieces of machinery. I remember a short sentence delivered by Mr. Hopwood, in the Session of 1879. Talking in Committee of Supply, on a vote for the expenses of vaccination, the present Recorder for Liverpool said: "Don't drive the steam engine of the law over people's consciences." It was Mr. Alderman Cotton, a clear-headed man and an able speaker, to-day Remembrancer of the City of London, who turned out a gem of thought which I gratefully added to my collection. It was during debate on a motion made by Lord Hartington at a critical moment in the relations between Russia and Turkey in the year 1877. "Sir," said the Alderman, dropping his voice to a hushed whisper, "it requires only a spark to let slip the dogs of war."

ALDERMAN COTTON.

In this same Session Mr. Rodwell, then member for Cambridge, who has long since quitted the Parliamentary scene, was opposing a proposition of the Chairman of Ways and Means affecting procedure in respect of private Bills. He piteously pleaded that, if carried, the amendment "would lead to gas Bills going into the House of Commons with a rope round their necks."

It was Mr. Thwaites, Conservative candidate for Blackburn, who made one of the freshest hits of the General Election of 1880. "Unfortunately," he said, "the Government is on the wrong side of the book. But, however, we have a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has done his best. The right hon. gentleman has done what I would like you all to do, namely: *When you lay an egg, put it by for a rainy day.*"

JIT AND TOTTLE.

The Home Secretary is the last man in the House of Commons who might be expected to distinguish himself by a slip of the tongue. Yet there is an occasion, cherished to this day in the memory of young Cambridge, in which Mr. Asquith, entering this new field of competition, characteristically beat the record. It happened before he became a Minister. The Eighty Club were being entertained by the Cambridge Liberal Association, not without an eye on the pending general election, at which that eminent and impartial "coach," Mr. R. C. Lehmann, stood as the Liberal candidate. A great speech was expected from Mr. Asquith, and he rose to the occasion. The Liberals were in high spirits, cheered by the result of a series of by-elections. Mr. Asquith desired to let whomsoever was concerned know that in going to the country the Liberal Party stood by every plank of their Newcastle Programme, abating not one jot or tittle of their demands. In the heat and excitement of the moment, what he with tremendous emphasis declared was: "Let it be known, gentlemen, that of those just demands we abate not one jit or tottle."

Young Cambridge was too polite to laugh outright at this slip on the part of its guest. Moderation was atoned for subsequently, wherever two or three were gathered together at the cheerful board. To this day "jit and tottle" is a catch phrase among those present on this interesting occasion.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NECKTIES.

In a chatty record of Signor Crispi's visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, it is mentioned that one day at luncheon the Princess went up to Bismarck, and deftly

AFTER HIS SPEECH.

adjusted his necktie, which had got almost under his right ear. "For fifty years," said Bismarck, "I have been battling with my necktie. The bow will never remain in its place, but always turns round, and ever to the same side."

It is a curious point of resemblance between two of the mightiest men living at the same time in European history, that the little peculiarity here noted by Bismarck as attaching to himself also beset Mr. Gladstone. Often in critical epochs in the House of Commons, as he stood at the table adding to the record of momentous speeches, I have watched his necktie slowly but surely creeping round. Its course was towards the left side, and when Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat after an energetic speech that had encroached far upon the second hour, his black necktie would be found ominously knotted under his left ear.

A TICKLISH ARGUMENT.

A certain indication of a great speech from Mr. Gladstone, whether as Premier or Leader of the Opposition, was the appearance of a flower in his buttonhole—usually the white flower appropriate to a blameless life. One time during a stormy epoch in the Parliament of 1880–5, the loving hand which thus decked him when he went forth to war selected a tall spray of lilies of the valley. As the Premier warmed to his speech, the little bouquet became dislodged. The spiky leaf was uplifted till it was high enough to touch the orator's jaw as he turned his head towards the Speaker's Chair. It was a serious time, and the speech was struck on the loftiest note. But it was irresistibly comical to see the Premier, absorbed in his theme, mechanically brushing away an imaginary fly whenever the motion of his head brought the tip of the leaf in contact with his cheek.

STARS AND GARTERS.

When the present Government was formed it was Sir William Harcourt's boast that when he and his colleagues sat in array on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, they would possess the unique distinction of not having amongst them a single ribbon or a solitary star. Early last year the spell was broken by the creation of a Knight Commandership of the Bath. But the ribbon was flung around the most modest and retiring figure on the Bench; and people did not notice or, having seen, forgot it. During the present year the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been known to repeat the proud boast, forgetful that Sir John Hibbert is K.C.B.

Even with that exception the commonalty on the Treasury Bench is highly distinguished as compared with many strata of predecessors. Sir William Harcourt himself has a handle to his name, but that was the inevitable corollary of his exceedingly brief career as Solicitor-General. Sir Walter Foster was

SIR JOHN HIBBERT.

created a baronet, whilst to Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Edward Grey baronetcies, like reading and writing in Dogberry's time, come by nature. There are also the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, who must needs be knights. With these exceptions, men who are practically the fountain of honour are chary about sprinkling its waters upon themselves. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly did much to maintain a lofty tradition founded by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. I suppose he has made more marquises, dukes, and a'that, not to mention bishops, baronets, deans, and knights, than any statesman of modern times. And yet to the end of the chapter he remains plain "Mr."

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Mr. Disraeli was not able to withstand the glittering lure of a coronet. The temptation to transmute into actual life the Lord Beaconsfield of his early novel was, apart from other considerations, irresistible. But there was one other high tradition of English public life which the statesman whom his own political party at one time derided as an adventurer passed onward unstained. Master at various epochs of State secrets that might have been transmuted into fabulous wealth, Disraeli never was a rich man, and his chief sustenance, not counting what came to him with his wife, was the fruits of hard labour.

This state of things is happily so much a matter of course in English political life, that it seems almost an insult to comment upon its unbroken record. It is, nevertheless, a striking fact which, more especially when contrasted with wholesale charges and allegations made against public men in a neighbouring country, is something to be proud of.

A POINT OF HONOUR.

There is no doubt that, regarded from the point of view of pecuniary recompense, the service of the richest State in the world is poorly paid. It would not be difficult to add up the amount Mr. Gladstone has received in the way of salary through his more than sixty years' service to the State. Compared with the wage his supreme genius would have earned had it been directed in any other channel, the aggregate is pitiful in amount. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone has never accepted the pension available for Cabinet Ministers who care to make the declaration that would yield them the possession. Neither for himself nor his family has he been inclined to accept a penny more than was actually due to him in the shape of wages for work done. With all the fat places of the Church at his disposal, his son lives contentedly in the family parsonage, whilst his daughter married a curate, who, as far as the Premier was concerned, received no preferment. When he was returned to office in 1880, at the head of an overwhelming majority, with the Ministerial offices at his absolute command, he appointed his son, Herbert, his private secretary, the special arrangement being made that no salary should be attached to the office. It was not till Mr. Gladstone had retired from active participation in Ministerial affairs that the member for West Leeds received due recognition of long, arduous, and distinguished services to the Liberal Party, being made First Commissioner of Works.

HERBERT.

POLITICAL PENSIONERS.

It is generally supposed that it is only ex-members of the Cabinet who may benefit by the Political Offices Pensions Act of 1869. The pensioners are in nearly every case ex-Cabinet Ministers, but the rule is not inexorable. One of the earliest pensioners, a gentleman who for nearly twenty-four years has been drawing a yearly income out of the coffers of a grateful nation, is Mr. Headlam, who represented Newcastle-upon-Tyne for over a quarter of a century. He was Judge-Advocate-General from 1859 to 1866, acting also as Secretary to the Treasury for a year in the closing period of his office. These are services which, probably, in this less sentimental age, would scarcely be regarded as warranting a pension. Mr. Headlam had the good fortune to make his application in 1870.

THE OLDEST PENSIONER.

The oldest pensioner is Mr. C. P. Villiers, Father of the House of Commons, who entered it as member for Wolverhampton in the year 1835, and still sits for the borough. It would be too much to say that the Political Offices Pensions Act was created for the benefit of Mr. Villiers. But it is true that within a few weeks of the Act being added to the Statute Book a pension was granted to the member for Wolverhampton, then of the comparatively juvenile age of sixty-seven.

Like Mr. Headlam, Mr. Villiers had held the office of Judge-Advocate-General, being in a subsequent Ministry promoted to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, which he held from 1859 to Midsummer, 1866.

No place was made for him in the Ministry of 1868, but Mr. Gladstone, careful for the welfare of former colleagues, passed the Political Offices Pensions Act even amid the herculean labour of dealing with the Irish Church; and gave his old friend the benefit of its earliest dispensation. As sometimes happens to annuitants, Mr. Villiers still lives on to green old age. Up to last Session he was vigorous enough to come down at the crack of the Tory whip to vote against his old chief and his old party. During the present Session he has been paired with Mr. Gladstone, their united ages being 177.

MR. CHILDERS.

YOUNGER PENSIONERS.

Mr. Childers comes next on the roll of honour, his pension dating back to October, 1881. At least he had the claim of incessant work in a high position, under which his health broke down. He held in succession the offices of First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for War, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. For many years Mr. Shaw-Lefevre drew the pension, resigning it when his private circumstances no longer justified the declaration which must be made before the pension is assigned.

When what Mr. Chamberlain in unregenerate days called the Stop-Gap Government came into office in 1885, one of its earliest acts was to make provision for two of its most esteemed members. On the 6th of July in that year Parliament re-assembled, after adjournment for the election of new Ministers. Four days later the names of Lord John Manners and Sir Stafford Northcote were added to the Pension List. Lord Iddesleigh lived only eighteen months to enjoy the well-earned recognition of a useful and unselfish life. Lord John Manners, succeeding to the Dukedom of Rutland, resigned his pension in March, 1888. A few days later it was bestowed upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who still retains it. In 1892 Lord George Hamilton found himself in a position to make the necessary declaration, and obtained the reversion of Lord Iddesleigh's pension.

Lord Cross's pension dates from the 1st of January, 1877. As he was at that time Secretary of State for India, drawing a salary of £5,000 a year, he of course would not add on the pension. He was simply, to adapt Mr. Thwaites's imagery quoted on an earlier page, getting the Treasury to lay for him an egg which he put by for a rainy day. This came with the General Election of 1892, and since then Lord Cross has drawn his pension. The last name on the list, though not in point of date, is that of Lord Emly, whose pension dated from Midsummer Day, 1886. His claim rested on the fact that as Mr. Monsell, for many years member for County Limerick, he successively served as Secretary to the Board of Trade, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Postmaster-General.

DUKE OF RUTLAND.

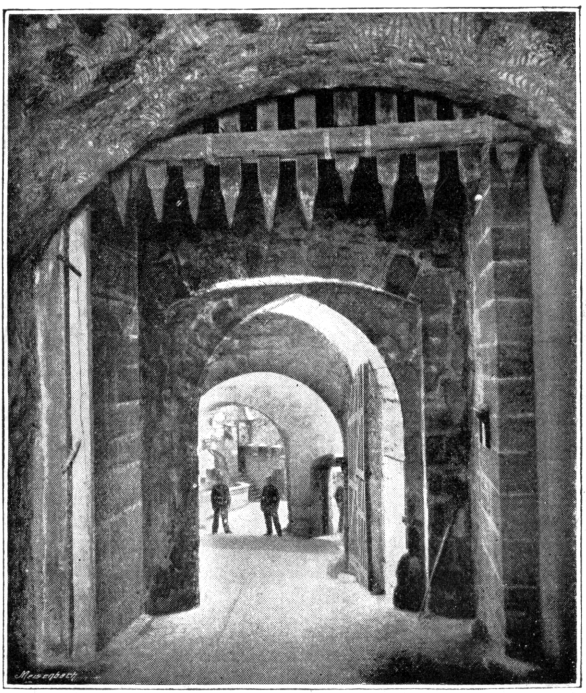
Lord Emly's recent death leaves a pension vacant. There can be little doubt as to the quarter in which it will be disposed. In this connection it is interesting, summing up the list, to find that, as between ex-members of Liberal Cabinets and ex-Conservative Cabinet Ministers, the proportion stands as one to three — Mr. Childers against Lord Cross, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Lord George Hamilton.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg's Palaces.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

THE old Castle of Coburg, around which the town has really grown up, is situated on the summit of a hill, nearly six hundred feet above the level of the town, and has perhaps the most interesting and historical associations of any castle in the Duchy. For a considerable period it was a Royal residence; and during the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, it was a house of refuge for Luther, and one may now see the rooms which he occupied in exactly the same state as they then were. The little iron bedstead on which he slept, the table at which he studied and wrote, and other articles are indissolubly connected with the religious struggle of the period. Early in 1600 Wallenstein laid siege to the castle; but successful resistance was made, and he had to retire defeated.

At the end of the last century, or early in the beginning of this, the castle was turned into a prison, but in 1838 it was completely restored, and is now practically a museum, to thoroughly inspect which would very well occupy a day or two. Of the immense solidity of the building you can form some idea by the accompanying picture, which shows the spiked and strongly-guarded entrance. Situated as the castle is at such a great height, you can as well imagine as I can describe the steep approach thereto; but it is charmingly picturesque, and the view from the summit well repays the really arduous climb.

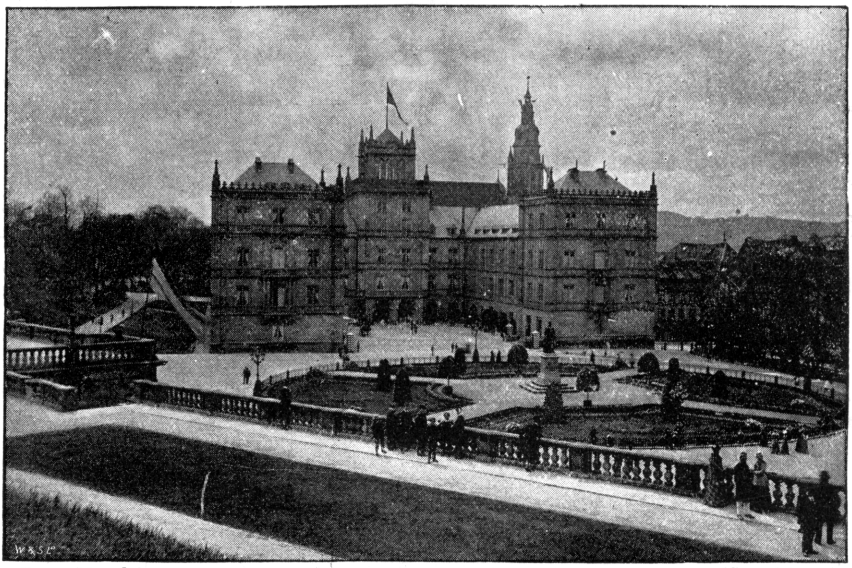


GATEWAY OF THE OLD CASTLE OF COBURG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

At the foot of the hill is the Schloss Ehrenberg, a handsome palace in the Early English Gothic style, the original part of which was formerly a monastery. It was rebuilt and much added to by Duke Ernest I. in 1549, and was then at once converted into the chief Ducal residence of the town, a position which it has since maintained. In the centre of the platz in which it is situated stands a statue in bronze of Duke Ernest I., executed by Schwanthaler; surrounding which are some prettily laid-out beds and colonnades, one side of the platz having two flights of steps leading up to what is known as the "Hofgarten." In this "Hofgarten" may be seen a pavilion with a cast of the Prometheus group by Müller, also the mausoleums of Duke Francis and the Duchess Augusta Caroline. This is also the road to the old castle of which I have already spoken.

Passing across the courtyard, and entering beneath the archway, I immediately mount the grand staircase, with roof and walls of marble, the stairs being handsomely carpeted in green plush with a crimson border; balustrades in white and gold, with the hand-rail covered in green plush. Several marble sculptured figures, some bronze statuary, vases and urns of palms and ferns, and in each corner, and on each lobby, banks of the same, with beautiful camellia trees in full flower—all combine to present a very effective appearance.

From here I go first through the picture gallery, and direct



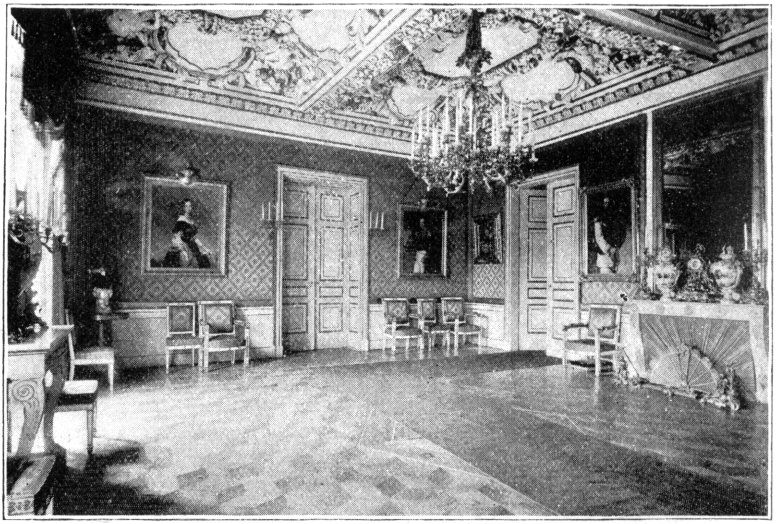
From a Photo. by] SCHLOSS EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

into the "Risensaal"—or Giants' Hall; truly the most magnificent apartment of the palace. Right round the room are columns faced by twenty-eight caryatides, each supporting candelabra of crystal and ormolu, containing wax candles. In addition there are also three immense ormolu and crystal chandeliers, and in two of the corners lofty porcelain candelabra on pedestals. Quite within the last few weeks the electric light has been carried into the hall. The painting and sculptured relief of the ceiling are truly exquisite. The centre painting shows the noonday sun with an eagle flying in its direct rays; smaller paintings surrounding representing the clouds; outer-painted panels

From a Photo. by] THE GIANTS' HALL—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

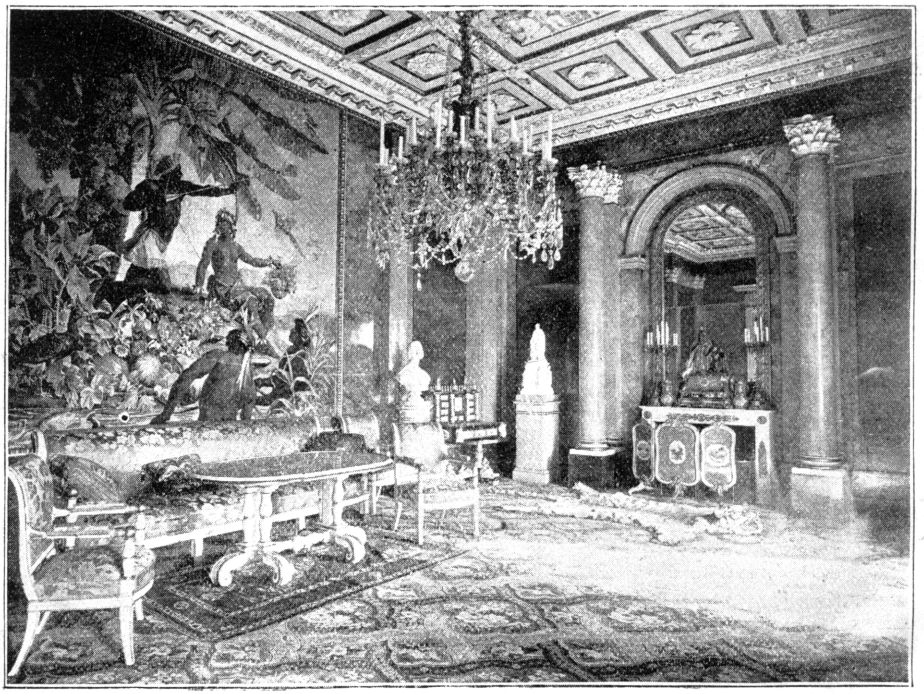
showing the arms of all branches of the family.

At one end of the room is a large tablet recording a visit of Queen Victoria and the Emperor Joseph of Austria, in 1863. A large number of beautiful mirrors, the sculptured busts of the Duke and Duchess, and the handsome tapestry curtains depending from the gold cornice-work, the rose-wood, crimson and white and gold furniture, all present a very brilliant effect. The floor is of inlaid oak, kept in a highly polished state for dancing. The hall, however, is used for other purposes, and comes much into requisition now—the week of the Royal wedding. As I write, a large stage is erected at one end for a theatrical performance, at which the Queen and the entire number of Royal personages in Coburg will be present.



From a Photo. by] STATE DRAWING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The first room I enter, called the State drawing-room, seems to be really the ante-room to the throne-room. It has a beautiful ceiling, with decoration of fruit and flowers in relief. The walls are hung in red, with frame-work and beading of gold, on them



From a Photo. by] RECEPTION-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

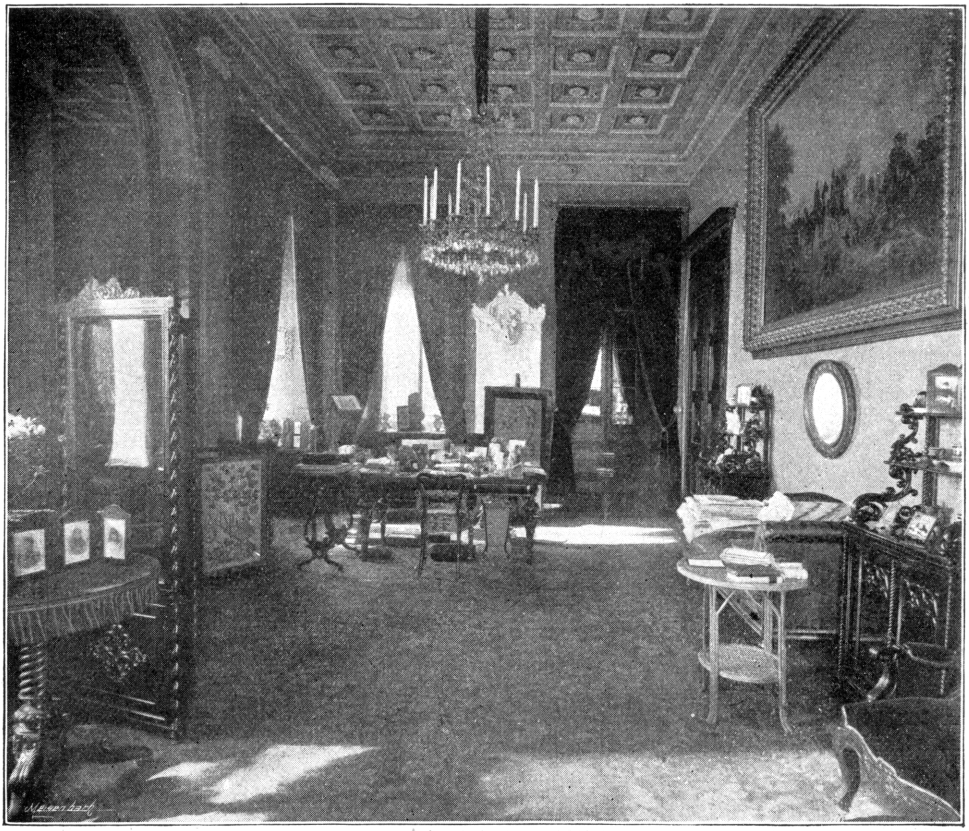
being portraits of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the late Duke of Albany, etc.

When I entered the throne-room, every table and every spot was filled with basket-work of every description, size, and shape. One of the Queen's officials had been commissioned to make large purchases in the town, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice was busy arranging the collection in readiness for Her Majesty's inspection. It is well known that both the Queen and her daughter take much interest in straw and basket work, more especially, perhaps, in the former; the Queen, indeed, has been wont to occupy some of her very few leisure moments for years past in the manipulation of this article, and I have it on good authority that the Princess Beatrice has so successfully mastered the art that she has just turned out a very serviceable hat for her husband. But this is rather a digression, and I will now call your attention to the State reception-room.

This is hung in very fine Gobelins tapestry, the figures thereon reminding one of Her Majesty's Indian Empire. The ceiling is in relief, showing crowns, roses, and figures. The walls are marble, fronted with Corinthian marble columns.

The carpet is Axminster, with pattern of roses and leaves. The furniture is white and gold frame-work, upholstered in gold and blue satin; curtains are to match, with inner ones of real lace.

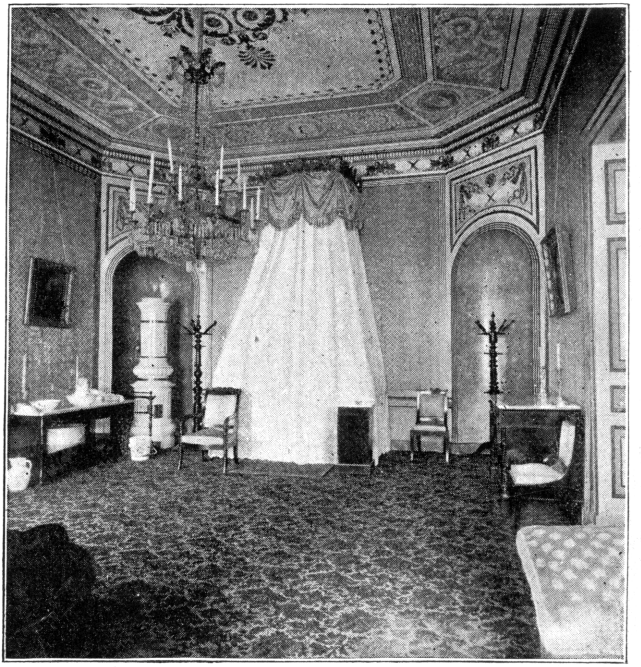
Her Majesty's sitting-room opens from this, and when I enter one morning soon after seven, I feel that this is the most important room in the whole palace. It is a very beautiful room, but looks also a business room, for despatch boxes and documents of formidable aspect are prominent. The ceiling is of imitation marble, with a painted floral centre; from it hangs a costly chandelier of crystal and ormolu, the upper part being draped in crimson velvet. The floor is covered in crimson and pale green Axminster. The doors of the room are rosewood, with black beading; the furniture also of the same, and covered in crimson velvet to match the hangings. On the chiffonniers I note some rare pieces of Sèvres, several portraits of Her Majesty's grandchildren, and also some of



From a Photo by] QUEEN VICTORIA'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

the favourite dogs. The writing-table stands nearly in the centre of the room, and without, of course, making a close examination, I note a handsome gold ink-bottle, surmounted by a crown, several miniatures and portraits of the Royal Family, a quantity of roses, tulips and lilies, in exquisite specimen glasses; and a mass of correspondence in neat piles. The chair in front of the table is of gold over-burnish, upholstered in gold and cream brocade, having also a back pad; the whole being covered with lace.

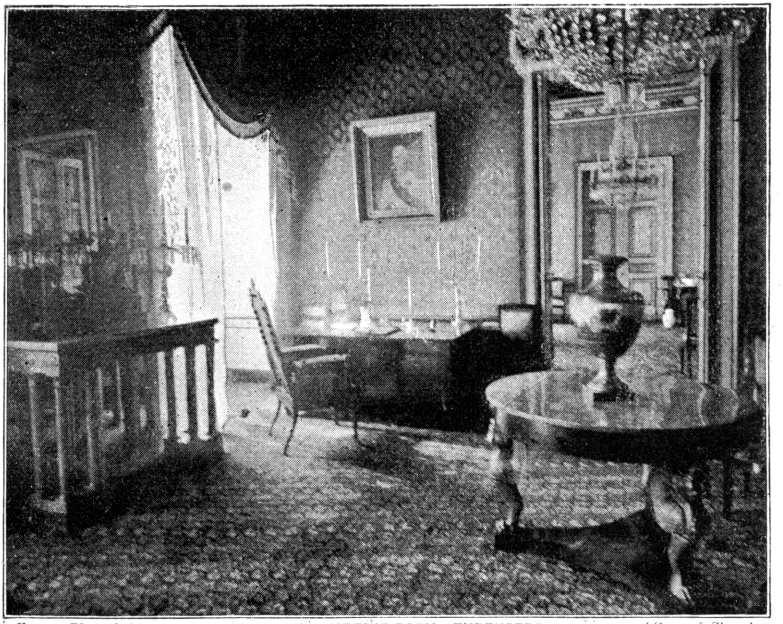
On another table is a collection of periodicals, illustrated and otherwise; several handsomely bound volumes, amongst which I notice "Echoes from a Sanctuary," with markers inserted at presumably favourite passages. Two very beautiful screens are worth notice: one of floral handwork in a rosewood frame, and one exquisitely painted on glass. On a chair lies the handsome shawl and lace scarf which I had seen Her Majesty wearing late in the day yesterday, and I certainly do look at them and note their beauty.



From a Photo. by] THE KAISER'S BEDROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

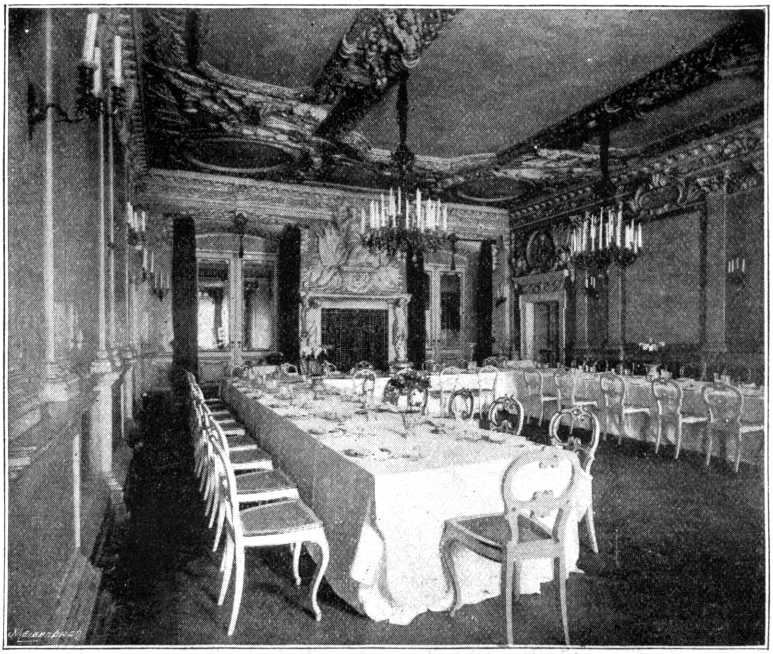
In the same wing is the suite of apartments set apart for the Kaiser, comprising two handsome and commodious rooms.

The bedroom has a ceiling painted in gold, cream, and pale blue, with walls hung in blue silk brocade, relieved with marble alcoves in each corner. In the centre hangs a brass and crystal chandelier, and in various parts of the room are eight tall and massive silver candlesticks. Some fine paintings are on the walls, and a very large mirror in white and gold frame. The suite of furniture is in rosewood, with carvings to match walls; the chest of drawers is Amboyna. The bed is quite a feature, it is surmounted by a crown, fitted in blue silk brocade, and hung with white curtains of real Brussels lace.



From a Photo. by] THE KAISER'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The sitting-room

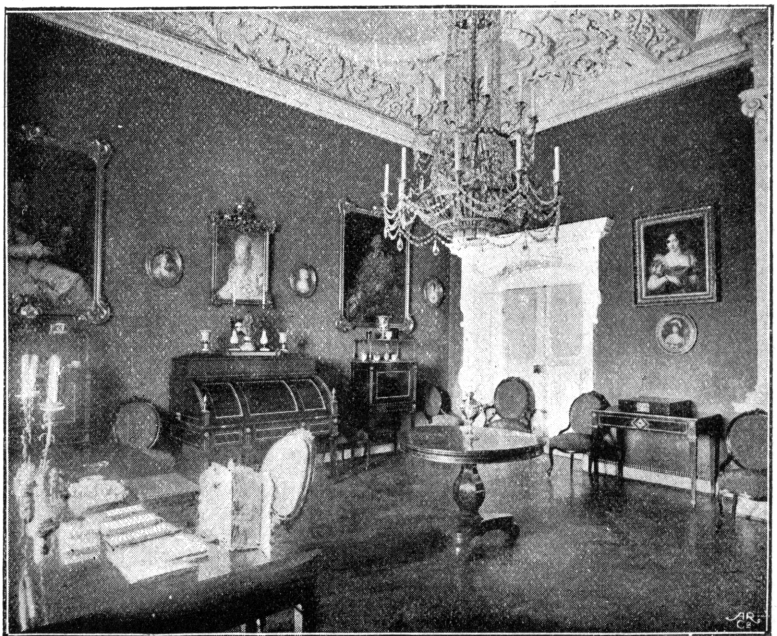


From a Photo. by] THE HOUSEHOLD DINING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

had used them; in front of which stands a carved oak and tapestry covered chair.

From here I go on to the household dining-room: this having a cloud, flower, and fruit painted ceiling, interspersed with figures in stucco relief. The chandeliers are very massive—of brass; the furniture of white and gold; the walls are of marble, on them being large and beautifully framed mirrors, with plaster casts over the doorways, showing crowns, wreaths, etc.; the hangings are all in rich crimson. The tables are just laid, and very pretty they look, with the plate, flowers, and other accessories.

Stepping out of this room you come to a door immediately on your right hand—this is the entrance to the suite occupied at the present time by the Prince of Wales. It is adjoining is decorated in much the same manner; the walls, however, being hung in red silk brocade, with curtains of the same, but lined with gold, and having inner ones of real lace. The furniture is also covered in red silk with rosewood frames. Under a large mirror between the windows is a splendid marble-topped ormolu table, having thereon a timepiece and two candelabra of the same metal. At one side of the room is a rosewood piano of German make, and opposite is a mosaic table supported by columns of marble and platinum mounts: on this table stands a beautiful hand-painted vase. His Imperial Majesty's writing-table is large, and handsomely furnished with all necessaries, with gold crowns and inscriptions; blotting-books, pens, etc., just as the Kaiser



From a Photo. by] THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

exactly what His Royal Highness likes — a quiet corner, with an extensive view of town and country from its windows. The two rooms are quite plain, with oaken floors, ceilings in plaster relief, and walls covered with green flock-paper. I notice in the sitting-room a bust of Voltaire, some old paintings, a fine tiger skin, writing, smoking tables, etc., and the usual collection of articles found in such rooms. But as there is not much worth mention beyond the fact that they are in the occupation of the Prince, I just secure one photograph and hurry off elsewhere.

From a Photo. by] THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The next suite I enter is that of the Empress Frederick. The sitting room has a very prettily hand-painted floral ceiling ; the walls are draped in satin of alternate stone and navy stripe, with curtains and furniture all to match, the windows also having inner curtains of real lace. The furniture itself is all of walnut, with ormolu mounts, the writing-table en suite showing a blue satin top There is a bust of the Prince Consort, two or three good paintings, and a very handsome screen with art needlework and hand painting in combination. The floors in this suite are covered in Brussels.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

The bedroom is decorated in much the same character, only that the walls are here hung in

grey and green. All the doors are in white, with gold beading. There is a very handsome chandelier—not of the ordinary type, as it is of alabaster with metal mounts. The bedstead is quite a work of art, having very beautiful gold carving, silk coverlets, and real lace hangings. Quantities of flowers make the rooms look bright and pretty.

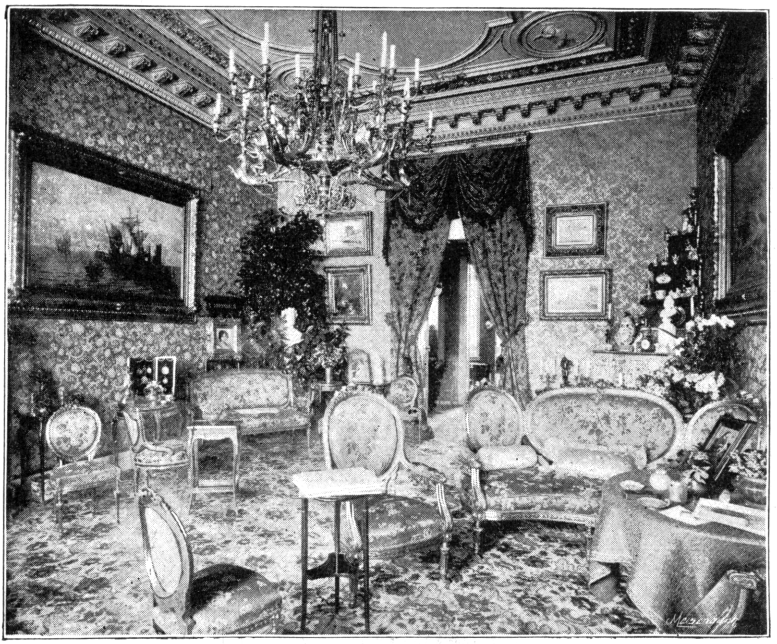
I have another room on the opposite side to visit—the sitting-room of Her Royal Highness the Princess Henry of Battenberg. This apartment has a beautiful outlook right over the Schloss Platz; it is charmingly pretty—every recess and every available corner being crowded with flowers. Birds and flowers are painted on the ceiling, the relief of which is also very fine. The floor is inlaid, scattered with Persian rugs. The hangings are of stone and blue silk, with inner ones of real lace. Over at one side is a boudoir grand, open and scattered with music; near it being indications of quite another sort of occupation, namely, a large basket of knitting; the sort of work all our Princesses do in their spare moments for the benefit of the needlework and other guilds with which the majority of them are connected. Lots of portraits may be seen in every direction numbers of which represent the very pretty children of their Royal Highnesses.

You will understand that it was not here that the Duke and Duchess were actually residing. They were on the other side of the platz, at what is known as the "Schloss Edinburgh." Here I made my way early one morning—before the family were really up, being compelled, as they were in residence, to attend either at a very early hour or when they were out for any photographic purposes. It is a pretty but not large house, standing in its own grounds exactly opposite to the other Schloss.

I enter from the garden, and proceed by a covered veranda direct to the glass room.

This is an antique-looking apartment with carved oak ceiling and walls, midway on the latter being a projecting shelf widening out at the mantel-piece to beautiful carved projections. On all of these shelves is a wonderful collection of glass. It seems to be one of the hobbies of His Royal Highness the Duke to collect glass from

From a Photo. by] THE GLASS ROOM—SCHLOSS EDINBURGH. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

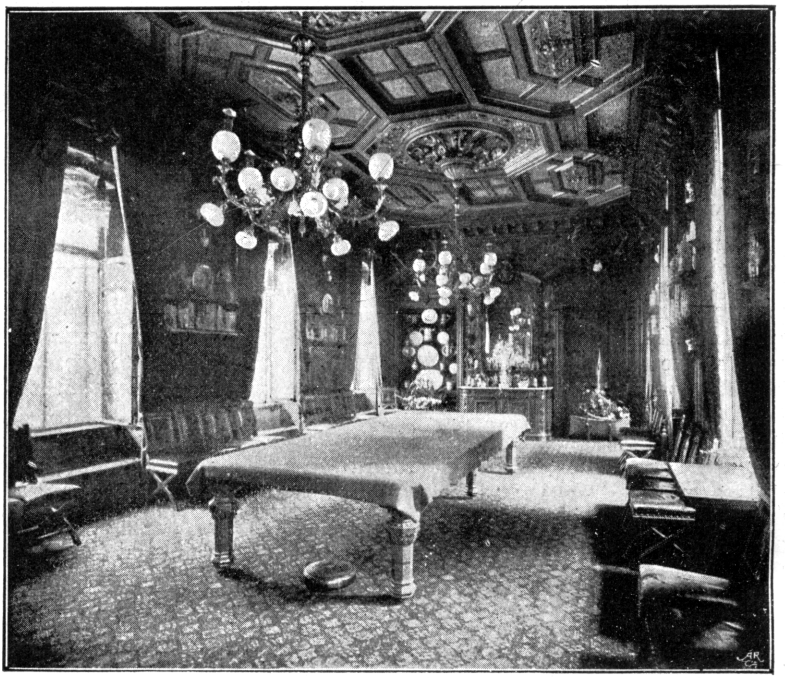


From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM—SCHLOSS EDINBURGH. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The drawing-room is wondrously pretty. Note the very admirable arrangement of the statuary, ferns, and flowers; the tastefully arranged curios, portraits, medallions, and all the little accessories of a well-appointed drawing-room. The same cream and gold decoration of ceiling and Persian floor covering prevail as in the smaller room, the furniture being of over-burnished gold and floral velvet of a strawberry hue. On the walls are some fine landscapes and a naval picture.

every quarter of the globe, the result being a large number of specimens both unique and costly. Over the mantel is a fine painted panel, the mantel itself being composed of rare china. Glass cabinets and cupboards are filled with such costly curios as is customary in these Royal houses, many of them presents in commemoration of some civic or official ceremony. There is a fine painting of the Duke on one side of the room and another of one of his daughters taken some few years back. Choice wood tables with ormolu mounts, and octagon tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and quantities of flowers (of which the Imperial Duchess is very fond) are everywhere *en evidence*.

The dining-room has a fine ancient carved oak ceiling, with walls in flock-paper. Here, too, is a part of the wonderful collection of glass and pieces of plate for which the Duke is famous. I take



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM—SCHLOSS EDINBURGH. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

up several goblets and tankards, finding in each of them records of time and place of purchase. Within the last few weeks the electric light has been carried into this palace, and here you see costly new fittings for the same. It is not only that new lighting arrangements were needed, but varieties of repairs in all directions, and in every castle appertaining to the Duchy; and I am told that His Royal Highness is spending considerable sums of money in carrying out the absolutely necessary alterations.

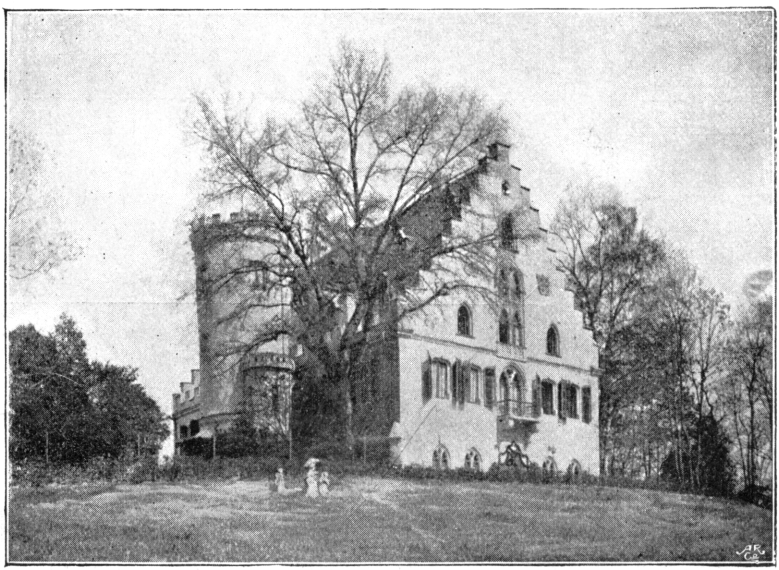
Just before the Royal wedding this room was crowded day after day with members of the various Royal Families then assembled in Coburg, who dined at this table, unless a State dinner was being given in the opposite Schloss; whilst outside the bands, alternately of the Prussian Dragoons and the Thuringians, discoursed sweet music. The hangings of the room are of green; the furniture being upholstered in leather of the same colour. It is a particularly light and pleasant room, the windows on one side looking out into the very tastefully laid out gardens, and on the other, on turf-covered banks, quantities of fine trees, the Greek Church, of which you know Her Imperial Highness is a member, and the distant hills in the background.

On the other side of the staircase, and passing through the serving-rooms, you enter immediately into the billiard-room. Here you are greeted with evidences of the great love for sport which is characteristic of the Duke and his brothers. Three large bears stand erect in various corners, shot in Russia by the Duke in 1883, while all around the walls, as well as from the top to the bottom of the staircase, I noted quite a multitude of deer-horns, which testify to the prowess of the Duke in his shooting expeditions. Each of these bears a small plate recording date and place.

This Schloss is not particularly large; what it has not in size it certainly makes up for in comfort. But as I have now one other palace to describe, I decide not to further linger here, as the Schloss Rosenau is a palace which must not be dismissed in a few words.

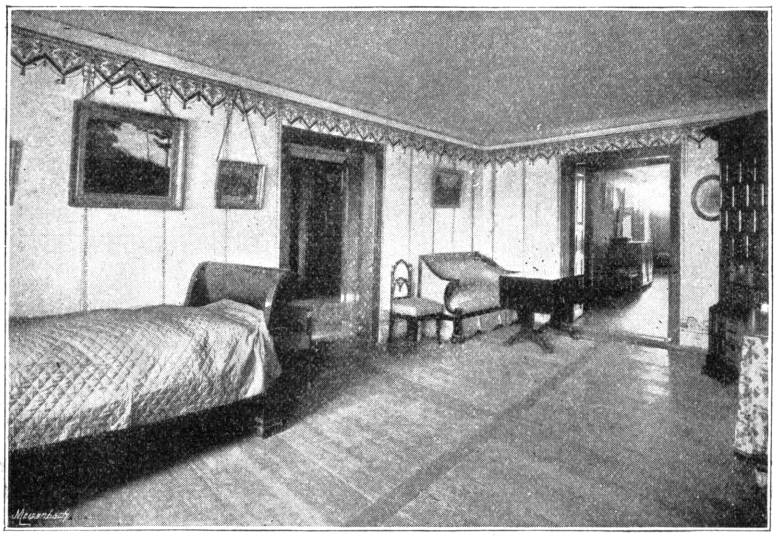
This Schloss is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Saxon Germany. When I say that it was the birthplace of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, I am sure of at once commanding your interested attention.

From its gardens the view is simply magnificent, and one that must really be seen to be understood. Beneath the terraces runs a winding stream, with the sounds of a waterfall in the distance. On the left, and in the grounds, is a castellated tower with porter's lodge. Shrubs and trees are in profusion. Over the fields is seen a village lying beneath the shelter of towering hills. I should not like to give an estimate of how many miles one is able to see, but certainly the view is one of the finest of the very fine ones of the locality.



From a Photo. by] SCHLOSS ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

Walking round the grounds I pause to admire the scenery, and at the same time secure one or two good exteriors. Then I enter by a small iron gate, and bearing in mind the connections of the place, proceed direct to the room in which the Prince Consort was born. Simple in the extreme, an oaken floor, with papered ceiling and walls, and plain furniture with chintz covers. On one side stands a very antique wooden bedstead,

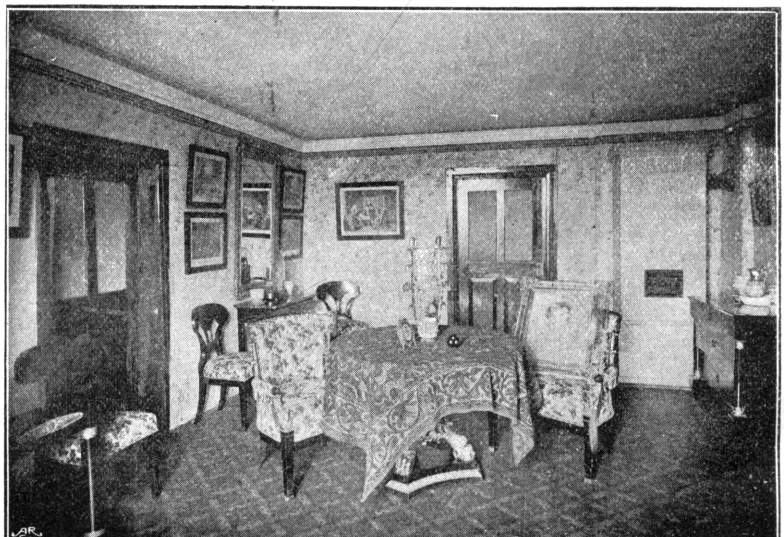


ROOM IN WHICH PRINCE ALBERT WAS BORN—ROSENAU.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

with a coverlid of quilted magenta; on the other an antique cabinet and chest of drawers. Several old paintings are to be seen on the walls, the chief one of which is descriptive of a hunting scene immediately near the old castle; in it are several figures that are really portraits; the principal ones being the Prince Consort and his brother the Duke Ernest, and Prince Leopold—he who is known to us as having married the Princess Charlotte of Great Britain, and afterwards became the King of the Belgians.

After leaving this room I go to the one where the two brothers studied together many years ago; this is situated right at the top of the house and of course has a most charming outlook. An oaken floor and a plastered ceiling, with pink-papered walls, and a number of prints thereon, with some walnut-framed furniture, nearly black with age, are the predominant appointments. On a small table at one side stands the delf toilet set formerly used by the Prince Consort, and a fine painting of His Royal Highness is hanging in close proximity. Also a painting of Her Majesty when an infant — which I place on a chair for greater prominence. Here the two brothers spent many happy hours, none the less so for the real work which they had to get through, for both the Princes possessed abilities and intellect of no mean order; abilities which were destined to shine in the world's history. Of the splendid services rendered to art and science in all its branches by the one who came over to wed Victoria, Queen of England, it is not necessary for me to speak—it is indelibly recorded in the pages of England's history.

Going into another room in the upper part of the house, I find on the wall a painting of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, now our Queen, representing her as a wee child cuddling her favourite dog. This seemed to me to be well worth photo-



From a Photo. by] STUDY OF PRINCE ALBERT WHEN A BOY—ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

graphing ; carrying one back as it does over a period of seventy years, when the parents of the little Princess scarcely dreamed of the future exalted position their little daughter would be called upon to take.

From a] QUEEN VICTORIA, AGE 4. *[Painting.*

Passing down the staircase I enter some of the State apartments of the castle, making indeed an entire circuit of these rooms, but only photographing one as a specimen: this one being a drawing-room now used by Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, but formerly known as Queen Victoria's drawing-room. It is now about fifty years since the Queen first visited this castle soon after her marriage to the Prince Consort ; intermediate visits have been paid, but as I write this Her Majesty has just left from what I suppose will be her last visit for some time to come.

One can easily imagine that the memories which this place must bring before the Queen must be many and varied ; perhaps predominantly saddening. It is well known that she is very much attached to the place, for reasons which will be readily understood by everyone. This apartment is essentially a summer one, and appointed as such. Windows curtained in real lace look out on to tennis lawn and

From a Photo. by] QUEEN VICTORIA'S DRAWING-ROOM—ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

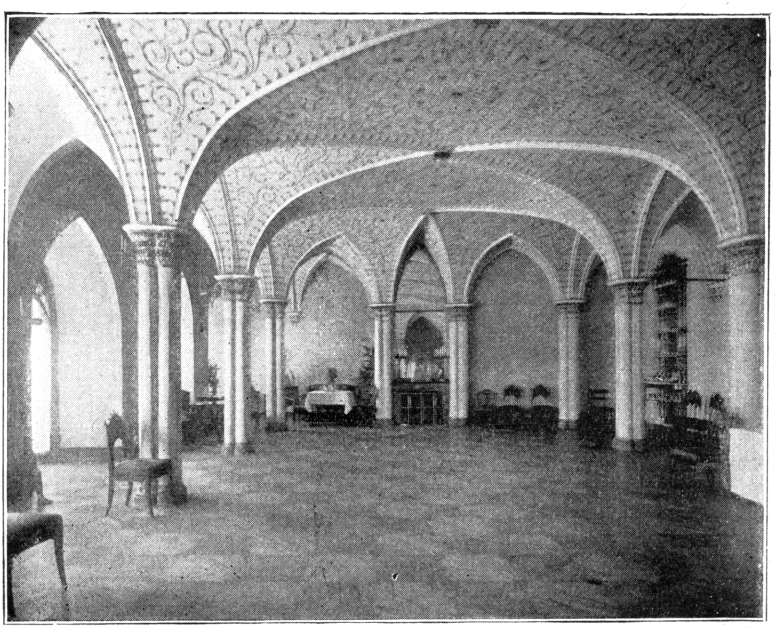
shrubberies ; the ceiling and walls are papered in a pretty, light manner ; the floor is covered with Indian matting, with here and there Persian rugs.

I note one or two very beautiful tables with inlaid floral wreaths thereon ; an exquisite hand-painted screen, evidence of the talent of the young members of the family, and also specimens of their skill in art needlework, in the very beautiful antimacassars of velvet worked in silk. Standing at one side of the room is a glass case full of gold and silver curios, a handsome writing-table, evidently used by the Duchess, a few landscapes, and various articles of vertu—all combine to make a very elegant looking apartment.

Down a flight of stairs again as far as the iron gate from whence I started, then still lower, apparently to the basement. Proceeding along a dimly lighted corridor I come to a small apartment, in which from time immemorial the Princes of the House of Coburg have been christened. The font used for the ceremonies is shown in the centre of the room : it is of pure alabaster, very finely carved. The decorations of the room are purely Gothic, and of oak. Rosewood frame cupboards, with green silken fronts, surmounted by painted panels interspersed with arched recesses, form part of the background of the octagon-shaped room.

FONT IN WHICH PRINCE ALBERT WAS CHRISTENED—ROSENAU.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

In one of the recesses is a small statue of the late Prince Consort, and an old-fashioned bronze chandelier, with branches for wax candles, depends from the centre of the mitre-shaped ceiling. I take an opportunity of inspecting the contents of the cupboards, finding such highly interesting — inasmuch as not only is much antique china shown, but also the small tea services, etc., used by the Prince and his brother at a very early age, when the size of the cup was not an object : these are of the liliputian order.



From a Photo. by] GOTHIC DINING-HALL—ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

Then I go to the Gothic dining-hall,

a really magnificent apartment of immense proportions, and entirely of marble. The ceiling, beautifully ornamented in gold and white, is supported by fifteen quadruple columns, with caps ornamented to match the ceiling. The room is effectively lighted by eight hanging candelabra and some immense bronze side-lights, supported by figures of black slaves. At either end of this huge apartment are marble and ormolu mantel-pieces, and on one side of it are two beautiful lofty

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, AND PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

stands, composed of marble with ormolu mounts, containing some fine specimens of old china. At the top end, amidst waving palms, ferns, and baskets of flowers, stands a cosy little tea-table, on it being a silver service and other five o'clock tea appointments. Her Majesty has just occupied the chair on the left of the table, and enjoyed her cup of tea in her customary manner. The old gentleman in attendance has lived here all his life, and his father before him, and he chatters volubly to me of days that are gone and events big with importance.

Then I step out again on to the lawn, and am just in time to witness the arrival of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, and her sister the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg, who have driven over from Coburg. They are presently followed by the younger sister, Princess Beatrice, mounted on her pony. The opportunity is too good to be lost, a request is made to which a smiling assent is given, and before you you have the Royal party posed in easy attitudes under the trees, together with the pony and dogs. This finished, I drive away from Rosenau, having most thoroughly enjoyed my visit to this historic Schloss.

The following day I turn my face to England, for the festivities are over; the Queen is going home, and Coburg is again settling down to its quiet, everyday existence.

AGE 34.
From the Painting by J. B. Keene

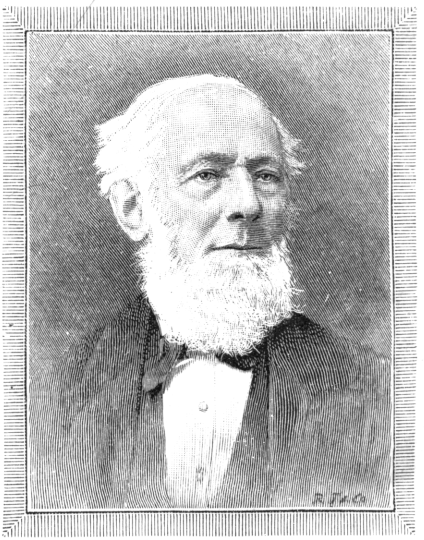
AGE 55.
From a Photo. by J. Perkins, Bath.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

BORN 1813.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN was born at Trowbridge, Wilts, and educated at the Grammar School of that town. He came to London in 1831; he established the British School at Wotton-under-Edge in 1836, and removed to Bath in 1839. He is the inventor of phonography, and his first treatise relating to it appeared in 1837. Sir Isaac edits and prints the *Phonetic Journal*, which reports the progress of the "Writing and Spelling Reform," of which he is the originator; besides this, Sir Isaac has issued a little library of about eighty volumes printed entirely in shorthand, ranging from the Bible to "Rasselas." He was made a Knight in May of this year.

AGE 46.
From a Photo. by J. Perkins, Bath.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Friese, Greene, & Co., Bath.

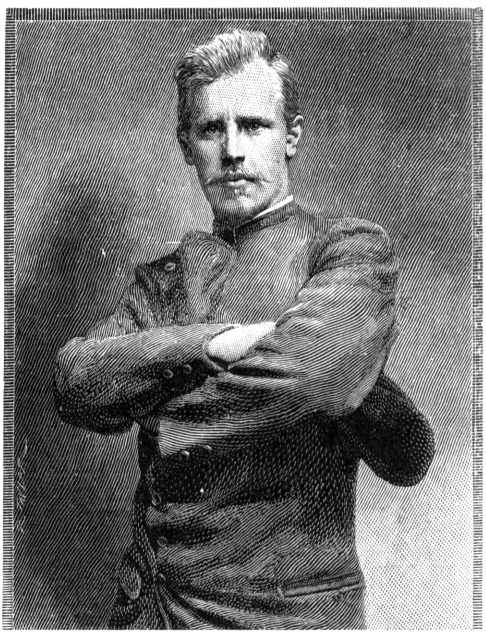
From a] AGE 4. [Photograph.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN, PH.D.

BORN 1861.

READERS of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will, no doubt, remember the interesting article which appeared from the pen of Dr. Nansen in the December issue of 1893, and we are now happy in being able to give the portraits of the great explorer at different times of his life. Fridtjof Nansen, Ph.D., was born near Christiania, and went to the University there in 1880, where he decided upon studying zoology. In July, 1882, he returned from his first expedition in Iceland and Greenland. In 1888 he took his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, and in May of that year started on his memorable journey to Greenland, which continent he crossed, returning in May, 1889. He has published "Across Greenland"—being an account of his last expedition. Last summer Dr. Nansen sailed in the *Fram* on an expedition to the North Pole, a grant of 200,000 kroner having been granted by the Norwegian National Assembly for that purpose.

From a] AGE 12. [Photograph.



AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Ad. Lönborg, Copenhagen.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gibbsson, Christiania.

From a] AGE 2. *[Photograph.*

MISS ANNIE ALBU.

MISS ANNIE ALBU has a very sweet voice, and art, coupled with experience, has taught her how to use it properly. Her first appearance on the stage was at Milan, as *Amina* in "La Somnambula." Since then she has delighted the English public by her

From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Milano, Montabone.*

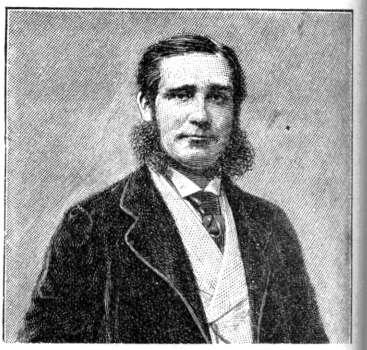
noted appearances as the *Messenger of Peace* in "Rienzi," as *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni," and many others. Miss Albu is at present in negotiations for her appearance in concerts and oratorios, in which she has proved herself very successful.

AGE 20.
From a Photo. by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY H. FOWLER, M.P., P.C.
BORN 1830.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER was born at Sunderland, and educated at Woodhouse Grove School and St. Saviour's School, Southwark. He was Mayor of Wolverhampton in 1863, and first chairman of the Wolverhampton School Board. From 1880 to 1885 he sat as a Liberal for the undivided Borough of Wolverhampton, and after the Redistribution Act was returned for the East Division. In December, 1884, he was appointed Under Secretary for the Home Department, and in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1886 he held the post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He was created also a Privy Councillor in June, 1886. He was President of the Local Government Board during Mr. Gladstone's recent Administration, and is at the present time Secretary of State for India, having been appointed to that post on the occasion of Lord Rosebery's succession to Mr. Gladstone.

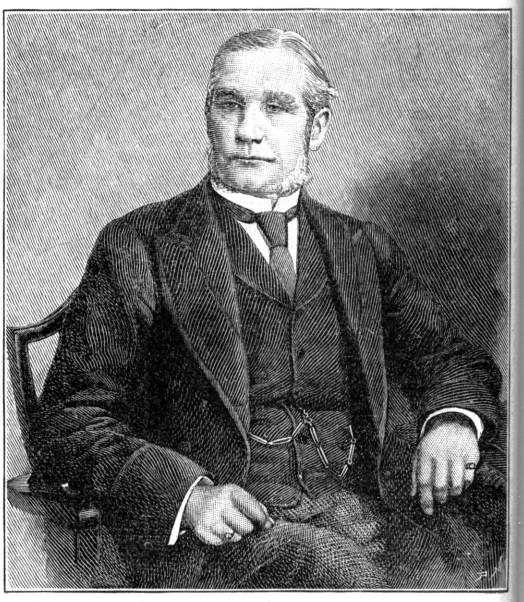


AGE 47.
From a Photo. by Sarony & Co., Scarborough.

AGE 55.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Williams, Wolverhampton.

AGE 25.
From a Photo. by W. H. Dodds, Wolverhampton.

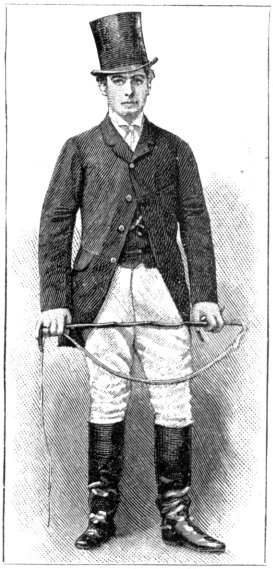
AGE 35.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

From a] AGE 12. *[Photograph.*

AGE 15.
From a Photograph.



From a] AGE 21. *[Photograph.*

AGE 28.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 35.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 46.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

BORN 1844.

WE have pleasure in giving here a most interesting set of portraits of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who was born at Windsor Castle on the 6th of August, 1844. In 1862 the Throne of Greece was offered to the Duke, who declined it, succeeding to the Throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha about a year ago. Additional interest will be attached to this set owing to the appearance of the article on the Duke's palaces in the present number.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By Arthur Morrison.

V.—THE QUINTON JEWEL AFFAIR.

IT wa comparatively rarely that Hewitt came into contact with members of the regular criminal class—those, I mean, who are thieves, of one sort or another, by exclusive profession. Still, nobody could have been better prepared than Hewitt for encountering this class when it became necessary. By some means, which I never quite understood, he managed to keep abreast of the very latest fashions in the ever-changing slang dialect of the fraternity, and he was a perfect master of the more modern and debased form of Romany. So much so, that frequently a gipsy who began (as they always do) by pretending that he understood nothing, and never heard of a gipsy language, ended by confessing that Hewitt could *rokker* better than most Romany *chals* themselves.

By this acquaintance with their habits and talk, Hewitt was sometimes able to render efficient service in cases of especial importance. In the Quinton jewel affair Hewitt came into contact with a very accomplished thief.

The case will probably be very well remembered. Sir Valentine Quinton, before he married, had been as poor as only a man of rank with an old country establishment to keep up can be. His marriage, however, with the daughter of a wealthy financier had changed all that, and now the Quinton establishment was carried on on as lavish a scale as might be ; and, indeed, the extravagant habits of Lady Quinton herself rendered it an extremely lucky thing that she had brought a fortune with her.

Among other things, her jewels made quite a collection, and chief among them was the great ruby, one of the very few that were sent to this country to be sold (at an average price of somewhere about £20,000 apiece, I believe) by the Burmese King before the annexation of his country. Let but a ruby be of a great size and colour, and no equally fine diamond can approach its value. Well, this great ruby (which was set in a pendant, by-the-bye), together with a necklace, brooches, bracelets, earrings—indeed, the greater part of Lady Quinton's collection —were stolen. The robbery was effected at the usual time and in the usual way in cases of carefully planned jewellery robberies. The time was early evening—dinner-time, in fact—and an entrance had been made by the window to Lady Quinton's dressing-room, the door screwed up on the inside, and wires artfully stretched about the grounds below, to overset anybody who might observe and pursue the thieves.

On an investigation by London detectives, however, a feature of singularity was brought to light. There had plainly been only one thief at work at Radcot Hall, and no other had been inside the grounds. Alone he had planted the wires, opened the window, screwed the door, and picked the lock of the safe. Clearly this was a thief of the most accomplished description.

Some few days passed, and although the police had made various arrests, they appeared to be all mistakes, and the suspected persons were released one after another. I was talking of the robbery with Hewitt at lunch, and asked him if he had received any commission to hunt for the missing jewels.

"No," Hewitt replied, "I haven't been commissioned. They are offering an immense reward, however — a very pleasant sum, indeed. I have had a short note from Radcot Hall, informing me of the amount, and that's all. Probably they fancy that I may take the case up as a speculation, but that is a great mistake. I'm not a beginner, and I must be commissioned in a regular manner, hit or miss, if I am to deal with the case. I've quite enough commissions going now, and no time to waste hunting for a problematical reward."

But we were nearer a clue to the Quinton jewels than we then supposed.

We talked of other things, and presently rose and left the restaurant, strolling quietly towards home. Some little distance from the Strand, and near our own door, we passed an excited Irishman — without doubt an Irishman, by appearance and talk — who was pouring a torrent of angry complaints in the ears of a policeman. The policeman obviously thought little of the man's grievances, and with an amused smile appeared to be advising him to go home quietly and think no more about it. We passed on and mounted our stairs. Something interesting in our conversation made me stop for a little while at Hewitt's office door on my way up, and while I stood there, the Irishman we had seen in the street mounted the stairs. He was a poorly dressed but sturdy-looking fellow, apparently a labourer in a badly-worn best suit of clothes. His agitation still held

him, and without a pause he immediately burst out :—

"Which of ye jintlemen will be Misther Hewitt, sor?"

"This is Mr. Hewitt," I said. "Do you want him?"

"It's protecshin I want, sor—protecshin.

"IT'S PROTECSHIN I WANT, SOR."

I spake to the polis an' they laff at me, begob. Foive days have I lived in London, an' 'tis nothin' but battle, murdher, an' suddhen death for me here all day an' ivery day. . . An' the polis say I'm dhrunk!"

He gesticulated wildly, and to me it seemed just possible that the police might be right.

"They say I'm dhrunk, sor," he continued, "but, begob, I b'lieve they think I'm mad. An' me being thracked an' folleyed an' dogged an' waylaid an' poisoned an blandandhered an' kidnapped an' murdhered, an' for why I do not know!"

"And who's doing all this?"

"Sthrangers, sor — sthrangers. 'Tis a sthranger here I am mesilf, an' fwhy they do it bates me, onless I do be so like the Prince av Wales or other crowned head they thry to slaughter me. They're layin' for me in the sthreet now, I misdoubt not, and fwhat they may thry next I can tell no more than the Lord Mayor. An' the polis won't listen to me."

This, I thought, must be one of the very common cases of mental hallucination which one hears of every day—the belief of the sufferer that he is surrounded by enemies and followed by spies. It is probably the most usual delusion of the harmless lunatic.

"But what have these people done?" Hewitt asked, looking rather interested, although amused. "What actual assaults have they committed, and when? And who told you to come here?"

"Who towld me, is ut? Who but the payler outside—in the street below? I complained to 'um, an' sez he, 'Ah, you go an' take a slape,' sez he; 'you go an' take a good slape, an' they'll all be gone whin ye wake up.' 'But they'll murdher me,' sez I. 'Oh, no!' sez he, smilin' behind av his ugly face. 'Oh, no, hey won't; you take ut aisy, me frind, an' go home.' 'Take ut aisy, is ut, an' go home!' sez I; 'why, that's just where they've been last, a-ruinationin' an' a turnin' av the place upside down, an' me strook on the head onsensible a mile away. Take ut aisy, is ut, ye say, whin all the demons in this unholy place is jumpin' on me ivery minut in places promiscuous till I can't tell where to turn; descendin' an' vanishin' marvellious an' onaccountable? Take ut aisy, is ut?' sez I. 'Well, me frind,' sez he, 'I can't help ye; that's the marvellious an' onaccountable departmint up the stairs forninst ye. Misther Hewitt ut is,' sez he, 'that attinds to the onaccountable departmint, him as wint by a minut ago. You go an' bother him.' That's how I was towld, sor."

Hewitt smiled.

"Very good," he said, "and now what are these extraordinary troubles of yours? Don't declaim," he added, as the Irishman raised his hand and opened his mouth preparatory to another torrent of complaint; "just say in ten words, if you can, what they've done to you."

"I will, sor. Wan day had I been in London, sor; wan day only, an' a low scutt thried to poison me dhrink; next day some udther thief av sin shoved me off av a railway platform undher a train, malicious and purposeful; glory be, he didn't kill me, but the very docther that felt me bones thried to pick me pockut, I du b'lieve. Sunday night I was grabbed outrageous in a darrk turnin', rowled on the groun', half strangled, an' me pockets nigh ripped out av me trousies. An' this very blessed mornin' av light I was strook onsensible an' left a livin' corrpse, an' my lodgin's penethrated an' all the thruck mishandled an' bruk up behind me back. Is that a panjandhery for the polis to laff at, sor?"

Had Hewitt not been there I think I should have done my best to quiet the poor fellow with a few soothing words and to persuade him to go home to his friends. His excited and rather confused manner, his fantastic story of a sort of general conspiracy to kill him, and the absurd reference to the doctor who tried to pick his pocket, seemed to me plainly to confirm my first impression that he was insane. But Hewitt appeared strangely interested.

"Did they steal anything?" he asked.

"Divil a shtick but me door-key, an' that they tuk home an' lift in the door."

Hewitt opened his office door.

"Come in," he said, "and tell me all about this. You come too, Brett."

The Irishman and I followed him into the inner office, where, shutting the door, Hewitt suddenly turned on the Irishman and exclaimed, sharply: "*Then you've still got it?*"

He looked keenly in the man's eyes, but the only expression there was one of surprise.

"Got ut?" said the Irishman. "Got fwhat, sor? Is ut you're thinkin' I've got the horrors, as well as the polis?"

Hewitt's gaze relaxed. "Sit down, sit down," he said. "You've still got your watch and money, I suppose, since you weren't robbed?"

"Oh, that? Glory be I have ut still, though for how long—or me own head for that matter—in this state of besiegement, I cannot say."

"Now," said Hewitt, "I want a full, true, and particular account of yourself and your doings for the last week. First, your name?"

"Leamy's my name, sor—Michael Leamy."

"Lately from Ireland?"

"Over from Dublin this last blessed Wednesday, and a crooil bad poundherin' ut was in the boat, too—shpakin' av that same."

"Looking for work?"

"That is my purshuit at prisint, sor."

"Did anything noticeable happen before these troubles of yours began—anything here in London or on the journey?"

"Sure," the Irishman smiled, "part av the way I thravelled first-class by favour av the gyard, an' I got a small job before I lift the train."

"How was that? Why did you travel first-class part of the way?"

"There was a station fwhere we shtopped afther a long run, an' I got down to take the cramp out av me joints, an' take a taste av dhrink. I overshtayed somehow, an' whin I got to the train, begob it was on the move. There was a first-class carr'ge door opin right forninst me, an' into that the gyard crams me holus-bolus. There was a juce of a foine jintleman sittin' there, an' he stares at me umbrageous, but I was not dishcommoded, bein' onbashful by natur'. We thravelled along a heap av miles more, till we came near London. Afther we had shtopped at a station where they tuk tickets, we wint ahead again, an' prisintly, as we rips through some udther station, up jumps the jintleman opposite, swearin' hard undher his tongue, an' looks out at the windy. 'I thought this train shtopped here,' sez he."

"Chalk Farm," observed Hewitt, with a nod.

"The name I do not know, sor, but that's fwhat he said. Then he looks at me onaisy for a little, an' at last he sez, 'Wud ye loike a small job, me good man, well paid?'

"'Faith,' sez I, 'tis that will suit me well.'

"'Then, see here,' sez he, 'I should have got out at that station, havin' particular business; havin' missed I must sen' a telegrammer from Euston. Now, here's a bag,' sez he, 'a bag full of imporrtant papers for my solicitor—imporrtant to me, ye ondershtand, not worth the shine av a brass farden to a sowl else—an' I want 'em tuk on to him. Take you this bag,' he sez, 'an' go you straight out wid it at Euston an' get in a cab. I shall stay in the station a bit to see to the telegrammer. Dhrive out av the station, across the road outside, an' wait there five minuts by the clock. Ye ondershtand? Wait five minuts, an' maybe I'll come an' join ye. If I don't, 'twill be bekaze I'm detained onexpected, an' then ye'll dhrive to my solicitor straight. Here's his address, if ye can read writin',' an' he put ut on a piece av paper. He gave me half a crown for the cab, an' I tuk his bag."

"I THOUGHT THIS TRAIN SHTOPPED HERE.

"One moment—have you the paper with the address now?"

"I have not, sor. I missed ut afther the blayguards overset me yesterday; but the solicitor's name was Hollams, an' a liberal jintleman wid his money he was too, by that same token."

"What was his address?"

"'Twas in Chelsea, and 'twas Gold or Golden something, which I know by the good token av fwhat he gave me; but the number I misremember."

Hewitt turned to his directory. "Gold Street is the place, probably," he said, "and it seems to be a street chiefly of private houses. You would be able to point out the house if you were taken there, I suppose?"

"I should that, sor—indade, I was thinkin' av goin' there an' tellin' Misther Hollams all my throubles, him havin' been so kind."

"Now tell me exactly what instructions the man in the train gave you, and what happened."

"He sez, 'You ask for Misther Hollams, an' see nobody else. Tell him ye've brought the sparks from Misther W.'"

I fancied I could see a sudden twinkle in Hewitt's eye, but he made no other sign, and the Irishman proceeded.

"'Sparks?' sez I. 'Yes, sparks,' sez he. 'Misther Hollams will know; 'tis our jokin' word for 'em; sometimes papers is sparks when they set a lawsuit ablaze,' and he laffed. 'But be sure ye say the *sparks from Misther W.*,' he sez again, 'bekase then he'll know ye're jinuine an' he'll pay ye han'some. Say Misther W. sez you're to have your reg'lars, if ye like. D'ye mind that?'

"'Aye,' sez I, 'that I'm to have me reg'lars.'

"Well, sor, I tuk the bag and wint out of the station, tuk the cab an' did all as he towld me. I waited the foive minuts, but he niver came, so off I druv' to Misther Hollams, and he threated me han'some, sor."

"Yes, but tell me exactly all he did."

"'Misther Hollams, sor?' sez I. 'Who are ye?' sez he. 'Mick Leamy, sor,' sez I, 'from Misther W. wid the sparks.' 'Oh,' sez he, 'thin come in.' I wint in. 'They're in here, are they?' sez he, takin' the bag. 'They are, sor,' sez I, 'an' Misther W. sez I'm to have me reg'lars.' 'You shall,' sez he. 'What shall we say now—a finnip?' 'Fwhat's that, sor?' sez I. 'Oh,' sez he, 'I s'pose ye're a new hand; five quid—ondershtand that?'"

"Begob, I did ondershtand it, an' moighty plazed I was to have come to a place where they pay five-pun' notes for carryin' bags. So whin he asked me was I new to London an' shud I kape in the same line av business, I towld him I shud for certin, or anythin' else payin' like it. 'Right,' sez he, 'let me know whin ye've got anythin'—ye'll find me all right.' An' he winked frindly. 'Faith, that I know I shall, sor,' sez I, wid the money safe in me pocket; an' I winked him back, conjanial. 'I've a smart family about me,' sez he, 'an' I treat 'em all fair an' liberal.' An' saints, I thought it likely his family ud have all they wanted, seein' he was so free-handed wid a stranger. Thin he asked me where I was livin' in London, and when I towld him nowhere, he towld me av a room in Musson Street, here by Drury Lane, that was to let, in a house his fam'ly knew very well, an' I wint straight there an' tuk ut, an' there I do be stayin' still, sor."

I hadn't understood at first why Hewitt

took so much interest in the Irishman's narrative, but the latter part of it opened my eyes a little. It seemed likely that Leamy had, in his innocence, been made a conveyer of stolen property. I knew enough of thieves' slang to know that "sparks" meant diamonds or other jewels; that "regulars" was the term used for a payment made to a brother thief who gave assistance in some small way, such as carrying the booty; and that the "family" was the time-honoured expression for a gang of thieves.

"This was all on Wednesday, I understand," said Hewitt. "Now tell me what happened on Thursday—the poisoning, or drugging, you know?"

"Well, sor, I was walking out, an' towards the evenin' I lost mesilf. Up comes a man, seemin'ly a sthranger, and shmacks me on the showldher. 'Why, Mick,' sez he, 'it's Mick Leamy, I du b'lieve!'

"'I am that,' sez I, 'but you I do not know.'

"'Not know me?' sez he. 'Why, I wint to school wid ye.' An' wid that he hauls me off to a bar, blarneyin' and minowdherin', an' orders dhrinks.

"'Can ye rache me a poipe-loight?' sez he, an' I turned to get ut, but lookin' back suddent, there was that onblushin' thief av the warl' tippin' a paper full av powdher stuff into me glass."

"TIPPIN' A PAPER FULL AV POWDHER STUFF."

"What did you do?" Hewitt asked.

"I knocked the dhirty face av him, sor, an' can ye blame me? A mane scutt, thryin' for to poison a well-manin' sthranger. I knocked the face av him, an' got away home."

"Now the next misfortune?"

"Faith, that was av a sort likely to turn out the last av all misfortunes. I wint that day to the Crystial Palace, bein' dishposed for a little shport, seein' as I was new to London. Comin' home at night, there was a juce av a crowd on the station platform, consekins av a late thrain. Shtandin' by the edge av the platform at the fore end, just as the thrain came in, some onvisible murdherer gives me a stupenjus dhrive in the back, an' over I wint on the line, mid-betwixt the rails. The engine came up an' wint half over me widout givin' me a scratch, bekase av my centraleous situation, an' then the porther-men pulled me out, nigh sick wid fright, sor, as ye may guess. A jintleman in the crowd sings out, 'I'm a medical man!' an' they tuk me in the waitin'-room, an' he investigated me, havin' turned everybody else out av the room. There was no bones bruk, glory be, and the docthor-man he was tellin' me so, after feelin' me over, whin I felt his hand in me waistcoat pockut.

"'An' fwhat's this, sor?' sez I. 'Do you be lookin' for your fee that thief's way?'

"He laffed, and said, 'I want no fee from ye, me man, an' I did but feel your ribs'—though on me conscience he had done that undher me waistcoat already. An' so I came home."

"What did they do to you on Saturday?"

"Saturday, sor, they gave me a whole holiday, and I began to think less av things; but on Sunday night, in a dark place, two blayguards tuk me throat from behind, nigh choked me, flung me down, an' wint through all me pockets in about a quarter av a minut."

"And they took nothing, you say?"

"Nothing, sor. But this mornin' I got my worst dose. I was trapesing along distreshful an' moighty sore, in a street just away off the Strand here, whin I obsarved the docthor-

man that was at the Crystial Palace station a-smilin' an' beckonin' at me from a door.

"'How are ye now?' sez he. 'Well,' sez I, 'I'm moighty sore an' sad bruised,' sez I. 'Is that so?' sez he. 'Shtep in here.' So I shtepped in, an' before I could wink there dhropped a crack on the back av me head that sent me off as unknowledgeable as a corrpse. I knew no more for a while, sor, whether half an hour or an hour, an thin I got up in a room av the place marked 'To Let.' 'Twas a house full av offices by the same token, like this. There was a sore bad lump on me head—see ut, sor?—an' the whole warl' was shpinnin' roun' rampageous. The things out av me pockets were lyin' on the flure by me—all barrin' the key av me room. So that the demons had been through me posseshins again, bad luck to 'em."

"You are quite sure, are you, that everything was there, except the key?" Hewitt asked.

"Certin, sor. Well, I got along to me room, sick an' sorry enough, an' doubtsome whether I might get in wid no key. But there was the key in the open door, an' by this an' that, all the shtuff in the room—chair, table, bed an' all—was shtandin' on their heads twisty-ways, an' the bed-clothes an' everythin' else; such a disgraceful stramash av conglomerated thruck as ye niver dhreamt av. The chist av drawers was lyin' on uts face, wid all the dhrawers out an' emptied on the flure. 'Twas as though an arrmy had been lootin', sor!"

"But still nothing was gone?"

"Nothin' so far as I investigated, sor. But I didn't shtay—I came out to spake to the polis, an' two av them laffed at me—wan afther another!"

"It has certainly been no laughing matter for you. Now, tell me, have you anything in your possession—documents, or valuables, or anything—that any other person, to your knowledge, is anxious to get hold of?"

"I have not, sor—divil a document. As to valuables—thim an' me is the cowldest av sthrangers."

"Just call to mind, now, the face of the man who tried to put powder in your drink and that of the doctor who attended to you in the railway station. Were they at all alike, or was either like anybody you have seen before?"

Leamy puckered his forehead and thought. "Faith," he said, presently, "they were a bit alike, though wan had a beard an' the udther whiskers only."

"Neither happened to look like Mr. Hollams, for instance?"

Leamy started. "Begob, but they did! They'd ha' been mortal like him if they'd been shaved." Then, after a pause, he suddenly added: "Holy saints! is ut the fam'ly he talked av?"

Hewitt laughed. "Perhaps it is," he said. "Now, as to the man who sent you with the bag. Was it an old bag?"

"Bran' cracklin' new—a brown leather bag."

"Locked?"

"That I niver thried, sor. It was not my consarn."

"True. Now, as to this Mr. W. himself"—Hewitt had been rummaging for some few minutes in a portfolio, and finally produced a photograph, and held it before the Irishman's eyes—"Is that like him?" he asked.

"IS THAT LIKE HIM?"

"Shure, it's the man himself! Is he a frind av yours, sor?"

"No, he's not exactly a friend of mine," Hewitt answered, with a grim chuckle. "I fancy he's one of that very respectable *family* you heard about at Mr. Hollams's. Come along with me now, to Chelsea, and see if you can point out that house in Gold Street. I'll send for a cab."

He made for the outer office, and I went with him.

"What is all this, Hewitt?" I asked; "a gang of thieves with stolen property?"

Hewitt looked in my face and replied: "*It's the Quinton ruby!*"

"What? The ruby? Shall you take the case up, then?"

"I shall. It is no longer a speculation."

"Then do you expect to find it at Hollams's house in Chelsea?" I asked.

"No, I don't, because it isn't there—else why are they trying to get it from this unlucky Irishman? There has been bad faith in Hollams's gang, I expect, and Hollams has missed the ruby and suspects Leamy of having taken it from the bag."

"Then who is this Mr. W. whose portrait you have in your possession?"

"See here." Hewitt turned over a small pile of recent newspapers and selected one, pointing at a particular paragraph. "I kept that in my mind, because to me it seemed to be the most likely arrest of the lot," he said.

It was an evening paper of the previous Thursday, and the paragraph was a very short one, thus:—

"The man Wilks, who was arrested at Euston Station yesterday, in connection with the robbery of Lady Quinton's jewels, has been released, nothing being found to incriminate him."

"How does that strike you?" asked Hewitt. "Wilks is a man well known to the police—one of the most accomplished burglars in this country, in fact. I have had no dealings with him as yet, but I found means, some time ago, to add his portrait to my little collection, in case I might want it, and to-day it has been quite useful."

The thing was plain now. Wilks must have been bringing his booty to town, and calculated on getting out at Chalk Farm, and thus eluding the watch which he doubtless felt pretty sure would be kept (by telegraphic instruction) at Euston, for suspicious characters arriving from the direction of Radcot. His transaction with Leamy was his only possible expedient to save himself from being hopelessly taken with the swag in his possession. The paragraph told me why Leamy had waited in vain for "Mr. W." in the cab.

"What shall you do now?" I asked.

"I shall go to the Gold Street house and find out what I can, as soon as this cab turns up."

There seemed a possibility of some excitement in the adventure, so I asked, "Will you want any help?"

Hewitt smiled. "I *think* I can get through it alone," he said.

"Then may I come to look on?" I said. "Of course, I don't want to be in your way, and the result of the business, whatever it is, will be to your credit alone. But I am curious."

"Come, then, by all means. The cab will be a four-wheeler, and there will be plenty of room."

Gold Street was a short street of private houses of very fair size, and of a half-vanished pretension to gentility. We drove slowly through, and Leamy had no difficulty in pointing out the house wherein he had been paid five pounds for carrying a bag. At the end the cab turned the corner and stopped, while Hewitt wrote a short note to an official of Scotland Yard.

"Take this note," he instructed Leamy, "to Scotland Yard in the cab, and then go home. I will pay the cabman now."

"I will, sor. An' will I be protected?"

"Oh, yes. Stay at home for the rest of the day, and I expect you'll be left alone in future. Perhaps I shall have something to tell you in a day or two; if I do, I'll send. Good-bye."

The cab rolled off, and Hewitt and I strolled back along Gold Street. "I think," Hewitt said, "we will drop in on Mr. Hollams for a few minutes while we can. In a few hours I expect the police will have him, and his house, too, if they attend promptly to my note."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge, though I may know him by some other name. Wilks I know by sight, though he doesn't know me."

"What shall we say?"

"That will depend on circumstances. I may not get my cue till the door opens, or even till later. At worst, I can easily apply for a reference as to Leamy—who, you remember, is looking for work."

But we were destined not to make Mr. Hollams's acquaintance, after all. As we approached the house, a great uproar was heard from the lower part giving on to the

area, and suddenly a man, hatless, and with a sleeve of his coat nearly torn away, burst through the door, and up the area steps, pursued by two others. I had barely time to observe that one of the pursuers carried a revolver, and that both hesitated and retired on seeing that several people were about the street, when Hewitt, gripping my arm and exclaiming, "That's our man!" started at a run after the fugitive.

We turned the next corner and saw the man thirty yards before us, walking, and pulling up his sleeve at the shoulder, so as to conceal the rent. Plainly he felt safe from further molestation.

"That's Sim Wilks," Hewitt explained, as we followed, "the 'juce av a foine jintleman' who got Leamy to carry his bag, and the man who knows where the Quinton ruby is, unless I am more than usually mistaken. Don't stare after him, in case he looks round. Presently, when we get into the busier streets, I shall have a little chat with him."

But for some time the man kept to the back streets. In time, however, he emerged into the Buckingham Palace Road, and we saw him stop and look at a hat-shop. But after a general look over the window and a glance in at the door, he went on.

"Good sign," observed Hewitt; "got no money with him—makes it easier for us."

In a little while Wilks approached a small crowd gathered about a woman fiddler. Hewitt touched my arm, and a few quick steps took us past our man and to the opposite side of the crowd. When Wilks emerged he met us coming in the opposite direction.

"What, Sim!" burst out Hewitt, with apparent delight. "I haven't piped your mug* for a stretch†; I thought you'd fell.‡ Where's your cady?"‖

Wilks looked astonished and suspicious. "I don't know you," he said. "You've made a mistake."

Hewitt laughed. "I'm glad you don't know me," he said. "If you don't, I'm pretty sure the reelers§ won't. I think I've faked my mug pretty well, and my clobber,¶ too. Look here: I'll stand you a new cady. Strange blokes don't do that, eh?"

Wilks was still suspicious. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

* Seen your face. † A year. ‡ Been imprisoned.
‖ Hat. § Police. ¶ Clothes.

Then, after a pause, he added, "Who are you, then?"

Hewitt winked and screwed his face genially aside. "Hooky!" he said. "I've had a lucky touch* and I'm Mr. Smith till I've melted the pieces.† You come and damp it."

"I'm off," Wilks replied. "Unless you're pal enough to lend me a quid," he added, laughing.

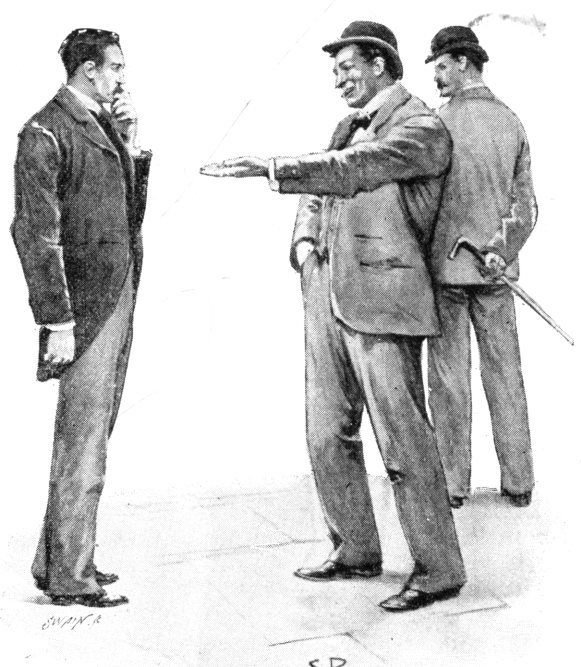
"I am that," responded Hewitt, plunging his hand in his pocket. "I'm flush, my boy, flush, and I've been wetting it pretty well to-day. I feel pretty jolly now, and I shouldn't wonder if I went home cannon.‡ Only a quid? Have two, if you want 'em—or three—there's plenty more, and you'll do the same for me some day. Here y'are."

Hewitt had, of a sudden, assumed the whole appearance, manners, and bearing of a slightly elevated rowdy. Now he pulled his hand from his pocket and extended it, full of silver, with five or six sovereigns interspersed, toward Wilks.

"I'll have three quid," Wilks said, with decision, taking the money; "but I'm blowed if I remember you. Who's your pal?"

Hewitt jerked his head in my direction, winked, and said in a low voice, "He's all

* Robbery. † Spent the money. ‡ Drunk.



"EXTENDED IT, FULL OF SILVER."

right. Having a rest. Can't stand Manchester," and winked again.

Wilks laughed and nodded, and I understood from that that Hewitt had very flatteringly given me credit for being "wanted" by the Manchester police.

We lurched into a public-house, and drank a very little very bad whisky and water. Wilks still regarded us curiously, and I could see him again and again glancing doubtfully in Hewitt's face. But the loan of three pounds had largely reassured him. Presently Hewitt said:—

"How about our old pal down in Gold Street? Do anything with him now? Seen him lately?"

Wilks looked up at the ceiling and shook his head.

"That's a good job. It 'ud be awkward if you were about there to-day, I can tell you."

"Why?"

"Never mind, so long as you're not there. I know something, if I *have* been away. I'm glad I haven't had any truck with Gold Street lately, that's all."

"D'you mean the reelers are on it?"

Hewitt looked cautiously over his shoulder, leaned toward Wilks, and said, "Look here, this is the straight tip. I know this—I got it from the very nark* that's given the show away. By six o'clock No. 8, Gold Street, will be turned inside out, like an old glove, and everyone in the place will be——" He finished the sentence by crossing his wrists like a handcuffed man. "What's more," he went on, "they know all about what's gone on there lately, and everybody that's been in or out for the last two moons† will be wanted particular—and will be found, I'm told." Hewitt concluded with a confidential frown, a nod, and a wink, and took another mouthful of whisky. Then he added, as an afterthought: "So I'm glad you haven't been there lately."

Wilks looked in Hewitt's face and asked: "Is that straight?"

"*Is* it?" replied Hewitt, with emphasis. "You go and have a look, if you ain't afraid of being smugged yourself. Only *I* shan't go near No. 8 just yet—I know that."

Wilks fidgeted, finished his drink, and expressed his intention of going. "Very well, if you *won't* have another——" replied Hewitt. But he had gone.

"Good," said Hewitt, moving towards the door, "he has suddenly developed a hurry. I shall keep him in sight, but you had better take a cab and go straight to Euston. Take tickets to the nearest station to Radcot—Kedderby, I think it is—and look up the train arrangements. Don't show yourself too much, and keep an eye on the entrance. Unless I am mistaken, Wilks will be there pretty soon, and I shall be on his heels. If I *am* wrong, then you won't see the end of the fun, that's all."

Hewitt hurried after Wilks, and I took the cab and did as he wished. There was an hour and a few minutes, I found, to wait for the next train, and that time I occupied as best I might, keeping a sharp look-out across the quadrangle. Barely five minutes before the train was to leave, and just as I was beginning to think about the time of the next, a cab dashed up and Hewitt alighted. He hurried in, found me, and drew me aside into a recess, just as another cab arrived.

"Here he is," Hewitt said. "I followed him as far as Euston Road and then got my cabby to spurt up and pass him. He has had his moustache shaved off, and I feared you mightn't recognise him, and so let him see you."

From our retreat we could see Wilks hurry into the booking-office. We watched him through to the platform and followed. He wasted no time, but made the best of his way to a third-class carriage at the extreme fore-end of the train.

"We have three minutes," Hewitt said, "and everything depends on his not seeing us get into this train. Take this cap. Fortunately, we're both in tweed suits."

He had bought a couple of tweed cricket caps, and these we assumed, sending our "bowler" hats to the cloak-room. Hewitt also put on a pair of blue spectacles, and then walked boldly up the platform and entered a first-class carriage. I followed close on his heels, in such a manner that a person looking from the fore-end of the train would be able to see but very little of me.

"So far, so good," said Hewitt, when we were seated and the train began to move off. "I must keep a look-out at each station, in case our friend goes off unexpectedly."

"I waited some time," I said; "where did you both get to?"

"First he went and bought that hat he is wearing. Then he walked some distance, dodging the main thoroughfares and keeping to the back streets in a way that made following difficult, till he came to a little tailor's shop. There he entered and came out in a quarter of an hour with his coat mended. This was in a street in Westminster.

* Police spy. † Months.

Presently he worked his way up to Tothill Street, and there he plunged into a barber's shop. I took a cautious peep at the window, saw two or three other customers also waiting, and took the opportunity to rush over to a 'notion' shop and buy these blue spectacles, and to a hatter's for these caps — of which I regret to observe that yours is too big. He was rather a long while in the barber's, and finally came out as you saw him, with no moustache. This was a good indication. It made it plainer than ever that he had believed my warning as to the police descent on the house in Gold Street and its frequenters; which was right and proper, for what I told him was quite true. The rest you know. He cabbed to the station, and so did I."

"And now, perhaps," I said, "after giving me the character of a thief wanted by the Manchester police, forcibly depriving me of my hat in exchange for this all-too-large cap, and rushing me off out of London without any definite idea of when I'm coming back, perhaps you'll tell me what we're after?"

Hewitt laughed. "You wanted to join in, you know," he said, "and you must take your luck as it comes. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely anything in my profession so uninteresting and so difficult as this watching and following business. Often it lasts for weeks. When we alight we shall have to follow Wilks again, under the most difficult possible conditions—in the country. There it is often quite impossible to follow a man unobserved. It is only because it is the only way that I am undertaking it now. As to what we're after—you know that as well as I; the Quinton ruby. Wilks has hidden it, and without his help it would be impossible to find it. We are following him so that he will find it for us."

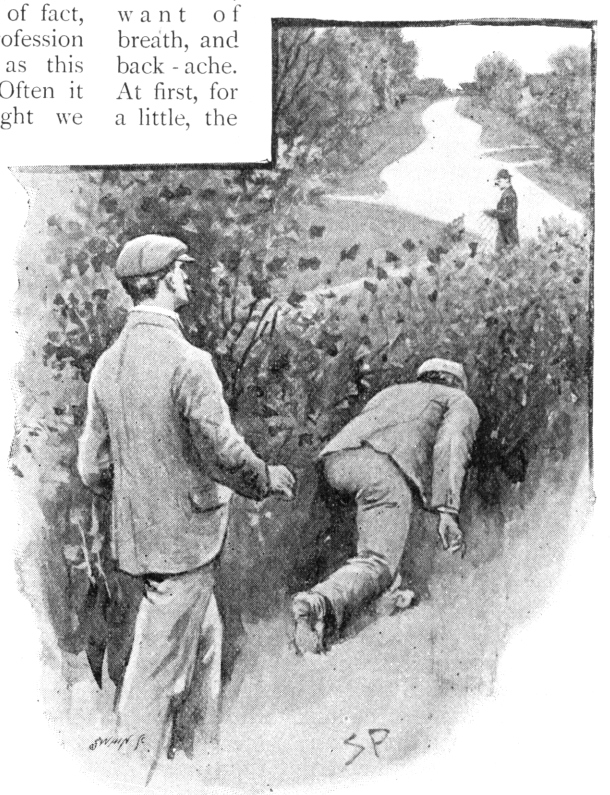
"He must have hidden it, I suppose, to avoid sharing with Hollams?"

"Of course, and availed himself of the fact of Leamy having carried the bag to direct Hollams's suspicion to him. Hollams found out, by his repeated searches of Leamy and his lodgings, that this was wrong, and this morning evidently tried to persuade the ruby out of Wilks's possession with a revolver. We saw the upshot of that."

Kedderby Station was about forty miles out. At each intermediate stopping station Hewitt watched earnestly, but Wilks remained in the train. "What I fear," Hewitt observed, "is that at Kedderby he may take a fly. To stalk a man on foot in the country is difficult enough; but you *can't* follow one vehicle in another without being spotted. But if he's so smart as I think, he won't do it. A man travelling in a fly is noticed and remembered in these places."

He did *not* take a fly. At Kedderby we saw him jump out quickly and hasten from the station. The train stood for a few minutes, and he was out of the station before we alighted. Through the railings behind the platform we could see him walking briskly away to the right. From the ticket collector we ascertained that Radcot lay in that direction, three miles off.

To my dying day I shall never forget that three miles. They seemed three hundred. In the still country, almost every footfall seemed audible for any distance, and in the long stretches of road one could see half a mile behind or before. Hewitt was cool and patient, but I got into a fever of worry, excitement, want of breath, and back-ache. At first, for a little, the



"I WAS MUCH STARTLED."

road zig-zagged, and then the chase was comparatively easy. We waited behind one bend till Wilks had passed the next, and then hurried in his trail, treading in the dustiest parts of the road or on the side grass, when there was any, to deaden the sound of our steps. At the last of these short bends we looked ahead and saw a long white stretch of road with the dark form of Wilks a couple of hundred yards in front. It would never do to let him get to the end of this great stretch before following, as he might turn off at some branch road out of sight and be lost. So we jumped the hedge and scuttled along as we best might on the other side, with backs bent, and our feet often many inches deep in wet clay. We had to make continual stoppages to listen and peep out, and on one occasion, happening, incautiously, to stand erect, looking after him, I was much startled to see Wilks with his face toward me, gazing down the road. I ducked like lightning, and, fortunately, he seemed not to have observed me, but went on as before. He had probably heard some slight noise, but looked straight along the road for its explanation, instead of over the hedge. At hilly parts of the road there was extreme difficulty; indeed, on approaching a rise it was usually necessary to lie down under the hedge till Wilks had passed the top, since from the higher ground he could have seen us easily. This improved neither my clothes, my comfort, nor my temper. Luckily we never encountered the difficulty of a long and high wall, but once we were nearly betrayed by a man who shouted to order us off his field.

At last we saw, just ahead, the square tower of an old church, set about with thick trees. Opposite this Wilks paused, looked irresolutely up and down the road, and then went on. We crossed the road, availed ourselves of the opposite hedge, and followed. The village was to be seen some three or four hundred yards farther along the road, and toward it Wilks sauntered slowly. Before he actually reached the houses, he stopped and turned back.

"The churchyard!" exclaimed Hewitt, under his breath. "Lie close and let him pass."

Wilks reached the churchyard gate, and again looked irresolutely about him. At that moment a party of children, who had been playing among the graves, came chattering and laughing toward and out of the gate, and Wilks walked hastily away again, this time in the opposite direction.

"That's the place, clearly," Hewitt said. "We must slip across quietly, as soon as he's far enough down the road. . . . Now!"

We hurried stealthily across, through the gate, and into the churchyard, where Hewitt threw his blue spectacles away. It was now nearly eight in the evening, and the sun was setting. Once again Wilks approached the gate, and did not enter, because a labourer passed at the time. Then he came back and slipped through.

The grass about the graves was long, and under the trees it was already twilight. Hewitt and I, two or three yards apart, to avoid falling over one another in case of sudden movement, watched from behind gravestones. The form of Wilks stood out large and black against the fading light in the west, as he stealthily approached through the long grass. A light cart came clattering along the road, and Wilks dropped at once and crouched on his knees till it had passed. Then, staring warily about him, he made straight for the stone behind which Hewitt waited.

I saw Hewitt's dark form swing noiselessly round to the other side of the stone. Wilks passed on and dropped on his knee beside a large, weather-worn slab that rested on a brick understructure a foot or so high. The long grass largely hid the bricks, and among it Wilks plunged his hand, feeling along the brick surface. Presently he drew out a loose brick, and laid it on the slab. He felt again in the place and brought forth a small dark object. I saw Hewitt rise erect in the gathering dusk, and with extended arm step noiselessly toward the stooping man. Wilks made a motion to place the dark object in his pocket, but checked himself, and opened what appeared to be a lid, as though to make sure of the safety of the contents. The last light, straggling under the trees, fell on a brilliantly sparkling object within, and like a flash Hewitt's hand shot over Wilks's shoulder and snatched the jewel.

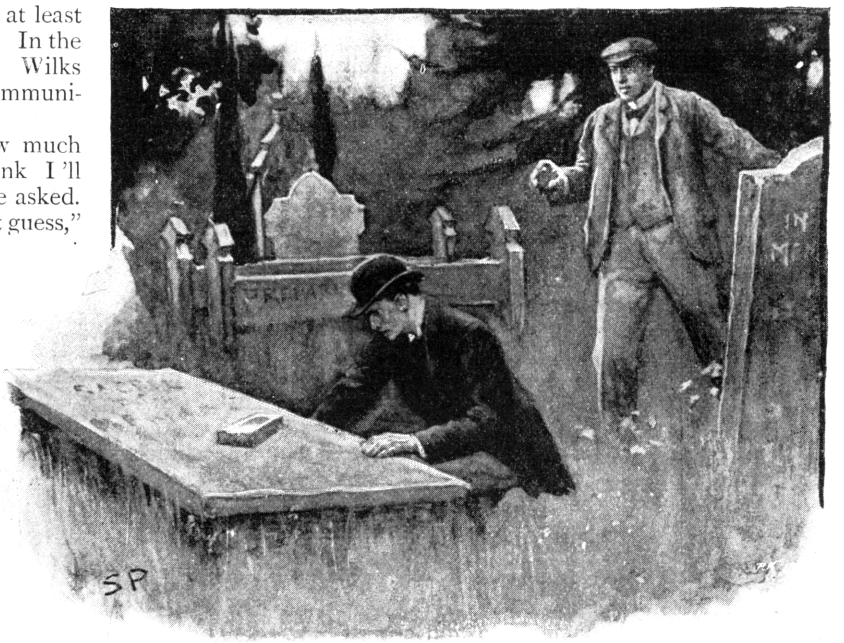
The man actually screamed—one of those curious sharp little screams that one may hear from a woman very suddenly alarmed. But he sprang at Hewitt like a cat, only to meet a straight drive of the fist that stretched him on his back across the slab. I sprang from behind my stone, and helped Hewitt to secure his wrists with a pocket-handkerchief. Then we marched him, struggling and swearing, to the village.

When, in the lights of the village, he recognised us, he had a perfect fit of rage, but afterwards he calmed down, and admitted

that it was a "very clean cop." There was some difficulty in finding the village constable, and Sir Valentine Quinton was dining out and did not arrive for at least an hour. In the interval Wilks grew communicative.

"How much d'ye think I 'll get?" he asked.

"Can't guess,"



"HE FELT AGAIN IN THE PLACE."

Hewitt replied. "And as we shall probably have to give evidence, you'll be giving yourself away if you talk too much."

"Oh, I don't care—that'll make no difference. It's a fair cop, and I'm in for it. You got at me nicely, lending me three quid. I never knew a reeler do that before. That blinded me. But was it kid about Gold Street?"

"No, it wasn't. Mr. Hollams is safely shut up by this time, I expect, and you are avenged for your little trouble with him this afternoon."

"What did you know about that? . . . . Well, you've got it up nicely for me, I must say. S'pose you've been following me all the time?"

"Well, yes—I haven't been far off. I guessed you'd want to clear out of town if Hollams was taken, and I knew this"—Hewitt tapped his breast pocket—"was what you'd take care to get hold of first. You hid it, of course, because you knew that Hollams would probably have you searched for it if he got suspicious?"

"Yes, he did, too. Two blokes went over my pockets one night, and somebody got into my room. But I expected that. Hollams is such a greedy pig. Once he's got you under his thumb he don't give you half your makings, and if you kick, he'll have you smugged. So that I wasn't going to give him *that* if I could help it. I s'pose it ain't any good asking how you got put on to our mob?"

"No," said Hewitt, "it isn't."

We didn't get back till the next day, staying for the night, despite an inconvenient want of requisites, at the Hall. There were, in fact, no late trains. We told Sir Valentine the story of the Irishman, much to his amusement.

"Leamy's tale sounded unlikely, of course," Hewitt said, "but it was noticeable that every one of his misfortunes pointed in the same direction—that certain persons were tremendously anxious to get at something they supposed he had. When he spoke of his adventure with the bag, I at once remembered Wilks's arrest and subsequent release. It was a curious coincidence, to say the least, that this should happen at the very station to which the proceeds of this robbery must come, if they came to London at all, and on the day following the robbery itself. Kedderby is one of the few stations on this line where no trains would stop after the time of the robbery, so that the thief would

have to wait till the next day to get back. Leamy's recognition of Wilks's portrait made me feel pretty certain. Plainly, he had carried stolen property; the poor innocent fellow's conversation with Hollams showed that, as in fact did the sum, five pounds, paid to him by way of 'regulars' or customary toll from the plunder for services of carriage. Hollams obviously took Leamy for a criminal friend of Wilks's, because of his use of the thieves' expressions 'sparks' and 'regulars,' and suggested, in terms which Leamy misunderstood, that he should sell any plunder he might obtain to himself, Hollams. Altogether it would have been very curious if the plunder were *not* that from Radcot Hall, especially as no other robbery had been reported at the time.

"Now, among the jewels taken only one was of a very pre-eminent value—the famous ruby. It was scarcely likely that Hollams would go to so much trouble and risk, attempting to drug, injuring, waylaying, and burgling the rooms of the unfortunate Leamy, for a jewel of small value—for any jewel, in fact, but the ruby. So that I felt a pretty strong presumption, at all events, that it was the ruby Hollams was after. Leamy had not had it, I was convinced, from his tale and his manner, and from what I judged of the man himself. The only other person was Wilks, and certainly he had a temptation to keep this to himself, and avoid, if possible, sharing with his London director, or principal; while the carriage of the bag by the Irishman gave him a capital opportunity to put suspicion on him, with the results seen. The most daring of Hollams's attacks on Leamy was doubtless the attempted maiming or killing at the railway station, so as to be able, in the character of a medical man, to search his pockets. He was probably desperate at the time, having, I have no doubt, been following Leamy about all day at the Crystal Palace without finding an opportunity to get at his pockets.

"The struggle and flight of Wilks from Hollams's confirmed my previous impressions. Hollams, finally satisfied that very morning that Leamy certainly had not the jewel, either on his person or at his lodging, and knowing, from having so closely watched him, that he had been nowhere where it could be disposed of, concluded that Wilks was cheating him, and attempted to extort the ruby from him by the aid of another ruffian and a pistol. The rest of my way was plain. Wilks, I knew, would seize the opportunity of Hollams's being safely locked up to get at and dispose of the ruby. I supplied him with funds and left him to lead us to his hiding-place. He did it, and I think that's all."

"He must have walked straight away from my house to the churchyard," Sir Valentine remarked, "to hide that pendant. That was fairly cool."

"Only a cool hand could carry out such a robbery single-handed," Hewitt answered. "I expect his tools were in the bag that Leamy carried, as well as the jewels. They must have been a small and neat set."

They were. We ascertained on our return to town the next day that the bag, with all its contents intact, including the tools, had been taken by the police at their surprise visit to No. 8, Gold Street, as well as much other stolen property. Hollams and Wilks each got very wholesome doses of penal servitude, to the intense delight of Mick Leamy. Leamy himself, by-the-bye, is still to be seen, clad in a noble uniform, guarding the door of a well-known London restaurant. He has not had any more five-pound notes for carrying bags, but knows London too well now to expect it.

The Handwriting of Mr. Gladstone.

FROM MARCH, 1822, TO MARCH, 1894.

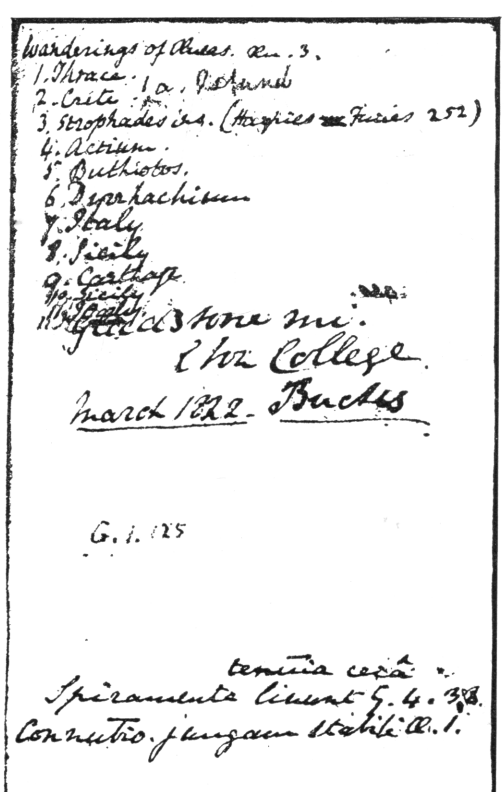
(Born 29th December, 1809.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

ONE day while I was collecting the materials for this article, an observant man said to me: "There's not much character about Gladstone's writing. His signature is very commonplace." The speaker had not made any special study of the form of gesture which handwriting gives to us.

Is this series of human actions—traced by perhaps the most notable man of this century—lacking in characteristic traits, and are those signatures at which we will look commonplace? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. Let us examine them and try to answer the questions.

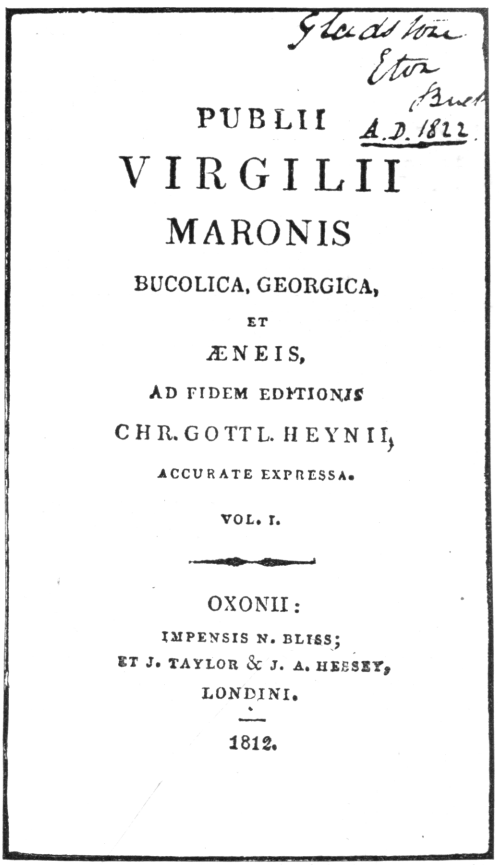
The great man who has been great among great men for nigh on fifty years, and who



NO. 1.—WRITTEN IN MARCH, 1822. AGE 12.

(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)

Gladstone mi.; the notes about the "Wanderings of Æneas" were written during 1822—1827. From the fly-leaf of the "Virgil" used by Mr. Gladstone when at Eton.



NO. 2.—WRITTEN IN 1822. AGE 12.

(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)

Gladstone, Eton, Bucks, A.D. *1822.* The title-page of the "Virgil."

has been specially exposed to the peculiar for-and-against bias that stamps and invalidates political opinions of all shades, will not be studied here as the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the politician, orator, and demagogue — but as plain William Ewart Gladstone, the man. It will indeed be strange if he whose facial movements, eyes, voice, walk, and general bodily gestures go some long way to show his individuality, should fail to show us something of himself in the recorded gestures traced by his hand when acting under the direct control of certain nerve-centres of his brain.

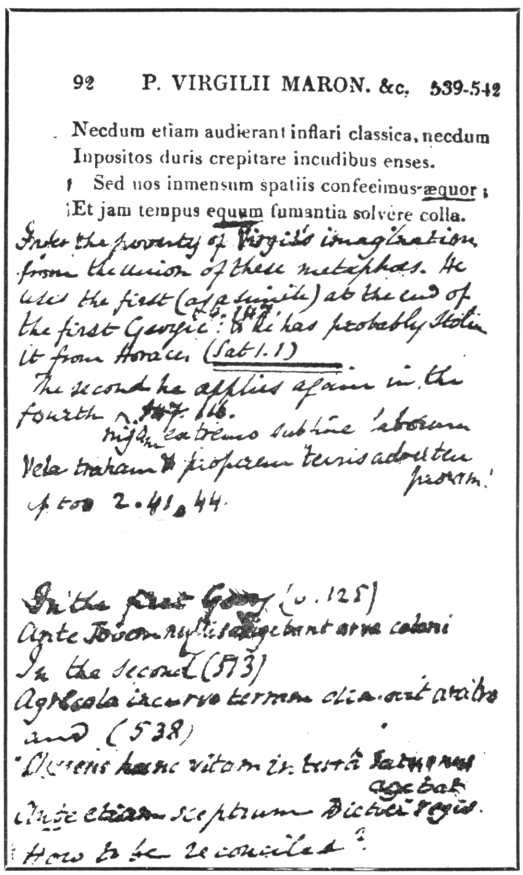
Look at every specimen of Mr. Gladstone's writing which is on these pages—in no one

of them will you see any embellishment of the signature, nor any complicated movements. Is this feature commonplace? I venture to say it is not: on the contrary, such simplification of handwriting is a most rare trait, but it may be seen in the writing of men who are remarkable for integrity, sincerity, and absence of ostentation. Moreover, the fact of doing any action in a simple as contrasted with a complicated manner is, psychologically, one of the marks of a high intellect. "But what about some of Mr. Gladstone's speeches?" I hear my readers exclaim. Ah! There we touch the tactful politician—not the man. When Mr. Gladstone intends to express himself definitely he stands unrivalled for a simple and direct choice of words: when Mr. Gladstone does not intend to express himself definitely, and when—*as a politician*—he thinks it wise to evade a point, he stands unrivalled for ingenious indefiniteness and subtle evasion. This quality of finesse is shown by the undulating, non-rigid direction of the lines of his handwriting across the page, and by the gradually decreasing height of the letters of his signature towards the end of it—for an illustration of my statement see No. 8; for a proof of its truth use your own observation in daily life.

What is another prominent characteristic of Mr. Gladstone? His vigour? Aye! that it is. His opponents have felt *that*, while they admired the strength that hit them, and which has sometimes seemed badly directed—like the power of a steam-hammer whose gear is for a while faulty. A power that, well controlled, will now lightly crack an empty egg-shell, and now deal mighty blows at a mass of iron worthy of the Titan's force. Where will you find such up-and-down direct vigour of movement as is plain—even to the non-expert eye—in these facsimiles of Mr. Gladstone's adult handwriting? I cannot match these gestures in vigour and energy with those of any other man except Prince Bismarck, and of Cromwell in his prime.

Is a strong—nay—a passionate nature one of the qualities of this great fighting man? How does a strong, earnest man often disclose himself by gesture alone—by gesture which will reinforce or even effectually take the place of spoken words? Is it not by the emphasis of nerve-muscular action that we judge a strong emotional side of a man? An earnest voice, a deep eye as compared with a shallow glance, a strong hand-gesture as contrasted with lax movement, will often show to us such a trait. Now look at the incisive and clearly-traced writing with its deeply-cut strokes—they are the actions of a man who is thoroughly in earnest and whose nature is fiery and strong; no cynic, no insincere or shallow man can write in the way now mentioned. Had I the space, I would ask you to compare a letter written by Charles II. with the splendid writing of No. 23. And note this: strong as these movements are, they are held in thorough control; it is not until we reach the later specimens that some want of control over the strong nature is evidenced by the writing, which is also caused to be more irregular by defective sight.

Another point about this writing is the attention that is given to detail. The *i*'s are dotted, the *t*'s are crossed, the punctuation and arrangement of the writing are careful. These things show order and attention. See, too, how frequently Mr. Gladstone has placed a little separate stroke at the top of the small *r*, in order to show


92 P. VIRGILII MARON. &c. 539-542

Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
Inpositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.
Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor;
Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

NO. 3.—WRITTEN 1822—1827.
(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)
A page of the "Virgil" annotated by Mr. Gladstone when at Eton.

that it is an *r*. This may be seen in No. 6 (*Parsonage*), in No. 7 (*spare*), in No. 8 (*understand, presuming, urge*), in No. 9 (*dear*), in No. 11 (*sincerely*); and even as late as No. 30 (*character, your, yourself*) there is the same peculiarity, which, small and apparently insignificant as it is, has yet some real significance—for this is a little bit of evidence of deliberate care and fastidiousness that no careless or slovenly man can show in his writing. The boy showed the same carefulness; turn back to No. 3, which time has made indistinct, and there is much evidence of a fastidious precision and care. The Eton scholar wrote at the bottom of No. 3, "How to be reconciled?" and this is why the question was written. The boy wished to know how Virgil could reconcile two contradictory statements occurring in the 1st Georgic, line 125, and the 2nd Georgic, line 513; in the former the poet states that before the time of Jupiter, in the Saturnian age, agriculture was not in use, being unnecessary for the production of crops; whereas, in the latter quotation, the rustic of the Saturnian age is represented as turning the soil with his curved ploughshare. "How to be reconciled?" asked Gladstone

Mr Jelf rose to move for a new cloth for the table
Mr Gladstone seconded the motion. & suggested to the Hon
Mover the addition of a Book Case by way of Amendment
Mr Jelf was most willing to adopt the Amendment
The motion, with the amendment, was put & carried.
nem. dis

Ballots.

Mr Gladstone proposed Mr Chisholm, ma. Elected. Two bl. balls. {Hear, Hear
Mr Hamilton ------ Mr Scarlett, ma. Elected. One bl. ball. (Cheers.)
Mr Taunton withdrew his notice.
Mr Sanders moved & Dl. Bruce seconded the Adjournment, at
1/4 past Five

President — Mr Doyle
V P. - Mr Handley.
Pro V P W. E Gladstone

Absent {Mr Rogers (first call)
Mr Sanders during
part of the debate, with Dr Keate

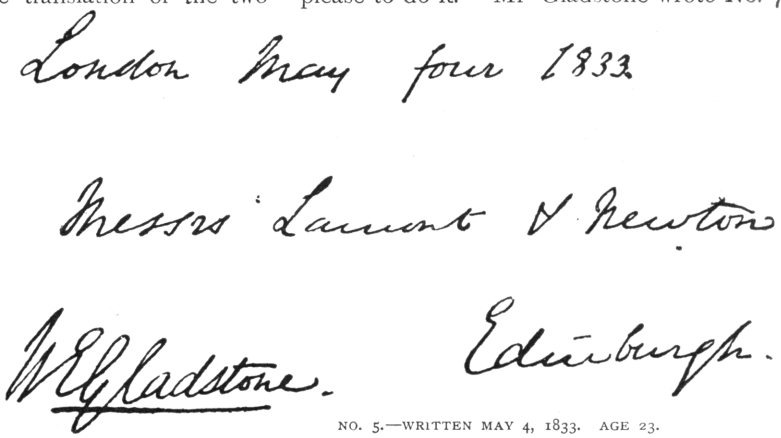
Vivat Rex!

NO. 4.—WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1827. AGE 17. *(Lent by the President (1894) of the Eton Society.)*

A page from the Journal of "Pop." This was all written by Mr. Gladstone as Pro-Vice-President of the Debate, which took place on the 20th October, 1827. The meeting was held over Miss Hatton's "sock-shop," the question for debate being: "Was Cæsar Justified in Passing the Rubicon?"

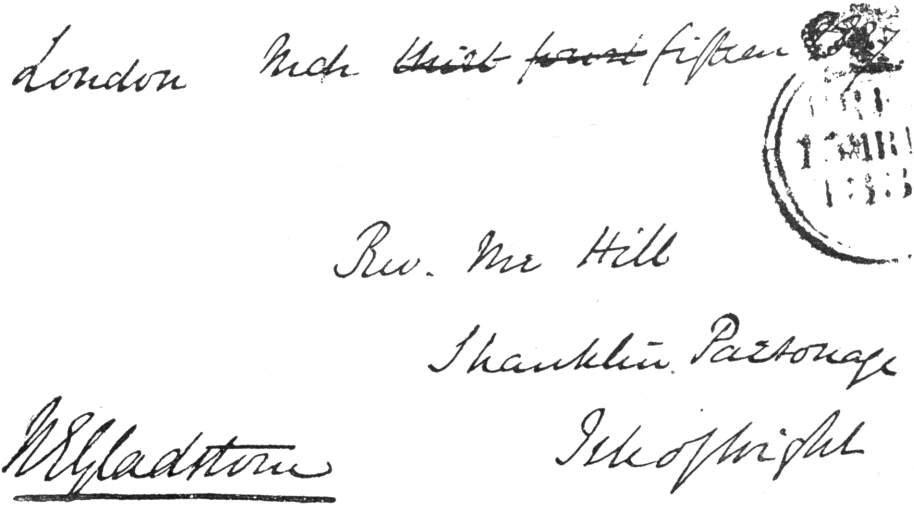
minor. When, at the top of No. 3, he wrote, "Infer the poverty of Virgil's imagination from the union of these metaphors," Gladstone minor made a slip, despite his care, for *æquor* here means "level surface" and not "sea," as the youth seems to have supposed. There is only one metaphor used, viz., that of a race-course, and the translation of the two printed lines marked by young Gladstone is as follows: "But we have covered a large surface in the lists (race-course), and now it is time to loose the steaming necks of the steeds." Thus, Virgil did not commit the error attributed to him of faulty metaphors, confusing horses and sea.

By the way, is it not curious even to think of Mr. Gladstone ever having been Gladstone *minor?* A line worth noting occurs in No. 4: "Mr. Gladstone seconded the motion, and suggested to the Hon. Mover the addition of a Book Case by way of Amendment." As touching on Mr. Gladstone's love for books, I may point out that No. 19 was written to a bookseller: "Please to send me the marked lots as usual"; and that No. 32 refers to the removal of books from Downing Street when Lord Rosebery recently succeeded Mr. Gladstone. The words in No. 4, "Absent. Mr. Sanders during part of the debate, with *Dr. Keate*," suggest a *mauvais quart d'heure* for Mr. Sanders, as Dr. Keate was the head master of Eton, and was known as the "terrific" Dr. Keate. The letter from which No. 19 has been taken said, with reference to the books ordered, "if any require 'doing up' please to do it." Mr Gladstone wrote No. 7



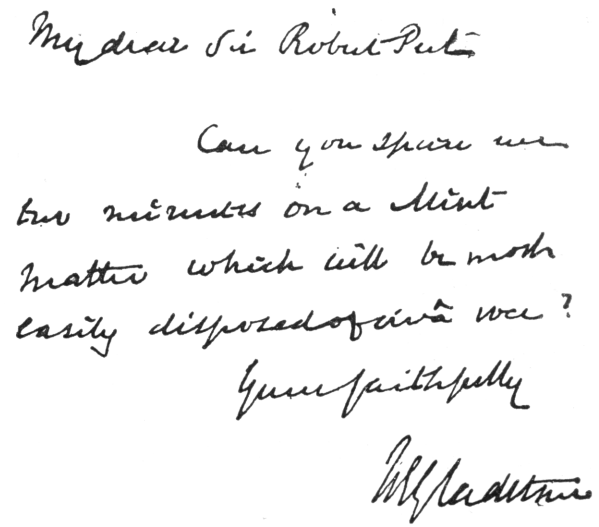
NO. 5.—WRITTEN MAY 4, 1833. AGE 23.

at the Board of Trade. It was sent by hand to Sir Robert Peel, who returned it, writing on the back: "My dear Gladstone, I shall be very glad to see you *now* on Mint matter, and then to fix a time to see you on some other matters.—R. P." This specimen shows very plainly—as, indeed, do nearly all the others—the habit of clearly spacing-out the words in a line of writing, and the lines of writing in a letter: there is no confusion or entanglement of the upstrokes of one line with the downstrokes of an adjacent line—for the reason that a man whose mind works



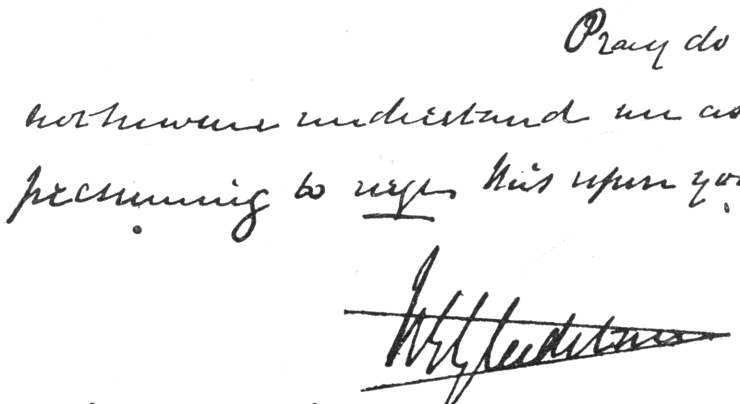
NO. 6.—WRITTEN MARCH 15, 1837. AGE 27.

clearly and with precision, almost unconsciously performs all his actions with clearness and precision of method; he can only confuse and entangle his handwriting under exceptional circumstances, such, for example, as great agitation, illness, defective sight, etc. On the other hand, it is usually the case that persons who are not in the habit of forming clear and distinctive ideas upon the various sensations conveyed to the brain, also show in the choice and arrangement of spoken words a more or less marked degree of confusion and of want of lucidity, and the handwriting of such persons is remarkable for the lack of a proper spacing-out of the words or of the lines of words on a page of manuscript; frequently, the down-strokes of one line will be confused and intermingled with the upstrokes of the line below. A man who thinks clearly and with precision avoids all such confusion in his writing, even when circumstances cause him to write much on a small piece of paper—he merely varies the size of his writing, and thus preserves a clear differentiation of the symbols used in the act, a procedure which is in itself evidence of an intelligent adaptability to circumstances. For an illustration of this point compare Nos. 23 and 28, and notice how the confusion of gesture now alluded to is absent from every specimen on these pages, even from No. 32, which was written when eyesight was seriously defective. In fact, the letter from which No. 32 has been copied contains these words: "I hope, however, to reach Victoria on Wednesday, at eleven, and see Nettleship at 12"—this statement referred to Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to the oculist. This feature of lucidity, and the great attention to detail already noticed in the writing, show a marked capacity for exactness in thought, rigorous definition, and fastidiousness in the choice and arrangement of words made use of to express thought—although, as has been stated, such expression is sometimes purposely obscured and rendered vague for the reason pointed out when I referred to the signature of No. 8 as illustrating finesse and a subtle mind.



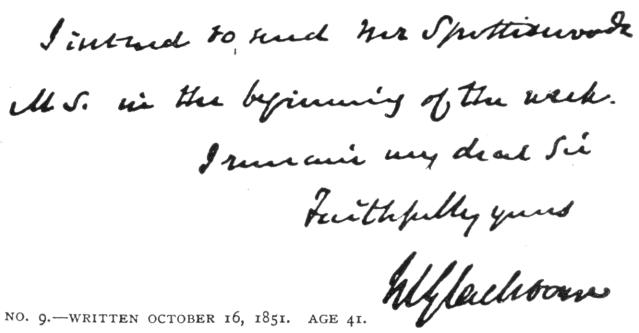
NO. 7.—WRITTEN JANUARY 17, 1844. AGE 34.

The entire absence of pretension that is so strongly evidenced by the handwriting of Mr. Gladstone is also illustrated by the wording of many of his letters. No. 8 is taken from a long letter full of careful and precise advice to a relative; the reasons for a certain line of action are set out with the most painstaking detail, and then comes the sentence facsimiled: "Pray do not, however, understand me as presuming to *urge* this upon you." Look also at the simple and considerate statement in No. 10: "do not let any one wait beyond usual



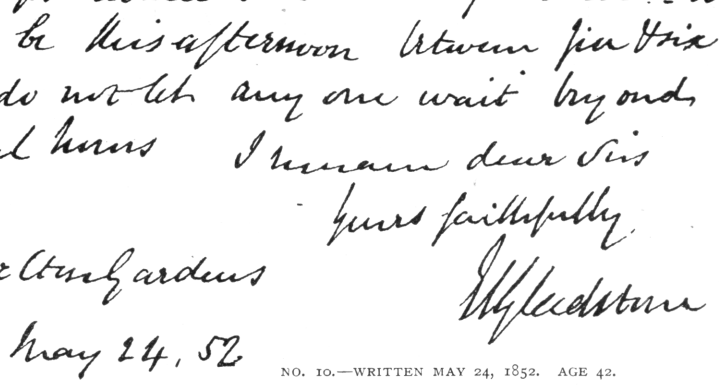
NO. 8.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 21, 1847. AGE 37.
For the explanation of the two lines drawn through this signature, see page 74.

hours"; and at No. 11, which contains the first announcement of Mr. Gladstone's famous work on Homer. Can anything be more graciously simple than No. 12, both as regards the wording and the gesture which clothes the words? And No. 13, which is a fine specimen of simple, unpretentious movement, says: "If you have a mind to mention to your Editor a classical article for the Quarterly, I think I could write one." It is curious to observe



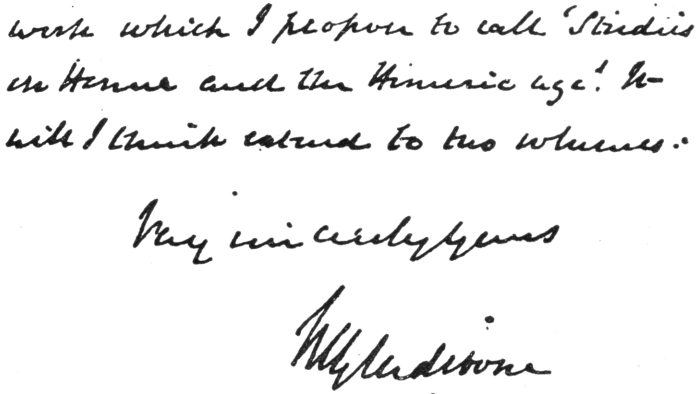
NO. 9.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 16, 1851. AGE 41.

have already laid stress upon the sincerity and conscientiousness that are shown in this writing, the absence of pretension has just been illustrated, and yet I am now pointing out an imperiousness which some may consider contradictory to the previous statements. But this is not the case. The writer of gestures such as these must be aware of his own superiority; he is, as I have shown, a man of strong convictions and earnest nature, and I explain the



NO. 10.—WRITTEN MAY 24, 1852. AGE 42.

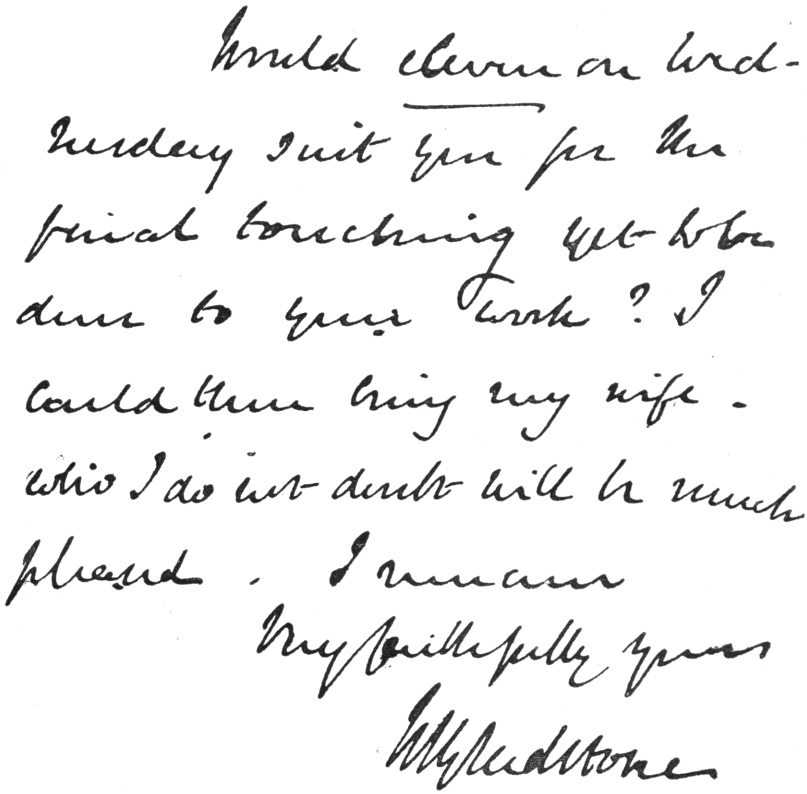
the utter want of anything like pretension or conceit in this handwriting, and then to notice side by side with this trait of character a pronounced — I had almost written a reckless — imperiousness of temper. This latter trait comes out in the vehement and sustained "rush" of the handwriting across the paper, in its strong and rather ascendant movement, in the heavy downstrokes, which sometimes end with a significant little angular hook, and in the rigid commencing strokes of the signature, which are often carried up much higher than the strokes which follow them. I



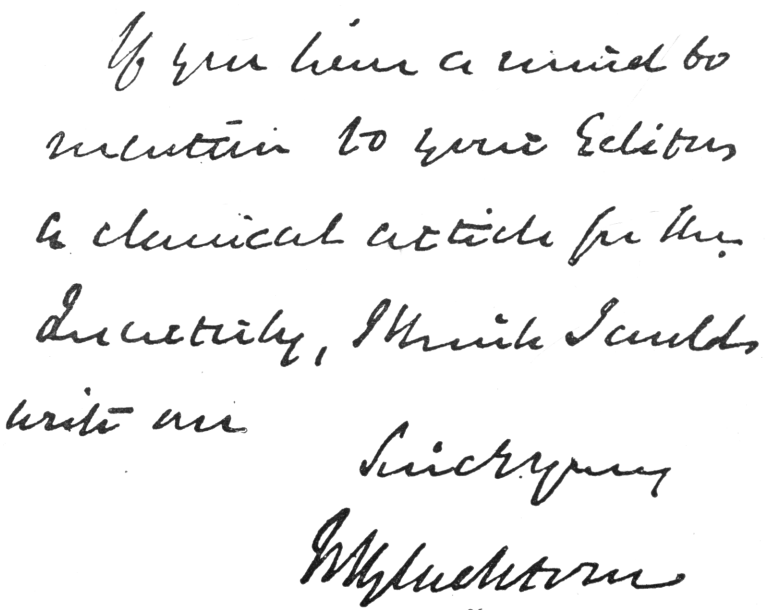
NO. 11.—WRITTEN JANUARY 7, 1857. AGE 47.
The first announcement of Mr. Gladstone's work on Homer.

existence of this vehement imperiousness of gesture by the fact that Mr. Gladstone has probably a deeply-rooted, sincere, and conscientious conviction that what he does and thinks is right and true—it is not possible, in the presence of the fine traits noticed, to ascribe this imperiousness to a mere personal vanity and love of power.

No. 14 shows the two ends of a slip of paper, similar to those now used, that was placed inside a locked despatch-box sent by Mr. Gladstone to his private secretary, Mr. West. When the House is sitting you may see official messengers carrying these despatch-boxes to and fro. One end of the slip projects from the lid and shows the name of the addressee and the name of the sender of the despatch-box: when this is returned, the position of the slip in the locked box is reversed, the other end being left projecting. Notice the strong line below the signature, how it thickens and ends in a sort of club shape at its end—it is a gesture of determination and resolute force, which is again well shown, for example, in No. 18.



NO. 12.—WRITTEN NOVEMBER 30, 1861, TO MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A. AGE 51.

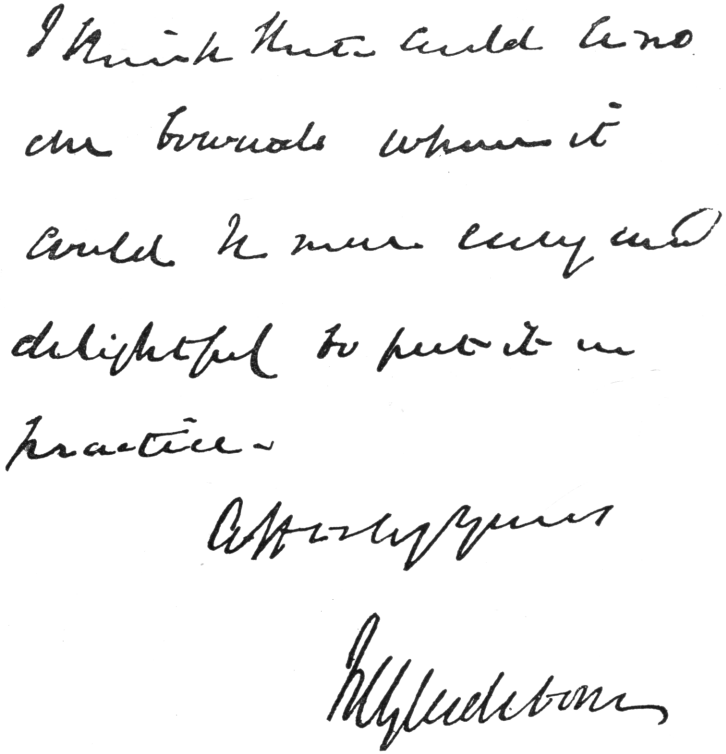


NO. 13.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 17, 1867. AGE 57.

In No. 15 there is much less of the strong angularity we have observed and do observe in many of the other speci-

mens. Notice the more curved form of the final strokes of the words in No. 15 as compared with the vigorous angles of many other illustrations: for example, the *e* of *one*, the *t* of *it*, the *d* of *could*, the *l* of *delightful*, the *e* of *Gladstone*, etc. The words of this facsimile, "I think there could be no one towards whom it could be more easy and delightful to put it in practice," are taken from a very splendid letter in which the writer referred to the exercise of the "virtue of forgiveness." The graciousness of the words is matched by the graciousness of their gesture, and we do not need to be very observant to know that kindly and gracious acts are usually accompanied in their expression by pliant and gentle movements, rather than by abrupt and angular bodily gestures. In such cases, the nerve-muscular machinery that controls the hand will impart to that also a gentler and more rounded movement. This is specially true when a man of sensibility and feeling acts upon the impulse of kind feelings. We here touch upon another side of Mr. Gladstone's nature—his sensibility. Even a casual glance over the many facsimiles now given will show considerable variation in the handwriting, even at short intervals of time. There is variation in the slope of the writing and in the size of it, in the shape of the same letter of the alphabet; and, most marked of all, there is variation in the height of letters composing single words. All these little facts, which are plain enough when pointed out, combine to show a sensitive as contrasted with a phlegmatic and immobile temperament—and for the following reason: A calm, philosophic, unemotional man, who is guided mainly or entirely by cold processes of reason, shows little variation in his various forms of outward expression, handwriting

NO. 14.—WRITTEN IN 1869. AGE 59.
A despatch-box slip.



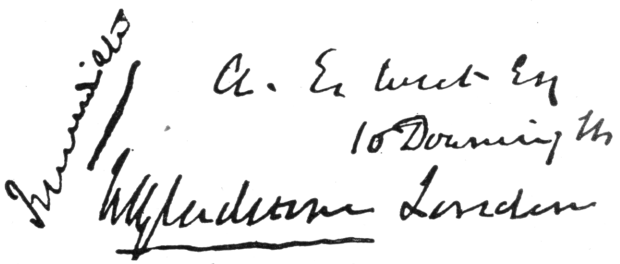
NO. 15.—WRITTEN JULY 14, 1870. AGE 60.

among the number. He may appeal to the intellect of others, but he will not stir their emotions and feelings as will a man of keen sensibility, who is also a man of great intellectual power and vivid energy and force. Such a man is Mr. Gladstone, but we may see the signs of sensibility I have now mentioned in the handwriting of many persons who show no signs of the great power which is here enhanced and rendered brilliant by this very quality of sensibility to impressions. With many men, this trait is a defect of the character, even though it lead, as it often does, to the *delicatesse* of observation and quick perception which go to make the temperament of an artist—whatever be his art.

A good contrast with No. 15 is the quick,

NO. 17.—WRITTEN DECEMBER 28, 1871. AGE 61.

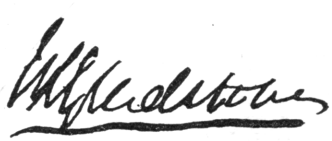
impetuous movement of No. 16. Here, nearly every stroke combines with another to form an acute angle—a sufficiently plain example for the observant reader of how the movements of a sensitive man vary with his mental state. Again, it has been noticed that when we write under the impulse of strong affection for the person addressed, our writing slopes more to the right hand, more away from a vertical position than when we write a letter upon some business matter to a person about whom we care nothing. No. 17 illustrates this, for it slopes very considerably, and it was written to a person to whom Mr. Gladstone is deeply attached. Of course, I speak of free and natural gesture in writing, because handwriting is not free and natural gesture when a writer deliberately cultivates a special style of writing, such, for example, as that of a Civil Service candidate, who may spend six months in de-naturalizing his own handwriting in order



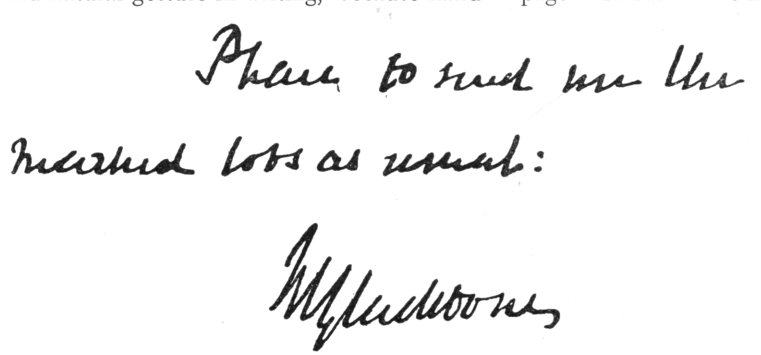
NO. 16.—WRITTEN IN 1871. AGE 61.

to acquire the conventional style that his examiners may require from him. Quite recently, a letter of this sort was submitted to me, and at once rejected as faulty data upon which to base an opinion, simply because the gesture of it was obviously studied and non-natural.

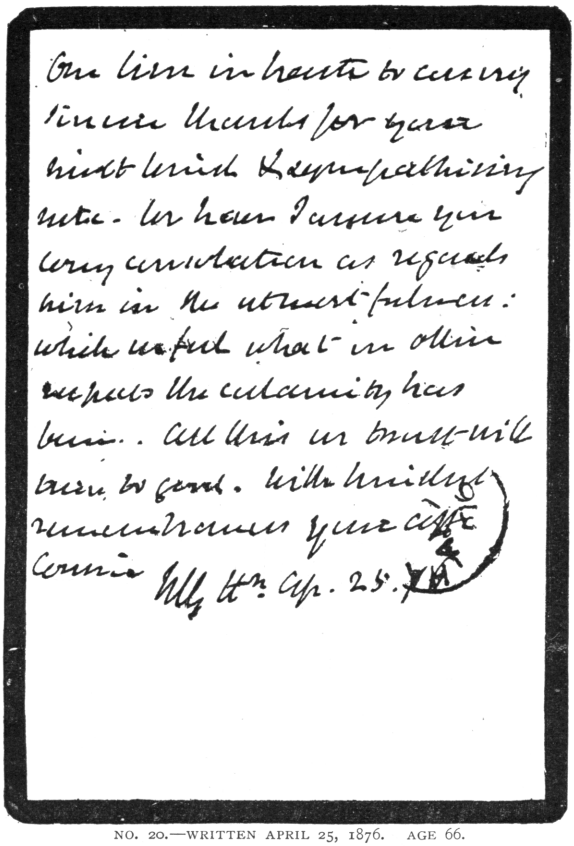
One of the ways in which Mr. Gladstone shows his extraordinary energy and ardour is the almost constantly ascendant movement of his writing upon the paper—his signature especially. To maintain this peculiarity through the seventy-two years of his life that are now under analysis is an altogether abnormal instance of vitality and force. Examine your own writing when you write under conditions of mental depression or bodily fatigue, and note how the words in a line tend to droop below the horizontal level from which each starts, and how the lines of writing will often descend towards the right hand of the page. In No. 20 we have one of the very few instances, out of a large number of specimens, where even Mr. Gladstone's writing droops. Inspection of this facsimile of a black-edged post-card will show that numerous words drop down, and that the "W. E. G." at the end shows the same abatement of ardour. This was



NO. 18.—WRITTEN IN 1873. AGE 63.



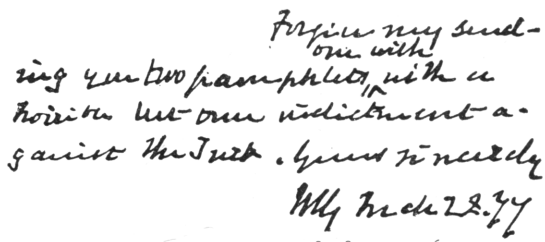
NO. 19.—WRITTEN IN 1874. AGE 64.



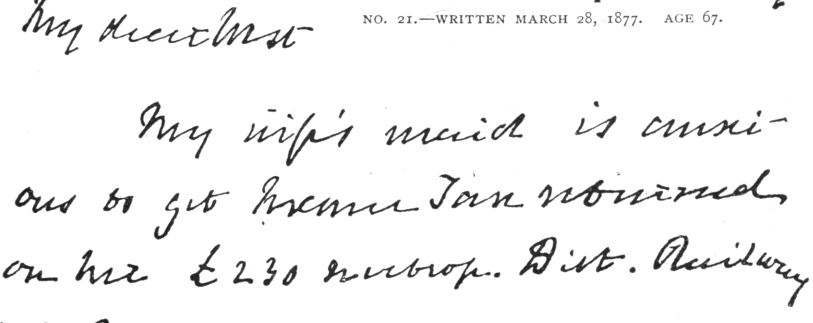
NO. 20.—WRITTEN APRIL 25, 1876. AGE 66.

written under sad circumstances. If we wish to see how deep feeling, emotion, or agitation will sometimes cause us to unnecessarily repeat our written as well as our spoken words, we can look at No. 21, which says: "Forgive my sending you two pamphlets, one with with a horrible but true indictment against the Turk." We may also compare the agitated movement of No. 21 with the much calmer and very different gesture of No. 22, which was written to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, asking him to see about the return of Income-tax to a maid of Mrs. Gladstone's.

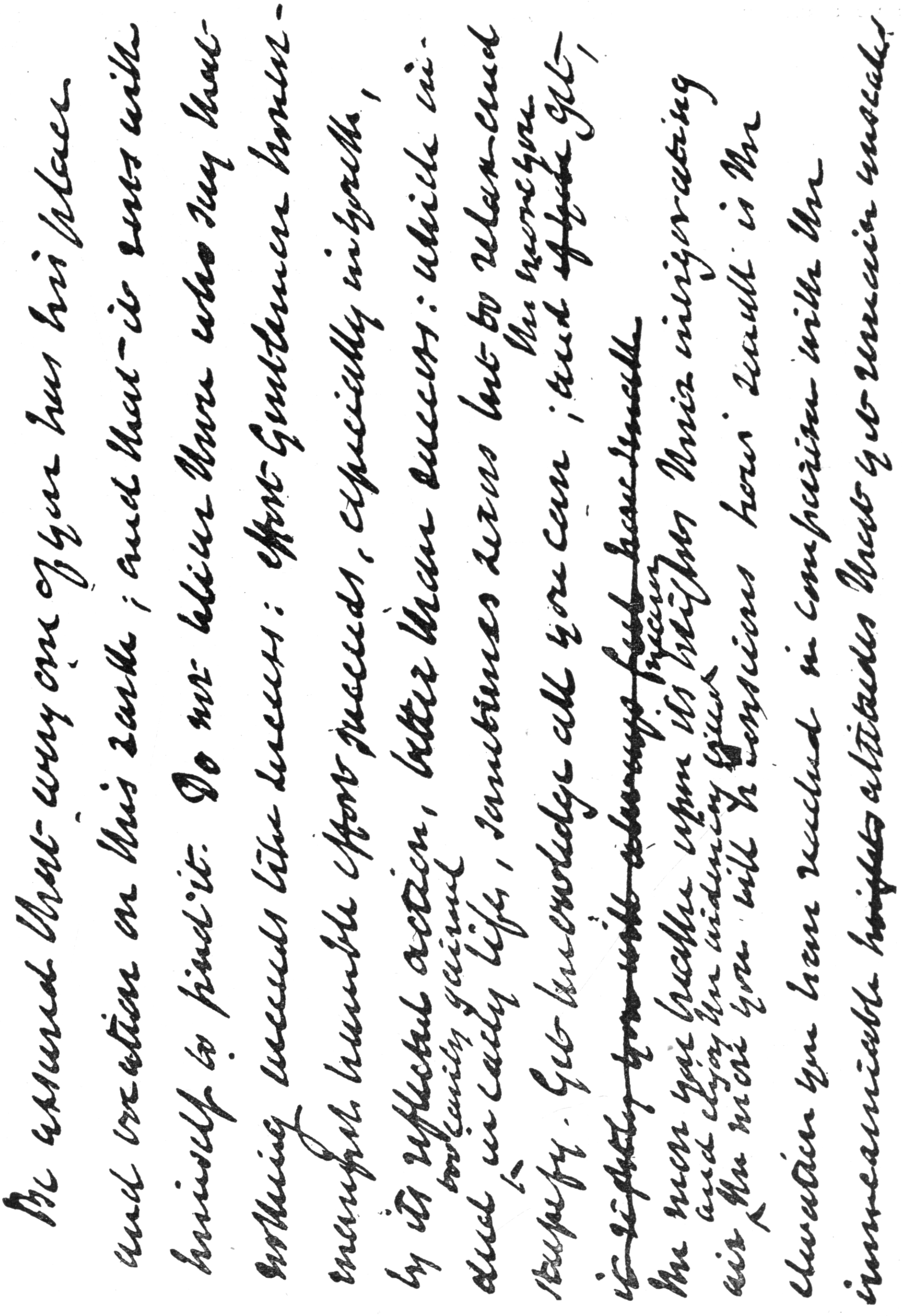
Very different is No. 23 from either No. 21 or No. 22, which have just been referred to. In this splendidly simple and vigorous piece of movement, which, to the sensitized eye, seems to diffuse courage and manful action as much by its black and white tracing as by the noble words it contains, we have as plain a piece of evidence as we could wish to see of the noble simplicity, integrity, and fiery earnestness of Gladstone the man. Nearly every line runs straight across the paper—there is scarcely any of the undulating direction of the lines which has been cited as evidence of the politician's subtlety—the strokes are all firm, strong, and simple. Mr. Gladstone was speaking right from his heart when he wrote these lines, and the words which follow those facsimiled are: "Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. And may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labours with reward." So long as the page of handwriting shown in No. 23 remains in existence, so long will there exist for future biographers indisputable evidence of the great and noble



NO. 21.—WRITTEN MARCH 28, 1877. AGE 67.



NO. 22.—WRITTEN MARCH 24, 1879. AGE 69.



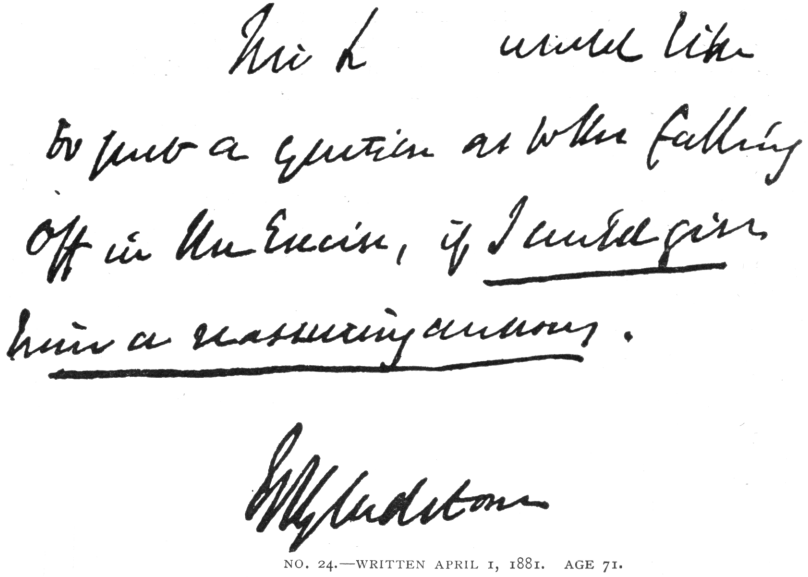
Be assured that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth; and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who say that nothing succeeds like success: effort Gentlemen honest manful humble effort succeeds, especially in youth, by its reflected action, better than success: which indeed too easily gained in early life, sometimes serves but to relax and stupefy. Get knowledge all you can; and the more you ~~if you~~ get, ~~it rightly you will always feel how small~~ the more you breathe upon its higher regions this invigorating air and enjoy the widening view the more you will be conscious how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with the immeasurable ~~heights~~ altitudes that yet remain unscaled.

NO. 23.—WRITTEN IN 1879. AGE 69.
A page of Mr. Gladstone's Rectorial Address to the Students in Glasgow University.

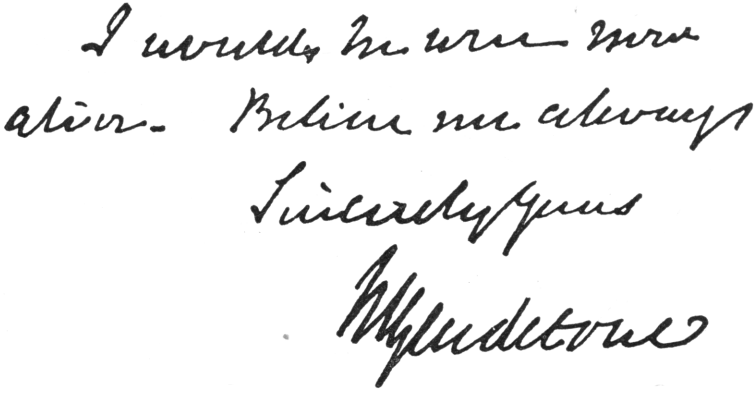
qualities possessed by Mr. Gladstone—the more so because this study of gesture is advancing in the estimation of men who observe carefully and who reflect cautiously upon what they see.

To those who can catch the spirit of this interesting study there will come something like a revulsion of feeling when they look at No. 24 and then again scan No. 23. In No. 24 the politician comes out, although the letter is, of course, a perfectly proper one in the circumstances under which it was written.

Here we again see the undulating lines of writing across the page, and here is a good specimen of the undulating signature dwindling into a point. If Mr. Gladstone had tried to write his Glasgow address (No. 23) in the same kind of writing used for No. 24, he could not have written the splendid words of that address—for the reason that his mental conditions differed widely upon the two occasions. Is it not to be regretted that so many little persons with political sentimentalities will rancorously express opinions upon this or that great politician which are based, if indeed they can be said to have any base, upon a scanty and superficial survey of political actions of any kind—for who can understand the mazes and intricacies of a prominent political life? And how few are the politicians who can show to us in their recorded gestures upon paper the magnificent qualities that are here detected and exposed—the handwriting of some of these men makes me wonder at their effrontery in occupying a seat in the House of Commons, while the election of them reflects small credit upon the intelligence of their constituents, and upon the capacity of these voters for drawing even the most elementary deductions from facial expression.

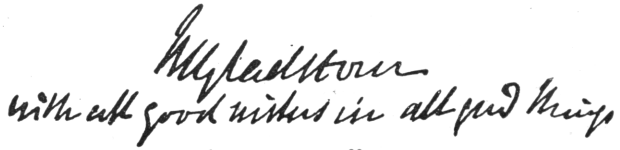


NO. 24.—WRITTEN APRIL 1, 1881. AGE 71.



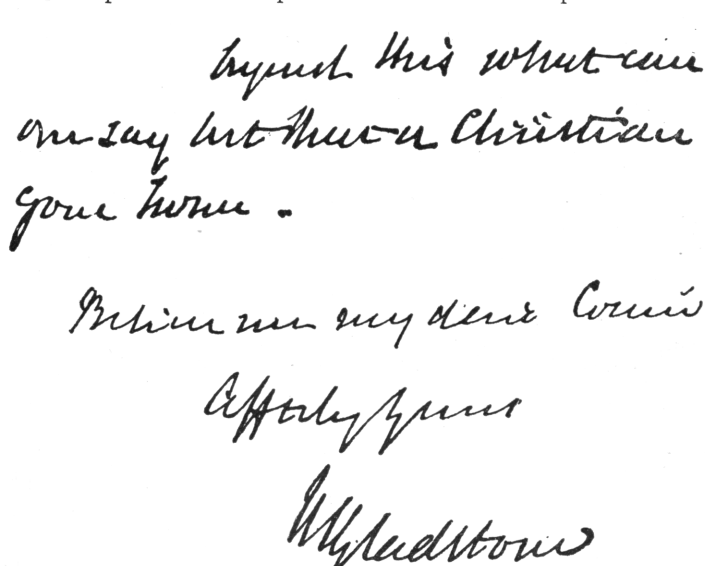
NO. 25.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 13, 1884. AGE 74.

In No. 25 we have the concluding words of a specially interesting letter that contains Mr. Gladstone's sentiments towards Edmund Burke. After writing, "Yet I venerate and almost worship him, though I can conceive its being argued that all he did for freedom, justice, religion, purity of government in other respects and in other quarters, was less than the mischief which flowed out from the Reflections," Mr. Gladstone wrote the one short sentence facsimiled, "I would he were now alive." This No. 25 is an excellent

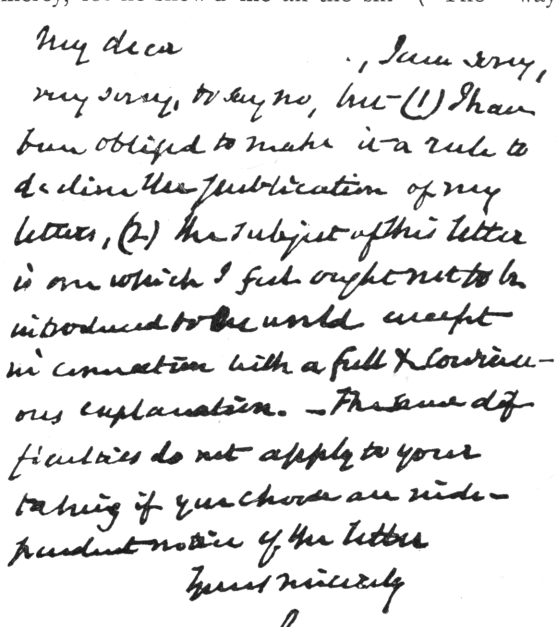


NO. 26.—WRITTEN IN 1885. AGE 75.
From a "Tennyson" Birthday-book, lent by a relative of Mr. Gladstone.

illustration of sincere, earnest, and frank gesture—observe the straight "run" of the writing, and see how the concluding letters of the signature increase in size instead of being fine-drawn down to a point. The "Tennyson" birthday-book, from which No. 26 has been taken, contains three quotations printed in the space allotted to the 29th of December. I quote the first and last of these because, curiously enough, they illustrate with approximate truth two extremes of the opinion held, as regards Mr. Gladstone, by some of his most ardent political adherents and opponents. The first quotation is, "Our noblest brother and our truest man" ("Gareth and Lynette"); the last, "He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin" ("The May Queen"). As the great majority of those who hold strong opinions in favour of or against Mr. Gladstone have probably no surer basis for their appreciation of him than the published accounts of his political words and acts, it would appear that an equally reliable way of forming such opinion lies in the chance association of this or that quotation in a printed book with the great man's name—certainly, this method would be far less troublesome in its application.



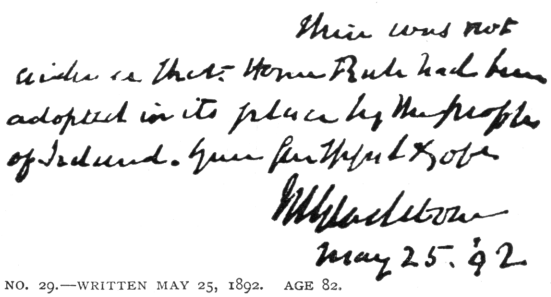
NO. 27.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 10, 1888. AGE 78.



NO. 28.—WRITTEN MARCH 25, 1891. AGE 81.

The letter from which No. 27 is copied was written in reply to one sent to Mr. Gladstone by a relative announcing the death of a kinsman: "Beyond this, what can one say but that a Christian is gone home." Simple and homely words, that illustrate the plain sincerity of their writer's religious belief. No. 28 is worth more than casual attention, and for more than one reason. In the first place, the "rule" expressed on this post-card has limited the illustrations here given to a careful selection of extracts, and has prevented the insertion of many passages of even greater interest than those now facsimiled; in the second place, the painstaking detail of No. 28 is specially noteworthy, not only as regards the words written, but also on the score of the marked attention that is given to the details of the writing—here comes in another feature of Mr. Gladstone's nature, his courtesy.

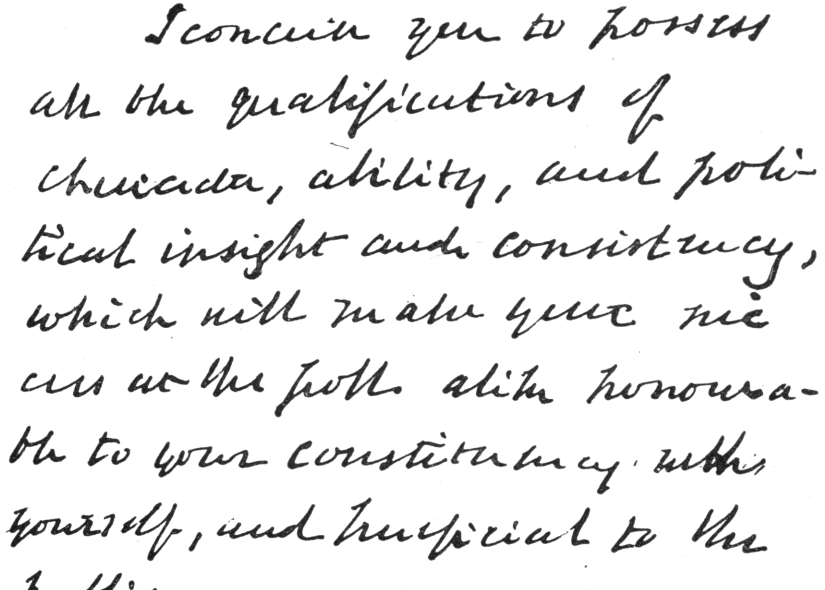
In going through a large number of his letters, etc., I have been much impressed by the courteousness of the gesture, quite apart from the wording of the letters. For when we write a letter, it is surely a mark of courtesy to give full attention to the way in which we perform that action, just as much as the numerous little courtesies of speech will proclaim the refinement and politeness of a speaker. Whether Mr. Gladstone is writing to a stranger, or sending an order to a bookseller, or writing to a personal friend, there is the same attention given to the details and arrangement of the handwriting—he cannot permit his written gestures to be slovenly and therefore wanting in proper courtesy to his correspondent. This peculiarity, the reason of which is obvious as soon as it is pointed out, might escape notice if I did not specially mention it, for many intelligent persons overlook the fact that in the act of writing each of us performs that act in our own individualistic way—a courteous man will employ courteous nerve-muscular movements, and a slovenly and impolite man will take no more heed of the little courtesies shown in handwriting than he will of the polite details of speech. A point like this serves as a simple and sufficiently good illustration of the reasoning processes which may be usefully employed in this study of gesture: it will probably appeal to those who can recognise that facts entirely overlooked, or which are regarded as being of small account by ordinary observers, are really of great moment in their special provinces—it will probably not appeal to those who attach no weight to facts unless they are presented to their consciousness by the ton weight or by the square acre.



NO. 29.—WRITTEN MAY 25, 1892. AGE 82.

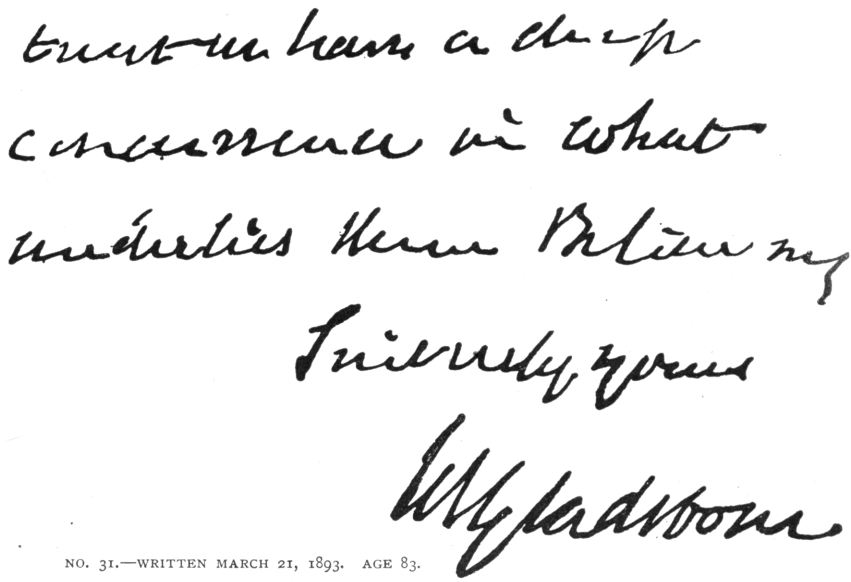
An article upon Mr. Gladstone—even a non-political one—could, perhaps, scarcely be regarded as complete without some reference to Home Rule, so, in No. 29, I give part of a post-card, written prior to the general election of 1892, that contains a statement by Mr. Gladstone about Home Rule and "the people of Ireland." No. 30 also relates to political matters, and must have been pleasant reading to the receiver of this letter, especially as he probably attached no importance to the droop below their horizontal level of many words in this specimen—even if he noticed this unusual peculiarity in Mr. Gladstone's writing, which smacks of weariness and fatigue, that we are not surprised to notice when we consider how many letters similar to No. 30 were, almost of necessity, written at the stated time by this aged leader of men.

I am not permitted to give the text of the letter from which No. 31 has been extracted, nor can the name be mentioned of the person

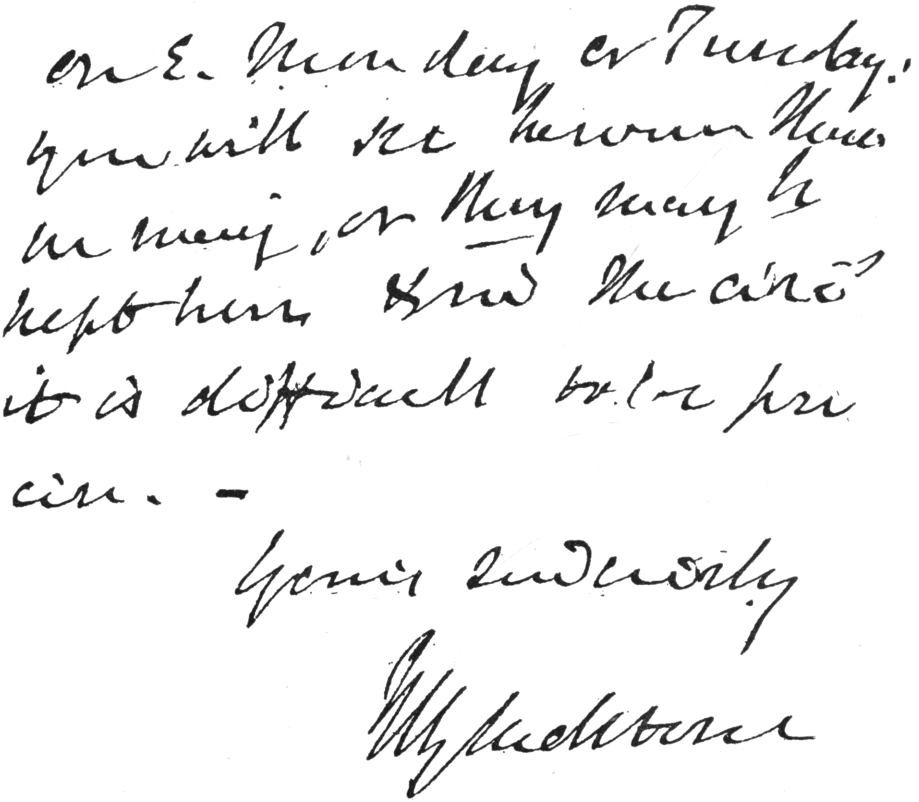


NO. 30.—WRITTEN JUNE 14, 1892, TO A CANDIDATE FOR A SEAT AT THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION. AGE 82.

to whom it was written. It must suffice to say that the last sentence, part of which is shown, ran: "This is all the more kind because we do not altogether agree in matters of opinion, although I trust we have a deep concurrence in what underlies them." Here again is the fine signature, larger than preceding ones, perhaps because of eye-trouble, but with the end of the signature as large or larger than the other non-capital letters of it. The whole of this writing is a wonderful piece of movement, in its earnest vigour, to come from the hand of a man aged 83–84—despite certain irregularities which may have been



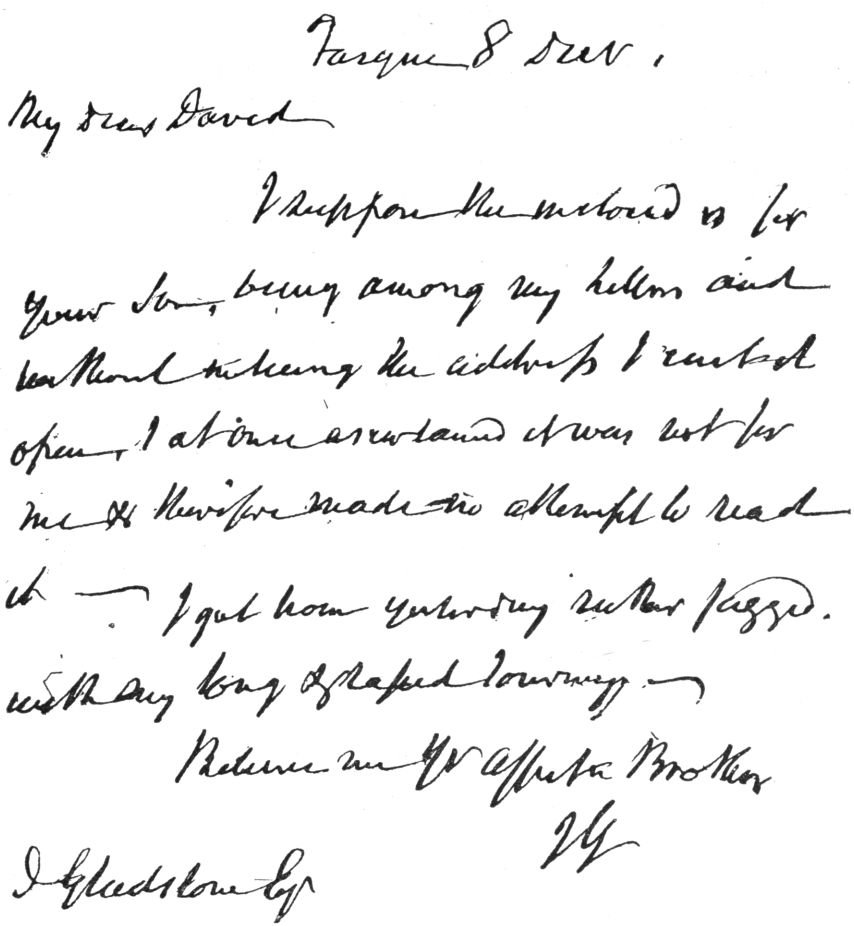
NO. 31.—WRITTEN MARCH 21, 1893. AGE 83.



NO. 32.—WRITTEN MARCH 19, 1894, FROM LION MANSION, BRIGHTON. AGE 84-85.

caused by defective sight as well as by the emotional feeling expressed in the letter: genuine and deep feeling is often a sad disturber of regularity in handwriting, as it is, indeed, in speech and in other modes of expression.

Not the least remarkable of the pieces of Mr. Gladstone's writing that we have here is that given in No. 32. It was written two or three days before the oculist consulted by Mr. Gladstone gave his recent opinion upon his patient's eyesight. Although many individual strokes are here indistinctly defined —owing to the infirmity mentioned—there is no confusion between word and word, or between line and line of the letter. The clear-thinking, precise, and fastidiously courteous mind triumphs over grave physical trouble, backed up and invigorated as it is by the splendid energy of the man. Look at the signature of No. 32, straight, firm, and powerful; with an upward movement instead of the droop that might so well be expected in the signatures of smaller men in similar circumstances—there is but one slight defect at the top of the *W*. Not only did this letter refer to an appointment with the oculist on the 21st of March, but it mentioned the illness of Mrs. Gladstone, and said: "Our little grandchild has the beginnings of what will probably be declared measles or whooping-cough." Notwithstanding the illness of those dear to Mr. Gladstone, despite his own illness and trouble, he goes on to mention details about "some book-clearing-out business for Thursday morning" at Downing Street. The portion facsimiled relates to the moving of these books, the last words being: "and in the circumstances it is difficult to be precise." The first words of this letter are: "The stars seem rather to fight against us." If no other act of Mr. Gladstone, except the gesture of this letter, existed to prove his splendid courage, this facsimile alone would furnish ample proof of it.



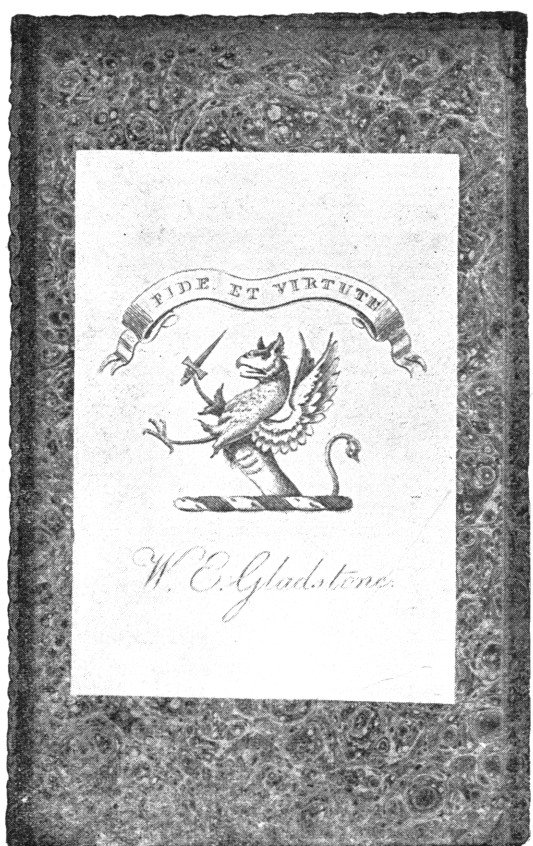
LETTER BY MR. GLADSTONE'S FATHER.

A letter written by Sir John Gladstone, Bart., on December 8th, 1847, at the age of eighty-three. In this facsimile there is a general likeness to the handwriting of Mr. Gladstone, and there is a particular correspondence as regards the forceful energy, marked simplicity, and the clear "spacing-out" of the written gestures of both father and son. The extreme angularity of Sir John Gladstone's handwriting runs almost into harshness—certainly it shows a stern and imperious nature—while the graciousness that comes out in Mr. Gladstone's writing is not so apparent in this specimen of his father's gesture.

We have answered the questions with which we started, and now for a word of explanation blended with an apology—if such be needed—for plain speech. In these sketches of character based upon written ges-

ture it is perhaps to be preferred that the subjects chosen for them should be of a generation prior to our own. I have analyzed the writing on these pages by the light that many years' study of one branch of psycho-physiology ought to give to a student, and, while preserving the respect that is due to my subject, I have striven to maintain the fidelity that must be preserved in the exercise of my art. In most cases, the reasons for this or that piece of deductive reasoning have been given side by side with the deduction stated—but it has, of course, been impossible to give in a magazine article all the detail of explanation and of demonstration that I have given elsewhere. "Handwriting and Expression," Kegan Paul, 1892. The basis and the method of this study of gesture should appeal to any sound intellect, but its accurate practice as an art cannot be undertaken by those who have not completely studied the data upon which the scientific theory is based.

For the concluding illustration, let us place close to the old man's letter, written on March 19th, 1894, a facsimile of the inside cover of the boy's "Virgil," used at Eton in March, 1822, which shows the Gladstone crest and the Gladstone motto: *Fide et Virtute*—for has not this *man* among men as just a right to have this motto placed close to him in his old age, as had the valorous and pure-minded scholar—who turned his glass upside down and refused to drink a coarse toast proposed, and who, at Eton Fair, championed some pigs that were being tormented by his school-fellows, offering in response to their banter to write his reply "in good round hand upon their faces"—a justly-earned right, even then, to paste this book-plate in his "Virgil" as a guiding star to him throughout his future life?



NO. 33.—INSIDE COVER OF "VIRGIL."
(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)
The inside of the cover of his "Virgil" used at Eton, showing Mr. Gladstone's crest and motto.

NOTE.—I express gratitude for valuable aid as regards the loan of MSS., letters, etc., to Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. David Gladstone, Mrs. Bennett, of Aigle, Switzerland, Archdeacon Denison, Mr. W. S. Holt, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., Mr. Sidney Harvey, Mr. John Murray, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, Mr. F. Warre Cornish, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton, M. J. Crépieux-Jamin, of Rouen, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. G. H. Murray, C.B., of No. 10 Downing Street, the President (1894) of the Eton Society, The Graphological Society of Paris, Mr. Arthur Nash, of Exeter College, Oxford, and to Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 50B, New Street, Birmingham, who very kindly placed their large collection at my service.—J.H.S.

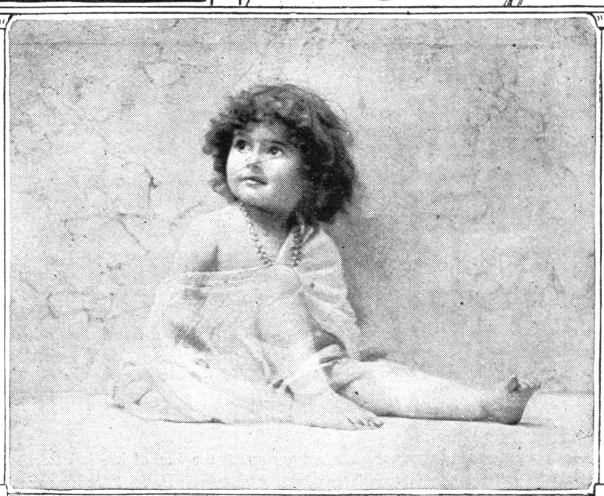
Beauties :—Children.

From a Photo. by A. & W. Millard, Norwich.

NELLIE BATES

Esmeè Vallerie de Vere Verey.

From a Photograph.



Gundred Iris de Haga Haig

From a Photo. by Spink, Brighton.

From a Photo. by F. Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.

DORA BARTON.

AGNES BIRDWOOD.

FLOSSIE PERRY.

JEANNIE HERRIES.

From a Photo. by Barraud, Ltd., Oxford Street.

From a Photo. by Auty, Tynemouth.

From a Photo. by F. Brown, Leicester.

The Khedive of Egypt.

By Stuart Cumberland.

HIS HIGHNESS ABBAS II., whose visit to England will increase the popular interest in his personality, is a very different man from the ordinary type of Oriental Sovereign. He has none of his religious bigotry, his narrowness of thought, or ignorance of the outside world, its people and its languages. On the contrary, he is a man of considerable enlightenment, speaks several languages fluently, has visited many European countries, and is now seeking to draft on to the Egyptian system such of the European institutions as he considers suitable for his country.

Whilst the Khedive Abbas is, and has for some time past been, about the most-discussed ruler the world takes cognizance of, he is at the same time the most misunderstood. To the public eye he is a stubborn, stiff-necked Oriental with the wilfulness of youth, fanatical in his hatred of England and the English, and, as a ruler, uncompromisingly despotic in his instincts. This view of him has been arrived at through the telegraphic fiction which malice and political exigencies have caused to be given to the world.

It is time the public saw the other side of the picture; that His Highness should be depicted as he really is, and not as he has been most falsely represented to be.

A young man, called to rule at an age when most Europeans have scarcely begun to seriously consider the question of the battle of life; full of energy, pluck, and ambition; possessed of an indomitable will, impatient of restraint, and anxious to be up and doing. Such was Khedive Abbas II. when he was called to the Khedivial throne — a throne which had been graced with the most amiable, the most easy-going ruler Egypt has ever known.

From a Photo. by] THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT. *[Heyman, Cairo.*

I first saw His Highness when the much-made-of crisis was at its height, when I was assured that I, as an Englishman—so great was His Highness's hatred of everything English—would receive no sort of consideration at his hands. As it happened, His Highness received me most cordially, and on this and subsequent occasions I had ample opportunity of closely studying him.

In manner His Highness strikes one at first as being somewhat cold—the coldness of Oriental reserve tempered with not a little natural shyness. But this reserve once broken, quite another man unfolds himself before one. His frank, pleasing countenance lights up with almost European vivacity, the half-mistrustful, questioning look in his eyes gives place to a look of confidence; he converses brightly, intelligently, seizes a point with marked quickness, and is most ready with his replies. For one so young his general knowledge and insight into things are really remarkable. He has a high opinion of his dignity, and the training he received at the strictest Court in Europe —that of Austria—has left a strong impression upon him. The officials, who under the easy-going régime of his father had such an easy time of it, find him a somewhat severe disciplinarian, but no one can honestly question his sense of justice.

Since his coming to the throne he has made many radical changes at the palace. In the old days people used to drop in, much after the fashion of dropping in at a club, under the pretext of State affairs, to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes with the officials. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, however, for Khedive Abbas emphatically declared at the outset that he would not have his palace turned into a Viennese *café*; so to-day free coffee, free smokes, officially speaking, are "off" at the Abdin Palace; the inevitable gossip, minus the smokes and

From a] PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

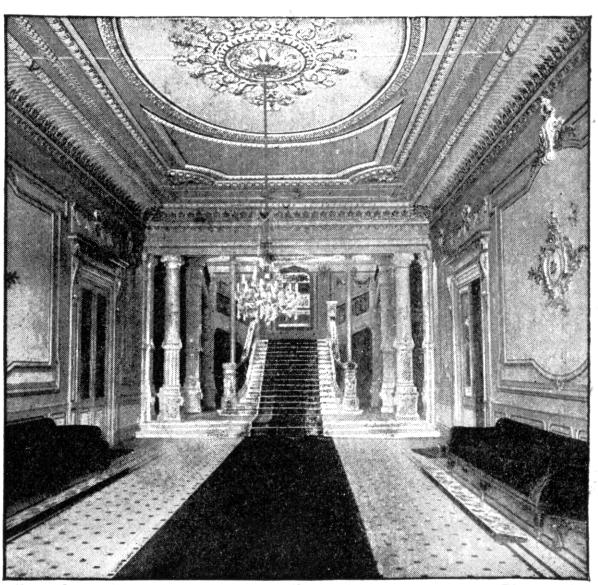
There is much solemnity attached to the display of respect on the part of those surrounding the Khedive. To the European mind it at first seems strange to see grave and learned seniors practically abase themselves with their low bow and humbly clasped hands in the Khedivial presence; but it is not long before one sees that it is more than a mere matter of form; usage requires it, but it has its origin in the Oriental reverence of rank and power. Between the ruler and the ruled there is a wide gulf which, in this world at least, is not to be bridged over, and, as a being apart as it were, deep obeisance towards the ruler on the part of the ruled is the natural outcome of the situation.

the drinks, is, however, still on—very much on. The most exacting Khedive in the world could not, I fear, stay the gossiping tongue of an Egyptian official short of cutting off his head. The Abdin Palace, I may mention, is the official palace, in Cairo. It is a straggling, although somewhat striking, structure in pink and white. It has a really magnificent staircase, a romantic conservatory, and a gorgeous State reception-room, picked out in white and gold.

Khedive Tewfik was not a great stickler for forms and ceremony, but there is nothing that the present Khedive is so particular about as the manner in which those no matter how highly placed conduct themselves in his presence, any relaxation of the prescribed form of respect meeting with severe condemnation at his hands. His Highness's look of indignation when a certain European official presumed to cross his legs whilst seated in his presence will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

At the reception which His Highness did me the honour of extending me at the Abdin Palace (in the State reception-room), I was much struck by the great deference paid him by his Ministers. They know only too well that, like the heroine in Rider Haggard's fantastical romance, he is one who must be obeyed, and, outwardly at least, their obedience is unquestionable.

It is asserted in European official quarters in Cairo that the Khedive is much given to treating his Ministers as if they were children. True it is that he imposes his will upon them, and they, as I have pointed out, show him every deference; but as to treating them as children, that is another matter. Undoubtedly, His Highness, with his indomitable will, quickness of thought, and activity of purpose, is at times a little impatient of the circumlocution attached to Ministerial deliberations,

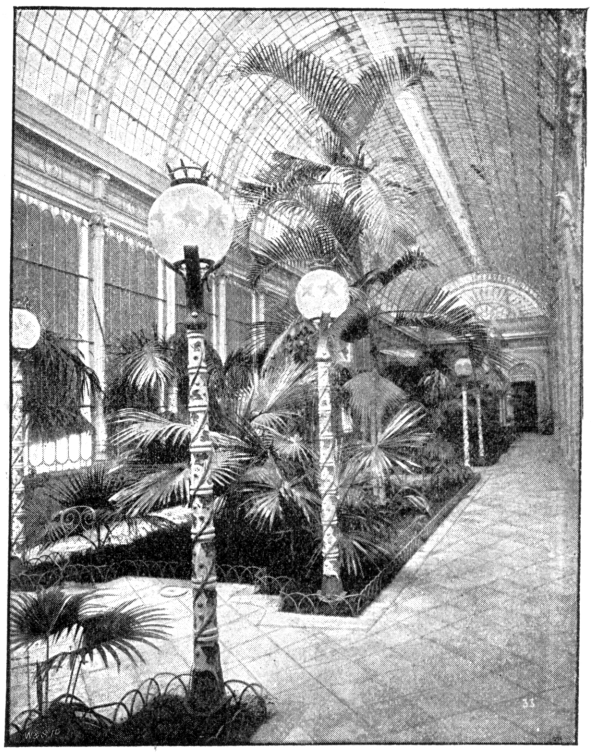


From a] ENTRANCE-HALL—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*
(Showing Grand Staircase.)

and there are probably occasions when he would like to act altogether independently of his Ministers, few of whom have, in spite of his youth, his strength of character and determination of purpose. But His Highness is young, it must be remembered, and youth is impatient.

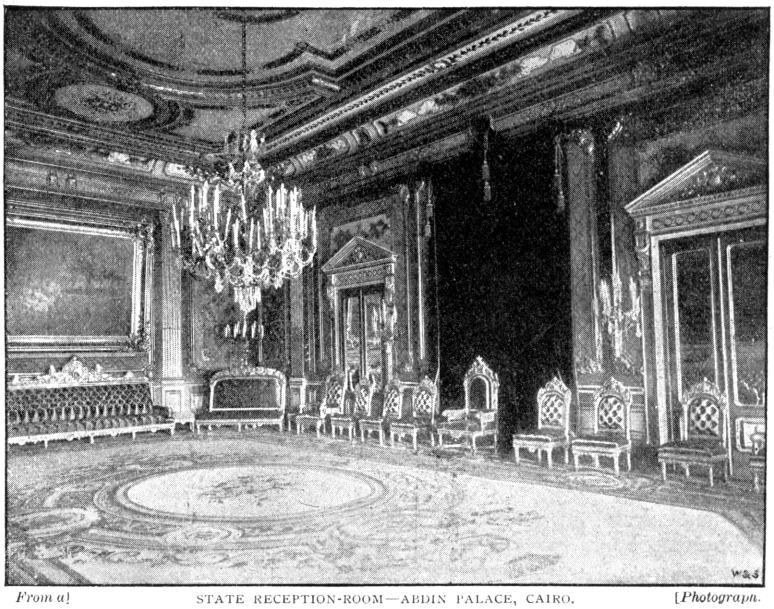
As an instance of His Highness's sense of justice and his impatience of stupidity, I may mention a little incident that occurred at my thought-reading reception at the Abdin Palace, already referred to. I had tried the experiment of writing out a word in Arabic with one of the Court officials, who, through a combination of obstinacy and denseness, did not wish to have his thoughts read, with indifferent success, and was trying with another official of the same mental calibre with a like result, when His Highness hurriedly arose from his seat and said, "I will show you how it should be done."

I took the Khedive by the hand and at once wrote out, in Arabic characters, a word thought of by him.



From a] CONSERVATORY—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

In the experiments I performed with His Highness I found him to be possessed of considerable concentration of thought, whilst his quickness at grasping an idea was most marked. As a rule, Orientals are not good "subjects" for me; they, generally speaking, won't think straight. Superstition has a good deal to do with it, for, truth to tell, they are afraid of having their thoughts read. Your Oriental thinks that if you can get at his thoughts in simple matters, what is there to prevent you from divining everything that may be passing in his mind? Those who know the Oriental official will know what a terrible thought this must be to him. But the Khedive is an enlightened man, and I found him to be a most excellent "subject."



From a] STATE RECEPTION-ROOM—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

One of the

things strongly urged against the Khedive in the European quarter is that he is anti-English, even to the selection of his staff.

Now, as to this, the Swiss gentleman who acted as the Khedive's private secretary, and who, during the first "crisis," was the one man who, it was asserted, influenced His Highness against the English policy, no longer has the ear of the Khedive in the way that he was alleged to have had. This Helvetian gentleman must not be confounded with His Highness's English secretary, Brewster Bey, one of the most straightforward and at the same time most amiable of the Khedive's personal staff. In Brewster Bey, who is an Englishman, His Highness has implicit confidence, and he could, no doubt, relate many instances of the generous treatment Englishmen have received at the Khedive's hands, for he is the medium between His Highness and his countrymen, and knows, perhaps better than anyone else, the Khedive's real feelings towards England and the English.

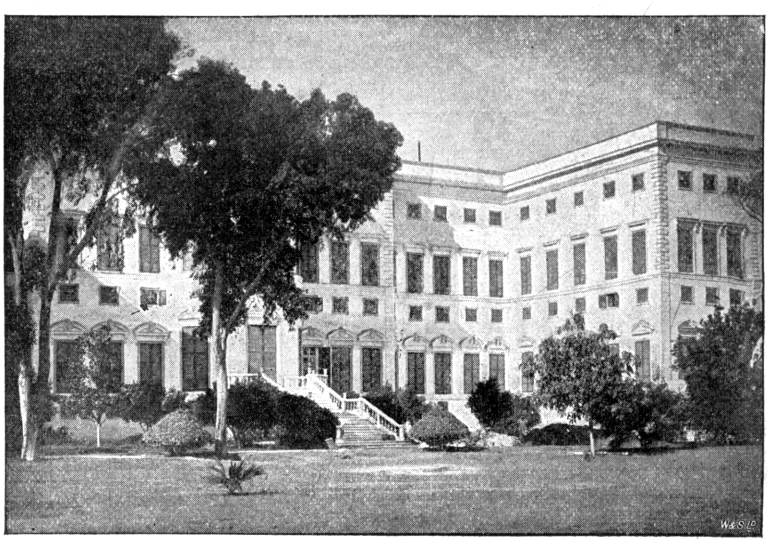
Much has been made of the assertion that His Highness is given to taking heed of evil advisers. All I know is, that His Highness is a seeker after truth, and that he appeared to be most anxious to know how he could tell the true from the false. Almost his last words to me were: "How can you know when a man is trying to deceive you? How can one tell that a man saying one thing may mean another? Is there anything in your art to tell me this?"

I ventured to suggest to His Highness that this was the very rock upon which poor human nature had been splitting for centuries untold, and that experience plus a natural perception would alone aid him to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion.

His Highness has never, unfortunately, stood well with the representatives of the English Press in Cairo, and the British public has formed its opinion of him from the views advanced by these representatives in the newspapers here. The first difference with the English Press arose in a very curious way — but from small things do great matters sometimes spring. A representative of one of the great London dailies called at the Abdin Palace to see the Khedive, attired in a garb proscribed by the rules and regulations at the palace—the orthodox frock-coat and chimney-pot hat being *de rigueur* for callers. The Khedive, as was to have been expected, refused to see his visitor. A complaint was made to Lord Cromer, but, of course, without result, and the representative and his colleagues—for the Press in Cairo is a close fraternity—took it out of His Highness in their own way.

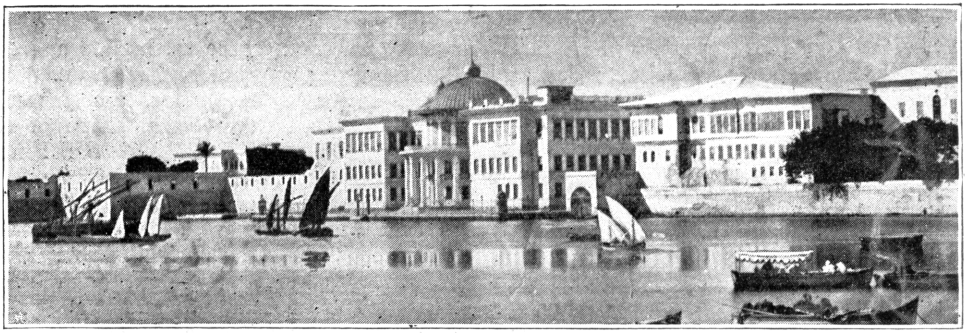
His Highness is quite a sportsman, is an excellent shot, and is fond of riding and driving. It is astonishing the amount of really fatiguing work he can get through without being in the least knocked up; indeed, his activity is frequently provocative of much groaning amongst his *entourage*, many of whom have neither his high spirits nor powers of endurance.

His Highness has all an Oriental's love of horse-flesh, and he has recently caused a Commission to be appointed to improve the breed of horses, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 are given by him at horse shows in different parts of the country.



From a] BACK ENTRANCE—KOUBBEH PALACE, NEAR CAIRO. [*Photograph.*

At Koubbeh, which is his favourite residence—it can scarcely be called a palace—a short drive from the Abdin Palace, he leads almost the life of a typical English squire. There he has 800 acres of farm land, which he strives to make quite a model farm of, *pour encourager les autres*. On this farm he has



From a] PALACE OF RAS-EL-TIN. *[Photograph.*

all the newest English agricultural machinery, with the object chiefly of impressing upon the native landowners the advantages to be gained by model farming as compared with the antiquated methods in vogue elsewhere. At this model farm one sees imported specimens of all that is best in Europe of horses, cattle, and poultry. His paternal efforts on behalf of the labourers and workpeople on his estate are equally praiseworthy. For them he has erected a model village, with school, club, and mosque; they have also a fire-engine station. All these His Highness supports at his own expense. How much further can enlightenment in a ruler go?

A few words as to His Highness's personal habits. Like the Sultan of Turkey, he, from a State-work standpoint, is a hard worker. He rises every morning a little after five, and, after dressing, rides round the home farm or to the parade ground at Abbassyeh, returning to Koubbeh at half-past seven to breakfast. His breakfast is generally brief, being over in about half an hour, so that at eight o'clock he commences work on affairs of State, not in a merely perfunctory way, but in real earnest; for he goes minutely into every detail of any question that comes before him, and, until this is done, nothing is either put aside or decided upon. His attention to State business lasts till noon, when he lunches with his personal suite.

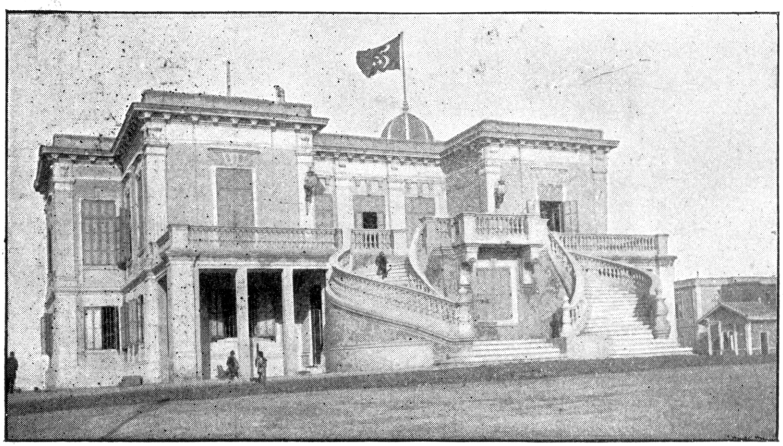
Luncheon over, he attends to his private correspondence, and reads the newspapers of the day, for His Highness is an omnivorous reader. From three to five he receives visits from the Diplomatic Corps and other officials. This over, he rides or drives until sunset, seldom failing to visit the stables, dairy, etc., at the home farm before sitting down to dinner.

His Highness, like the Kaiser Wilhelm, is much given to paying surprise visits in order to see that his orders have been properly executed, and he prefers giving his orders personally instead of intrusting them to those about him.

After dinner His Highness passes the evening with his Khedivial mother—by-the-bye, one of the most beautiful women in the East—and his sisters.

In the summer months the Khedive leaves Cairo for the cooler air of Alexandria, where he resides at the Palaces of Ras-el-Tin or Ramleh.

Such is the daily life of the young ruler of Egypt, about whom so much that is erroneous has been written, and who, through the medium of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, will become better and more correctly known to the English-reading people.



From a] SUMMER PALACE—RAMLEH, NEAR ALEXANDRIA. *[Photograph.*

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

THERE was once a villainous King of France, named Louis the Eleventh, and a gentle Dauphin, who was called Charles, awaiting the time when he became Charles the Eighth.

Ordinarily the superstitious and sickly old King reigned, trembled, and suffered, invisible behind the thick walls of his castle of Plessis-lès-Tours; but towards the middle of the year 1483 he went on a pilgrimage, dragging himself to Notre Dame de Cléry, near Orleans, supported by Tristan l'Hermite, his executioner; Coictier, his physician; and François de Paule, his confessor; for the old tyrant went in great fear of men, of death, and of God.

One memory of blood, among a thousand —that of the death of Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours — tormented his soul. That great vassal had paid with his head for an attempt at rebellion against his suzerain. So far, only justice had been done; but the cruel conqueror had compelled the three young children to be witnesses of the execution of their father, and, from that time, he had repented of this luxury of vengeance. He repented, but he did not atone. By a strange inconsistency, common to evil-minded men, remorse in him awaked no pity, and at the very moment when he was placing the Madonna between him and the phantom of Nemours, one of the innocent sons of the late duke was languishing to death in a dungeon at Plessis-lès-Tours.

A terrible and mysterious dwelling-place was that castle: its vestibules dark with priests, its courtyards glittering with soldiers, its chapels ever ablaze with candles, its drawbridges always raised, gave to it the double aspect of a citadel and a convent. People talked in whispers, walking on tip-toe, in its great halls, as in a cemetery; captives by hundreds, indeed, lay groaning and buried from the world in its vaults—some for having spoken of the King, some for having spoken of the people—but by far the larger number for nothing. Every stone in the castle might be looked upon as the gravestone of a living prisoner; and it was there that, idle, with an adventurous spirit, an ardent soul, the Dauphin Charles, then in his twelfth year, was being reared.

Poor King's son! He sought in vain to rest his eyes from the horrors surrounding him. A fresh and green forest waved at the foot of the castle; but from the oaks there hung, not acorns, but the bodies of men. The Loire flowed by, brightly and gaily—but every night the King's justice troubled and reddened its waters. So passed his early youth, wearily and painfully.

One day, however, his looks and gestures betrayed a less passive state of weariness.

The noonday angélus had already been rung, and his morning meal, consisting, in accordance with his orders, of light pastry and sweetmeats, stood untouched on a table, which the young prince rapped impatiently. Every now and then he rose from his seat, panting with hope, inquietude, and called:—

"Blanchette! Blanchette! why don't you come? The breakfast is melting in the sun, and if you don't soon come, the flies will eat up your share!"

And as the forgetful convive returned no answer to his appeal, the poor amphitryon continued to tap the floor with his feet and become more and more uneasy. Suddenly a slight sound in the tapestry made him start; he turned his head, uttered a cry, and sank back in his chair, filled with joy, and murmuring a sigh of immense relief:—

"At last!"

No doubt it will be imagined that the "Blanchette" so much desired was some noble lady, a sister or cousin of the young prince. She was nothing of the sort. Blanchette was simply a little white mouse, as her name indicated—so lively that, on seeing her run across the floor, she might have been mistaken for a flitting sunbeam, and so gentle she might have found mercy even with a hungry cat.

"HE SANK BACK IN HIS CHAIR."

Charles caressed his pretty visitor, gazing at her with delight while she nibbled a biscuit in his hand; but then remembering that he owed it to his dignity to scold her a bit, he said to her in a pleasantly grave tone:—

"Now, mademoiselle, will you tell me what you think I ought to say to such conduct? Here, I treat you like a duchess; I have forbidden my door to my father's barber and favourite, Olivier le Daim, because his cat-like face is displeasing to you; Bec-d'Or, my beautiful falcon, has died with jealousy; and every evening, ungrateful that you are, you leave me, to race about the fields like a mere vagabond mouse! Where do you go in this way, heedless of your own danger and of my anxiety? Where do you go?—tell me; I insist on knowing!"

Pressing though the question was, poor Blanchette, as may be imagined, returned no answer to it; but, with a look of sadness, fixing her intelligent eyes on those of the scolding lad, she turned over the pages of the book of the Gospels, which was lying upon the table, and placed her rosy paws upon these words: "Visit the prisoners."

Charles was surprised and confused, as happens to presumptuous persons when they receive a lesson at the moment when they

think they are giving one. For more than once he had heard tell of strange things concerning the inhabitants of the underground vaults of Plessis-lès-Tours, and more than once he had meditated making a pious pilgrimage to the prison of young Armagnac, whose age and birth more particularly excited his curiosity and sympathy; but the terror with which his father inspired him had hitherto restrained him, and now he reproached himself for his timidity as a crime. He resolved to expiate it that very evening.

A few minutes after the curfew had sounded, he slipped from his tower, and, followed by a young valet carrying a basket containing bread, wine, and fruits, he proceeded into one of the interior courtyards of the castle.

One of the company of the Scotch guard, pacing in the moonlight along the walls, challenged him in a hoarse and threatening voice:—

"Who goes there?"

"WHO GOES THERE?"

"Charles Dauphin."

"He cannot pass."

But Charles approached the officer of the watch and whispered a few words in his ear.

"If it is so, go on, Monseigneur," replied the soldier, visibly disconcerted. "Go on, and God protect you, for if you are discovered, I shall be hung!"

Persisting in his purpose, the young Dauphin applied the same means successfully with the keeper of the prison; the magic words which he employed being simply these: "The king is *very* ill." He had before tried the power of this formula, which reminded the people of old Louis XI.—soldiers, courtiers, gaolers, or valets—that the boyish pout of a Dauphin might suddenly change into the terrible anger of a King.

The Dauphin and the page, guided by the gaoler, ventured, not without some little hesitation, into a damp and dismal vault and down a spiral flight of stairs, every slimy step endangering their foothold. All three proceeded by the fitful light of a resinous torch, now beaten by the blind wings of a startled bat, now nearly extinguished by water dropping from the roof. At length a sound, vague at first, but growing more and more distinct—a sound of sighs and moans—told them that they had reached their journey's end. The guide retired, and Charles fell back in horror at the sight which met his eyes.

Imagine an iron cage, fixed to the wall, so low and narrow that every movement of the prisoner within it must have caused him a thrill of pain, in which his sleep must have been a nightmare!—and the captive was a mere boy, seventeen years of age, but so emaciated and pale as to appear, at most, not more than twelve years old.

Scarcely arrived at adolescence, the unfortunate Duc de Nemours had suffered so much that his tenacious longevity had filled his executioners with wonderment, and made the gaoler who brought him his daily allowance of water and black bread pause on the threshold of his dungeon, and ask himself whether the grave-digger would not have been a fitter visitor.

To open a conversation with the prisoner, the Dauphin searched for tender words, but found only tears. Nemours understood this silent greeting, and responded to it by a smile of gratitude; then both conversed through the iron bars.

When the one timidly announced himself as the son of Louis XI., the other could not repress a movement of astonishment and alarm; but this repellent feeling speedily gave way before the frank speech and guileless face of the Dauphin. Ten years a stranger to what was passing in the outer world, the recluse at first asked his noble visitor questions as *naïve* as those of anchorites to rare travellers in a desert island: "Are they still building cities?—are marriages still being celebrated?" But an unforeseen circumstance gave a new and more pointed turn to the conversation, in which a third person intervened without the least hesitation or apology.

The newcomer was no other than the Dauphin's table-companion, the successful rival of Bec-d'Or—Blanchette, since her name must be given. Passing through the bars, by favour of her tiny bulk, she climbed up the chained legs and arms of Nemours, and lavished on the prisoner caresses as fond, or even fonder, than those obtained by the prince at an earlier hour of the same day.

"So you know Blanchette?" said Charles, surprised and nettled.

"SO YOU KNOW BLANCHETTE?"

"Know her!" replied Nemours; "for ten years she has been my mouse, my friend, my sister!"

"The little ingrate! This very morning, at the castle, she shared with me my breakfast biscuits!"

"For ten years, Monseigneur, she has come to my dungeon every day to share with me my black bread."

"Indeed!" murmured the young prince.

But his boyish anger quickly melted before the cunning smile of Nemours.

"I do not think, Monseigneur, you will do me the honour to break a lance with me for the bright eyes of a mouse. It would be impossible for me, at this moment, to accept your challenge. See!"

And he held up before the eyes of his rival his arms, bending under the weight of their chains.

Then broke forth an original and affecting discussion between the son of Louis XI. and the prisoner, each declaring himself to be more unfortunate than the other. One made his adversary feel the damp walls and bars of his prison; the other described the atmosphere of weariness and the living chain of courtiers and spies by which he was weighed down; one displayed his bodily torture, the other his bleeding heart; and at the end of their discussion, both arrived at the same conclusion:—

"Therefore, you see, Nemours—therefore, you see, Monseigneur—I need Blanchette to help me to live and suffer."

But as this was no settlement of the question, they agreed to take the object of their discussion as arbiter between them.

"Now then, mademoiselle," said the Dauphin to Blanchette, "say frankly to which of us you wish to belong."

Thus appealed to, the little white mouse went from one to the other caressingly, and then, stopping midway between them, looked

at each in turn, her sparkling little eyes seeming to say :—

"To both, my children !"

Here it must be explained that Blanchette, as her intelligence, tender-heartedness, and gentle manners may have suggested, was something more than an ordinary mouse; she was, in fact, a fairy—named, for her compassionateness, The Fairy of Tears—who, for a slight offence given to a malignant sister fairy, had been transformed into her present shape for one hundred years, ninety-nine of which she had already passed, going from palace to prison (often prisons both), and from sorrow to sorrow, pitilessly gnawing to pieces all the bad books she came upon (there are, alas, no such mice nowadays !) and even munching up death-sentences in the pocket of Tristan, the headsman !

It was not long before that worthy companion of Louis XI. returned to the castle and his master with him ; and with them came back distrust and terror. The prince, however, did not discontinue his visits to the prisoner; in fact, they became from day to day longer and more frequent, and even the gaoler—a fact which would have awakened suspicion in any mind less ingenuous than the young prince's—from having obeyed him reluctantly and with fear and trembling, seemed now to encourage these interviews and provoke them by his complaisance.

One evening he and the poor young duke were talking as usual, Charles with his elbows resting on the ledge of the window in the door of the dungeon, while Blanchette flitted backwards and forwards between them, distributing her caresses with edifying partiality. The conversation, which had for some time been desultory, turned at last to the subject of Charles's projects for his future reign.

"What are you going to do, when you become King?" gaily asked the prisoner, who, older in years, and more still in misfortune, exhibited in the conversation a marked superiority over his young friend.

"A pretty question to ask me ! I shall make war."

Nemours smiled sadly.

"Yes," continued the Dauphin, tapping his forehead, "I have long had my plan formed, here. I shall, first, go and conquer Italy : Italy, you see, Nemours, is a wonderful country, where the streets are full of music, the bushes covered with oranges, and where there are as many churches as there are dwelling-houses. I shall keep Italy for myself ; then, in passing, I shall take Constantinople for my friend André Paléologue ; and, lastly, with the help of God, I count on being able to deliver the Holy Sepulchre."

"And after you have done all that?" asked the young duke, mischievously.

"Oh !—after that—after that," repeated the Dauphin, slightly embarrassed, "I shall have time, perhaps, to conquer some other kingdoms, if there are any others."

"And will taking so much care of your glory make you neglect your people?—will you do nothing for *them*, Monseigneur?"

"Certainly I will ! In the first place, before setting off, I'll give Olivier and Tristan to the Evil One, if he will have them ; and I will abolish executioners." And as Blanchette frisked more joyously and more caressingly than ever at these words, he added, gaily: "I'll do something for you also, Blanchette; I'll suppress cats."

Both burst into laughter at this sally. But their gaiety was brief as the passage of a flash of lightning. They stopped suddenly and looked at each other in terror, for they had seemed to hear other laughter—altogether too unlike their own to be an echo—ring from out the shadow beside them. They presently recovered from their alarm, however.

"Hope and courage !" said the Dauphin to the young duke, holding out his hand in sign of leave-taking.

The poor captive raised himself to press this consoling hand ; but his limbs, stiffened by long torture, served ill his pious desire ; he uttered a cry of pain and sank back upon his stool.

"Oh, God ! when shall I be King?" the young prince could not refrain from crying, as his eyes filled with tears.

"Soon, please God !" said Nemours.

"Never !" exclaimed a third speaker, until then invisible. And Louis XI. appeared, followed by Tristan, Coictier, and some others of his familiars. By the light of a lantern, which one of them had held hidden beneath his mantle, the Dauphin beheld the terrible old man move with slow and feeble steps towards him like a spectre, muttering these words, broken by an irrepressible cough :—

"Ah ! gallant damoiseau, you turn hungry eyes towards my crown, while I still live ! Pious and provident son, you are looking forward to my funeral ! Wretch, your sword!"

A fit of coughing more violent than the others interrupted him.

Charles offered no resistance ; only, with a gesture of indignation, he repulsed Tristan, who moved forward to disarm him, and him-

self handed his sword to one of the gentlemen present. Presently, on a sign from the King, he was led away by the guards.

Before quitting the dungeon, Louis XI. cast a look of hate towards the cage of his victim, then in the ear of his creature, Tristan, he whispered a few words.

"I understand," said the headsman; "an end is to be made of it. Leave it to me. At midnight——" and he completed by pantomime the sense of a phrase already but too clear.

The King and his attendants then quitted the dungeon and, amid the fading sounds of their retreating footsteps, Nemours could long distinguish the voice of the nearly dead despot, coughing, scolding, and gasping out sentences of death with his last breath.

Poor Nemours! — that gentle beam of Heaven, called hope, had penetrated his dungeon, then, only to make the darkness deeper that followed it!

"To be seventeen," he thought; "to have a brother like the Dauphin Charles, and a sister like Blanchette, and to die!"

And in each vague and distant stroke of the great castle clock, which was measuring out his last hours, he heard these words distinctly: "Die! — you must die!"

Then, presently, down the long spiral stairs leading to the vaults came the sounds of hurrying footsteps. A thin band of light filled the narrow space between the floor and the bottom of his dungeon door—escaped from the lantern of his executioners, no doubt!

"THE HEADSMAN."

Then, feeling this his last hour was surely come, he hastily set down upon the ground the fairy-mouse which he had been holding to his heart, and cried:—

"Farewell, my little mouse. Get away quickly and hide yourself well, or they will kill you also."

Meanwhile the approaching sounds had grown louder, the streak of light became wider, the door of the dungeon turned on its hinges, and then, believing he already saw upon the wall the gigantic shadow of Tristan, Nemours joined his hands, closed his eyes, for the last time commended his soul to God, and waited for the end.

He was not kept waiting long.

"Duc de Nemours," said a soft and well-known voice, "you are free!"

The captive started at these words, ventured timidly to look around him, and thought he was dreaming.

Charles was there, no longer constrained and downcast, but calm, grave, speaking and bearing himself masterfully, already aggrandized and ripened by an hour of royalty. Noble ladies were about him, contemplating with smiles and tears the young prisoner in his cage; then gentlemen, who, at sight of this outrage to infancy—a thing sacred to chivalry—laid hands upon their sword-hilts in a convulsive movement of indignation; and, finally, there was a crowd of pages and squires, bearing torches, and waving their plumed velvet caps to the cry of "Long live the King!"

"Yes," continued Charles VIII., "an hour ago, Heaven made me an orphan and a King. Nemours, forgive my father and pray for his soul." Then, turning towards his suite, he added, hastily, "Let this cage be instantly broken down and its fragments thrown into the Loire, so that not a vestige or remembrance of it may remain."

The workmen, directed beforehand, set to work vigorously; but, oh, surprise! Their files passed over the bars without biting into them, and the stone in which they were set only returned a dull, mocking sound to the blows of the sledge-hammers!

"Sire," said an old monk, shaking his head, "no human power will avail to execute your orders, for this cage is not the work of human hands. I have heard say that a Bohemian, a sorcerer, as they all are, made it, in times past, to save himself from the gallows; to break it down the wand of a fairy would now be needed, and fairies have

"A CROWD BEARING TORCHES."

ceased to exist, and the Bohemian who constructed it has long since disappeared."

"Let him be sought for and brought before me," said the King. "To the man who finds him—honour and largesses!—a diamond from my crown if he is noble, his weight in gold if he is of low birth."

And with a wave of his hand he dismissed his brilliant retinue.

Left alone, with the exception of a few pages, who watched them from a distance, the two friends gazed at each other in silence. A terrible anxiety, which they dare not express, made their hearts palpitate in unison: "If the magic workman were dead! —if the cage could never more be opened!"

They wept—and, strange fact! —Blanchette appeared unmoved by their tears. There was a strong and natural reason for this.

It will be remembered that her expiatory metamorphosis was to endure for one hundred years. Now, at that moment, ninety-nine years three hundred and sixty-four days twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes had elapsed since she became Blanchette. The clock of Plessis-lès-Tours began to strike the hour—and instantly the dark and fetid dungeon was filled with sweet perfume and light; the iron cage fell to the ground and disappeared. The terrified orphans thought that the castle had been stricken by a thunder-bolt.

"Blanchette! Blanchette, where are you?" they cried, trembling for the existence of their adopted sister.

"I am here, my children," replied a gentle voice above their heads. And, raising their eyes, they beheld with amazement the retransformed fairy, standing, wand in hand, upon a pedestal of cloud.

"Have no fear," she continued; "I am she whom you called Blanchette: my companions call me the 'Fairy of Tears.' Your tears are staunched, and my mission to you is fulfilled. Farewell!"

The little duke and the little King besought her not to abandon them yet; but she replied, gravely:—

"It must be; you have no need of consolation, but it is wanted elsewhere. I hear, near this castle, the sobbing of a beggar-child, and hasten to her. Adieu, Sire! Adieu, Monseigneur!" And she disappeared in a great burst of light.

The Queer Side of Things.

THE MAN WITH A MALADY.

THE only silent person at our table d'hôte was a very tall, careworn man, who passed nearly every dish offered to him,

and played with such scraps as he did take as if unaware of their presence on his plate. He sat with knitted brows, painfully preoccupied and obviously brooding. The comfortable German next to him, who sat with both elbows on the table, picking his teeth with one hand and ladling spoonfuls of chopped-up meat into his mouth with the other, tried to draw him into conversation in well-masticated English, but the thin man replied either monosyllabically or not at all.

But suddenly, while the German, with many snorts and gurgles, was sucking in an ice from a spoon, the bowl of which rested in the palm of his hand—his elbow being, of course, always on the table—the silent man suddenly turned to him and said :—

"I think you had better begin to see about packing your portmanteau—you will have to do it in such a hurry after the telegram arrives."

"Telechram?" said the German, the words, the ice, and a gulp of wine all struggling for mastery in his throat. "Vwat telechram? Vwich telechram?"

"Oh! about your warehouse in Hamburg, you know—the fire in it——" Then he broke off suddenly, and said: "Ah—I forgot—I was only thinking aloud."

The German choked, gulped, snorted, and sputtered—even more than he had during the meal; but his ejaculatory inquiries failed to elicit anything more from his neighbour; and at length, stuffing a fig, a piece of cheese, some bread, and some wine all at once into his mouth, he tore the table-napkin from his collar, and choked indignantly out of the room.

During the next day I did not come across the thin man. In the middle of the night following I was violently waked by a heavy stamping and a stentorian shouting in the corridors; this was followed by loud chokes and gurgles, which died away down the stairs and were heard again on the front steps—and I knew the German was departing by the night train. Next morning, at breakfast, I heard from the waiter that the German had gone to Hamburg in consequence of a telegram he had received. He had appeared greatly excited and upset, and the "boots" had heard him talking excitedly to himself about a fire.

That evening, as in duty bound, I stepped over to the Casino; in the peristyle I found the thin man, with his arms behind him, walking very slowly backwards and forwards; the cigar between his teeth being hopelessly out, and unnoticed. Suddenly he flung away the cigar and hurried into the theatre; but he did not seem to hear the concert, and as the music ceased he started up, muttering to himself, "Let's go and see that fellow lose his seven thousand pounds!" and hurried away feverishly to the tables. He walked straight to the second roulette table on the right, where a visitor was engaged in staking little piles of gold pieces—twenty little piles at a time. That time he won on his tallest pile, staked on a full number, making a considerable addition to the heap he had already won.

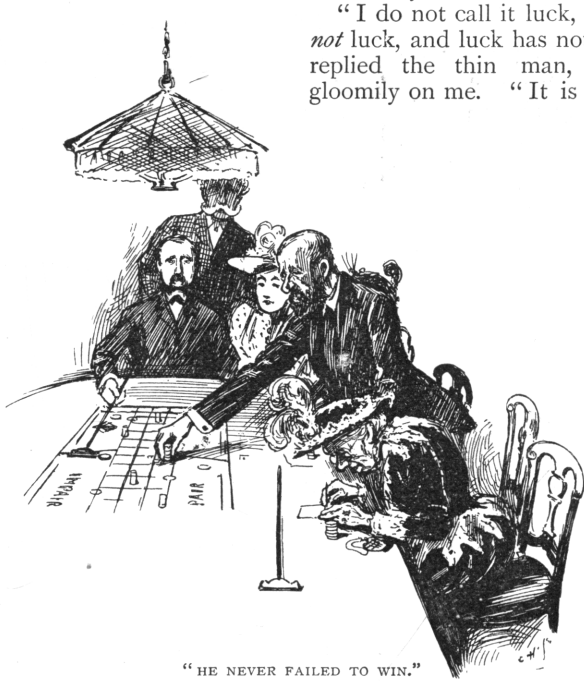
"I should advise you to stop *now*," murmured the thin man, standing by his chair; but the plunger merely stared at him and resumed his placing of little piles all over the table.

"Hum! of course, if you *will* do it," muttered the thin man. "But don't say I didn't warn you!"

Zero turned up; and the plunger (who despised the even chances) lost all his little piles: but on he went again—full numbers, full transversals, carré, à cheval; and again zero turned up, and away went the little

piles. Then the plunger placed a very tall pile on zero—and zero did *not* turn up; and so he went on until his heap had disappeared, and he had changed note after note, and lost all the change. Then he slowly rose, glared at the thin man, grinned a ghastly grin at the nearest croupier, and disappeared. (I subsequently heard that he had lost seven thousand pounds.)

The thin man was becoming interesting to me. He placed a 5f. piece on "manque": "manque" won; twice more on the same, which won; then twice on "passe," which won. Fifteen or twenty times he staked on the even chances, and never failed to win. Then he placed on black the fifteen or twenty 5f. pieces he had won, saying to a croupier, "I'll lose those": and black lost. He then placed his original piece on a full number—15: 15 won. He left the 175f. he had won on he table and placed his 5f. piece on 9: and 9 turned up.



"HE NEVER FAILED TO WIN."

By this time the other players had begun to notice him. He placed a limit stake on the 1; several persons followed him and staked there: 1 turned up. Twice he repeated the action on other numbers — and others followed him—and the numbers won. The croupiers interchanged glances, and said a few words to one another. Then one of the chefs got off his high chair, and went round to speak to the winner: but the winner was not there; his stakes and winnings, however, were still on the table, where he had left them. The chef went round the rooms to look for the thin man, but he was nowhere to be found. I had seen him quietly retire as the croupier had cried "One!" and quietly walk out of the rooms.

Next morning, after breakfast, the thin man was smoking a cigar on the hotel terrace, and an irresistible curiosity forced me to speak to him.

"I must congratulate you on your luck last night," I said.

"Luck, sir!" repeated the thin man, without removing his gaze from the pavement. His voice was hollow and dismal in the extreme—utterly without hope. "No luck about it at all, except bad luck—deuced bad luck, sir!"

"You certainly did not appear to attach much value to your success, to judge by your leaving your stakes and winnings as you did I presume you are *aware* that you won a considerable sum?"

"Aware? Oh, perfectly."

"And you do not call that luck?"

"I do not call it luck, simply because it is *not* luck, and luck has nothing to do with it," replied the thin man, turning his gaze gloomily on me. "It is certainty, that's all. I happen, I am very sorry to say, to *know* what number will turn up."

"What, always?"

"Yes, always—confound it! That's what's the matter with me, sir! Do you think I should have left my comfortable home and come among a lot of jabbering foreigners if my confounded doctor hadn't ordered me to? Do I look like it, sir?"

"Well, no; I must admit you don't. I trust your health will be speedily re-established, at any rate."

"Not it, sir. When one's fool enough to go and get one of these symptoms which the doctors haven't come across before, one doesn't easily get rid of it. I shouldn't wonder if this beastly knowledge of the future were to hang about me for——"

"Knowledge of the future? Surely that can hardly be classed as a disease?" I said.

"Oh, can't it, though? The deuce it can't, sir! It's abnormal, isn't it? Very well, what's abnormal's a disease, isn't it?"

"But," I said, "it—is it not a very—an extraordinarily unusual ailment to suffer from?"

"Of course it is," replied the thin man; "and doesn't that make it all the worse?"

"But what does it spring from?"

"Why, from the fashionable, up-to-date complaint—nervous exhaustion. Overwork, sir, resulting in super-excitation of the cerebral tissues—or some jargon of that sort. I tell you it's a disease, sir: the ancient seers suffered from it, I suppose: anyhow, *I* do and that's enough for *me!* And I came away to get rid of it by change of air."

"Pray forgive me," I said, "but your case is so very peculiar and interesting that I am impelled to ask how this ailment first manifested itself."

"Oh! — usual thing. I felt tired and depressed — couldn't sleep —had no energy— couldn't fix my thoughts. Then one day, when somebody asked me whether I thought the fine weather was likely to last, I surprised myself by saying 'No; it will begin to rain at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and keep on all night.' I *knew* it would, sir; and when my prophecy turned out correct, my feelings were mixed, sir.

"First I was surprised—then frightened—then glad; but on the whole fright prevailed. It wasn't comfortable, sir; and I tried to believe it was all nonsense; but events *would* turn out as I foresaw, and conviction was forced upon me.

"Now, sir, I daresay you think, 'What a wonderful power to possess! What a magnificent advantage!' *Is* it? Take my word for it, you'd have a different opinion if you actually suffered from it. Advantage, sir! Do you consider it an advantage to foresee a lot of miserable and horrible things which are destined to happen to you years hence, and to look forward to them and brood upon them all the time until they happen? It's bad enough to remember a past misfortune if its effects continue, but it's a confounded deal worse to foresee one, and see it getting bigger and bigger like an express train advancing from the distance to smash you like a fly!

"I TELL YOU IT'S A DISEASE, SIR."

"Eh — what? 'Certain worldly advantages attached to the disease.' What's the good of them, sir, when you know what's going to happen to you? *I* don't want wealth, sir; shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it. I'm well enough off for all *my* requirements: and I don't want power, sir—nor influence; I want to be quiet and jog along—and how the deuce can a man afflicted with the gift of prophecy be quiet and jog along? I tell you, my knowledge of my future is like a nightmare; and it makes me nasty and vindictive; and the only use I care to put my ailment to is to worry people out of their wits. You, sir, for instance, would be deuced uncomfortable—and that's putting it pretty mildly—if I were to tell you what will happen to you just about this date three years hence. I'll spare you that; and you have reason to be very thankful to me."

I began a smile of amused incredulity: but somehow it would not work! I tilted my hat a little to one side, and gave my cigar a jaunty cock to show my indifference; but I very soon put my hat straight again and allowed my cigar to fall into its usual serious position. I turned away from the thin man and sauntered into the reading-room, took up *Galignani*, and sat down; and it took five minutes to reveal to me the fact that I was holding the newspaper upside down.

Then I got up resolutely and went out again to the thin man, and, staring boldly at him, began: "I shall take it as a favour if you will tell me," but here my voice somehow seemed to die of inanition, and I finished up with "the time."

The thin man chuckled inside him in a Mephistophelean way which told me he knew well enough that I had not come to ask the time. With a sudden violent resolve not to be a fool, I began to talk again about his affair at the table.

"You must have puzzled them considerably over there," I said.

"I have," he replied. "The administration fellows are talking the matter over now in a pretty state of mind! One of them will call on me here this afternoon with a cheque for my winnings, and an inquiry as to what I propose to do. Of course they've long ago grasped the fact that I can smash the entire concern if I choose; but my conduct has puzzled them. I could have broken the bank at every table if I had liked last night—but that's not my object. I want to tease them. If you're curious, you may as well be present at our interview."

I accepted eagerly—anything to distract my mind. After lunch I went up with the thin man to his room; and within fifteen minutes the porter came to say that a gentleman wished to speak with the thin man.

"Show him up," said the latter.

The visitor entered.

"You are anxious—very anxious—to have a chat with me?" said the thin man, settling himself luxuriously in his chair. "Pray go on—my friend here does not matter at all—you can speak quite freely in his presence."

The visitor hesitated; then proceeded:—

"I have brought to Monsieur his winnings which he forgot to take last night at the table. This cheque——"

"Ah, many thanks," said the thin man; "but I'm not in need of it just at present. If you would like to put it aside for me—or, better still, if you would like to devote it to the good of the poor hereabouts—eh?"

The Casino official looked bewildered, and fidgeted, and stroked his beard. There was a silence — awkward on the part of the official; employed in suppressed chuckles by the thin man.

"Monsieur proposes to make a stay in Monte Carlo?" asked the official, very uneasily.

"Well—I really haven't decided," said the thin man, cheerfully.

"Ah!—then—Monsieur proposes to continue towards us the honour of visiting the tables?"

"Why, I haven't made any plans about that, either."

The official stroked his beard in a desolated way: the expression of anxiety on his brow was obvious and painful. He glanced from the thin man to me.

"Monsieur might—ah!—might perhaps be disposed to acquiesce in some little arrangement touching his departure?" he said at length, somewhat hoarsely. "The administration are always liberal, and ——"

"Oh, I'm not in want of money," said the thin man, cheerfully. "You might glean that from my leaving my winnings last night."

"That is true, my faith!" said the official. "But—the truth is—Monsieur appears to enjoy extraordinary good fortune — wonderful chance!"

"Luck, you mean, of course. It is not luck, however, my dear sir: it is simply a knowledge of the future—that is all. Will you kindly keep your eye on the corner of that house on the sea-front there, while I tell you about the persons who will pass from behind it on the pavement? A fat man in a brown coat—there he is, you see; three ladies and a little dog—there they are; a policeman and a gendarme carrying a white parcel;

"A GENDARME CARRYING A WHITE PARCEL."

next, a white dog; now a woman with a large basket."

There was no possibility of the thin man having seen the pedestrians before they appeared from behind the house. The Casino official turned pale and scratched his nose.

"You perceive—there's no 'luck' about it," continued the thin man; "I wish there were, confound it! Well, it may have occurred to you that it is in my power to foretell every coup in the play-rooms?"—he kept his twinkling eye fixed on the official, whose jaw had dropped in despair, and chuckled inwardly all the time he spoke—"to communicate the knowledge to others—to everyone in the rooms, in fact. I might break every bank, every day, until the place simply had to be shut up; think of that, my dear sir—*shut up!* I could simply sweep away the whole place; just turn that over in your mind! But perhaps you *have?*"

There was little doubt that the official *had:* he was ghastly pale, and his eyes were staring like a madman's; while the thin man, grinning cheerfully, sat up in his chair and looked straight into the other's eyes.

"But — surely — Monsieur — *mon Dieu* — Monsieur has not the hardness of heart to propose to himself so terrible a plan? We have not offended Monsieur in any way? We are at Monsieur's commands. Anything we can do to make him pleasure—all our possible—is at his disposition! Monsieur would like to accept a share in the undertaking—a very large share? Even a quarter —a half? Monsieur will do the honour of joining the administration?"

The thin man laughed softly.

"Oh, dear, no!" he said, pleasantly; "I have no ambition in that direction. Really, I haven't decided on any plan. I may amuse myself at the tables"—(the official winced, and his teeth chattered)—"or, on the other hand, I may never enter again. Goodness knows."

"But—at least—Monsieur will give me his promise to abstain from communicating his terrible knowledge to persons—to the crowd? He will be so gentle as to promise——"

"Oh—I really can't make any promises, you know. Why should I?"

"But — reflect — you do not hate us, Monsieur?"

"Oh, dear, no," said the thin man, agreeably. "Not a bit of it. You have amused me with splendid concerts, and all that, all for nothing. I am inclined to like the administration. Whatever I do will simply be to amuse myself—of course, it *may* be bad for you—I don't say it *will*, you know."

The official rose, pale and bewildered. He

"THE OFFICIAL ROSE."

passed his hand across his forehead, damp with drops. He went towards the door—hesitated and turned back—then bowed and went slowly out.

"Now, you know, this affair will tease those fellows. They'll be in an awful state of mind, eh? That's what I want—I shall leave them in perplexity—see? Hang over them like a sword—they'll always be on the tremble for fear I'm going to turn up, or set up an establishment to give people tips about the winning numbers!" He chuckled consumedly; then he added:—

"As a matter of fact, I'm off to-night; but I shall tell the landlord that I may return very shortly; *they'll* find that out over there; and they will have a time of it!"

I could eat no dinner that day; I could not keep my pipe alight that evening; I could not listen to the concert at the Casino; the thin man's words to me, "I'll spare you that, and you have reason to be very thankful to me!" buzzed in my head until I felt giddy. Three or four times I went to his door to seek him and beg him to tell me at once *what* was to happen to me; but I could not screw up my courage to hear it. I loathed him; but that did no good. He was

going away that night—could I let him go, carrying that secret with him, and perhaps never see him again? Then I said to myself: "Don't be a fool! Treat it all as a stupid imposture, or a dream!" and I actually undressed and got into bed; and immediately got out again and dressed. He was going westward by the midnight train; I went down and got my bill and told them to put my luggage on the omnibus for that train.

He chuckled again when I got into the omnibus with him, and said: "You've decided to depart very suddenly, haven't you? No bad news of any kind, I hope?"

Twenty times in the train I opened my mouth to ask him *what* it was that was to happen to me just about three years hence; and at last the question did burst out wildly.

"TWENTY TIMES I OPENED MY MOUTH TO ASK HIM WHAT IT WAS."

"Oh—that?" he said; "you haven't forgotten those chance words of mine? Oh, dear; let's forget them; we won't bother ourselves about that. You'll find out in good time, *I* can tell you!" He grinned and nodded his head several times. "Now, shall I tell you what I'm going to do? It will amuse you. There's an American millionaire in Paris who has just been operating tremendously—plunging heels over head in a certain speculation.

"I happened to get this information in a letter from a friend of mine in Paris; I don't know what's happening synchronously around me except in the ordinary way of knowing it; it's only the future that this confounded ailment of mine causes me to see—hang the thing! Well, I foresee that that speculation will come to the most disastrous smash unless the American fellow takes a certain course; and I'm going to tell him that, but keep him in the dark as to the course he ought to choose—see? It will turn his hair grey, eh?"

"You really seem very vindictive!" I exclaimed, in spite of myself.

His whole expression changed suddenly—he seemed to become suddenly haggard, the victim of an overpowering horror, as he replied:—

"It is about two months now since the foreknowledge of the hideous thing which is to happen to me seven years hence first darted into my brain. The thing in store for me at that time is about as awful as anything I have ever imagined—*and it will happen!* I've brooded on it now for these two months, until I wonder I am not mad. I was a stoutish man before this horrible ailment of mine—look at me now!

"Well, this foreknowledge has embittered me—soured me. I lie awake all night brooding on that thing which is to come, until I scream sometimes.

"It has made me ill-natured—my only diversion is to give other people a touch of what I feel myself. I try to keep my mind off my own misery by that amusement. There's *your* case, for instance—there's the thing which is to happen to *you* on the 19th of March three years hence—the 19th of March; don't forget! It is not quite so horrible as *my* fate—but in all conscience it is enough to make one shudder, my dear sir! You can't avert it: it's sure to come—but, there; it's one of those things which it is best not to dwell upon; so let's forget it, and talk about other things. Look at that station-master there—

there's a nice thing to happen to him in three weeks' time; egad, I should like to get down and tell him about it, only I can't speak French well enough. Dear, dear; now I regret that I can't; what a drawback it is to be unable to speak a language!"

I let him rattle on, and ceased to hear what he said. Should I refuse to hear what my fate was to be—get out at the next station and hurry off? Or should I beg him to tell me, for mercy's sake? Or should I *make* him reveal it—threaten to kill him unless——? Pooh! He *knew* I could not kill him: he *knew* he had to live seven years at least—until that calamity came upon him.

So I determined to keep touch with him; travel with him to Paris, and never lose sight of him: and I went to the same hotel with him at Marseilles. I overheard him tell the porter of his intention to leave by the train on the following night: but next day I found he had gone by the morning train. I took the next train to Paris, and used every plan I could think of to find him—for three weeks I was on his track: but I had lost him.

So there was that 19th of March three years thence hanging over me! I struggled hard to thrust the thing from my mind, taking up all kinds of occupations to drive it away; but the thought would come upon me at intervals with such force that I could get no sleep for weeks together. My hair began to turn prematurely grey, and my face became wan and furrowed.

I was told by friends that I was a ghastly sight; and my unconquerable gloom drove them from my society.

And one day I was travelling on the District Railway, face to face with the only other occupant of the compartment. He was a plump, contented-looking man; and there was something in his manner which I seemed to recognise. Suddenly he began to stare at me; then an expression of great mental distress passed over his face; and he said: "Were you ever at Monte Carlo?"

A conviction was growing in my mind as I replied, "Yes — unfortunately for me!"

He placed his hand on mine, nervously, as if in great pity.

"I WAS TRAVELLING ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY."

"In March—two years ago?" he asked.

"Yes—curse the time!"

"Do you know me?" he said, in a trembling voice.

"Yes!" I almost screamed, starting up. "You are the fiend who—— *Will* you tell me *now* what is to happen to me—a year hence—the 19th of next March?"

He was silent; he passed his hand over his brow as if in a strained effort to remember; and he looked at me in a way so helpless, so remorseful, so beseeching, that I felt my expression of deadly hate relax and my clenched fists open. Again he laid his hand on mine, and said, in a faltering voice:—

"I can recollect nothing—*nothing*—of the things I foresaw during my ailment. When I returned to London I recovered from my abnormal condition of mind, and all the future faded from me. I can remember that I foretold something which was to happen to you at some date or other, but that is all." He looked at me and shuddered; there was no need for him to *tell* me how changed I was.

"Try!" I said, hoarsely. Again he tried—it was useless.

Then, suddenly, it came over me that *now* had arrived my opportunity for revenge; he had evidently forgotten that a horrible fate was to overtake *him* five years from then. I chuckled inwardly in a demoniac way, and thought over the words in which to remind him of the coming catastrophe—but he was still looking at me with that crushed look of remorse and pity; and I could not say the thing. He covered his face with his hands, and tears trickled from between his fingers. I was silent. "Why don't you kill me?" he said.

"Perhaps," he said, suddenly brightening—"perhaps that foreknowledge of mine was all nonsense—merely a mental hallucination. It must have been—the thing is impossible!"

"Do you recollect the numbers on the roulette table?" I said, "and the people passing along the sea-front? and the German's telegram?"

"I will try my hardest, day and night, to recollect!" he said. "Here is my address ——. Come and stay with me, so that if, at any moment, the recollection

comes upon me, you may be at hand to hear. What a demon I must have been at that time —*why?* I wonder. What can have changed me so then? It is not my nature!"

Here was the opportunity to enlighten him—and I was silent.

* * * * *

He has tried for a year, now, to recollect —tried incessantly. He has grown careworn again—nearly as much so as when I first knew him.

For the last three months I have been always at his side, watching his face for the first gleam of memory; but it has never come. Again and again, in my moments of horror, I have almost told him of the fate hanging over *him*, and due in a little over four years—but I have not done it. I feel half mad at times. I am very ill, and have become an old man at thirty-four. He is sitting by me, holding my hand, and reading to me.

Now and again a shudder passes over him, and he ceases to read, and passes his hand across his knitted brow. The sun is setting in a bank of black clouds. It is March 18th!

J. F. SULLIVAN.

A writer tells us that the coming Women Volunteers are divided on the question of uniform into a 'progressive' and 'moderate' section. The former boldly advocates the adoption of the ordinary Volunteer uniform, without addition or subtraction of any kind. The less advanced party suggest an alternative of a short skirt.

Some ingenious mediator has already come forward with a third suggestion—that a little skirt should be worn over and above the ordinary 'continuations' of a Volunteer uniform, and be fastened at the back with a single button, to the end that it may be promptly discarded by its wearers at the word of command when going into action.

But would that button always work?—might not the nervous excitement of the moment paralyse the fingers of the fair combatants?

Of course in summer time, and given fine weather, Volunteer camps from the picnic standpoint, would be pleasant enough.

But how about marching or manœuvring in bad weather?—unless umbrellas and mackintoshes are included in the kit

This is the sort of thing we may expect to see on Sundays in the park.

The two insuperable obstacles to the movement, as the writer points out, are firstly the necessity for firing, looking to the noise and the recoil; and secondly the difficulty of maintaining discipline having regard to the notorious objection of most women to submit to the authority of their own sex, and to their no less notorious tendency to argue the point.

Something of this kind would probably happen.

Sergeant. 'Shoulder arms!'

Chorus of Privates. 'No we sha'n't—why should we? We shall just carry the nasty things as we like.'